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LAST WEEK'S
AVERAGE DAILY SALE
440,000

No 63,237

THE TIMES

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 12 1988

30p

Kinnock leads inquiry into Govan defeat

SNP jubilant following biggest post-war swing

By Robin Oakley and Kerry Gill

The Labour Party was conducting an anguished inquest last night after its humiliating loss to the Scottish nationalists in the Glasgow Govan by-election.

It suffered from the biggest swing ever at a post-war by-election despite staging a short contest on their own terms.

Mr Neil Kinnock said that it was a bad result and promised a wide-ranging inquiry into how Labour came to have a 19,500 majority overturned by the SNP's Mr Jim Sillars.

Scottish Labour MPs were

sharply divided on how to respond. Many blamed the party leadership.

Mr Sillars, once a Labour MP, took the seat with 48 per cent of the vote, almost five times what the SNP had achieved in June 1987.

He called his victory a humiliation for Mrs Margaret Thatcher and a vote of no confidence in Mr Kinnock. The Labour leader's handling of Scotland, he said, had been a disaster.

Mr Sillars warned the Labour hierarchy yesterday: "The nightmare for them has ar-

ived". He called for co-operation with radical elements in the Labour Party who shared the SNP's aspirations.

Glasgow opinion was that Mr Sillars' win was at least in part due to Labour's fielding of Mr Bob Gillespie, a Scotar print union national official, whose lack-lustre campaign was highlighted in a Scottish Television programme in which candidates were given the opportunity to cross-question one another.

Mr Gillespie's incompetent and stumbling performance was widely reported the following day. His image as the old-style street corner Labour politician was only exacerbated by early press attention on his fingers, tattooed with the words "Hong Kong" during service as a boy sailor.

In the last hours of the campaign, Mr Gillespie was forced to admit: "I may not be the intellectuals' favourite son, but as long as I am the ordinary man and woman in the street's favourite son, that's all that matters".

But he was not, and as a result the nationalists at last saw victory within their grasp. Labour MPs admitted that the SNP's astonishing victory

in a last-minute surge at the polls was built on dismissing Labour's massive contingent of 50 of the 72 Scottish MPs at Westminster as the "Feeble Fifty" who had failed to protect Scottish interests against the Thatcher government.

Mr Gordon Wilson, SNP president, said: "This breakthrough at Govan will give us the credibility to launch an all-out attack on them". He said that the Feeble Fifty had now become the Frightened Forty-Nine.

Mr Kinnock and Mr Donald Dewar, the Shadow Secretary of State for Scotland, who had a meeting at Westminster yesterday, both dismissed Govan as the result of a protest vote. Mr Dewar said: "Labour has seen flash floods before and they don't signify sea changes".

But some Labour MPs were recalling grimly how the last Govan by-election win by Mr Sillars' wife, Margo MacDonald, in 1973 had seen the nationalists rise to seven MPs with 22 per cent of the vote in the first general election of 1974 and 11 MPs with 30 per cent of the vote in the second contest that year before the nationalist wave receded.

Another threat to Labour's chances of mounting an effective attack on Mrs Thatcher at the next general election is looming, although a nationalist surge will bring only limited comfort to the Government.

The nationalists were yesterday emphasizing that a similar swing during a general election would hand them every one of the 72 Scottish parliamentary seats.

More realistically, their victory poses a threat to a number of seats including Dundee East, the Western Isles, Lismouth and Livingston, held by Labour, and the Tory seats of Galloway and

Continued on page 16, col 8

Date set for Piper Alpha inquiry

By Kerry Gill

The Piper Alpha public inquiry, which begins on January 19, will not decide who is liable to pay the compensation for victims of the world's worst oil industry disaster.

However, the investigation, which is likely to last up to nine months, will attempt to seek out the causes behind the explosions which resulted in the deaths of 167 men, Lord Cullen, the inquiry chairman said yesterday. He told a

preliminary hearing in Aberdeen yesterday: "This is not a litigation; there is no pursuer and there is no defender. It does not have as its purpose to provide material for litigation."

He said the scope of his remit would be wide, especially to make observations and recommendations with a view to the preservation of life and the avoidance of similar accidents in the future.

By Sheila Ginn
Political Staff

The Government opened the way yesterday for talks with potential buyers. The bank operates from 20,000 Post Offices and has 2.5 million customers.

Mr Tony Newton, the Trade and Industry Minister, admitted the planned privatization of the £200 million banking arm of the Post Office is in difficulties. No suitable bid was received by last Monday's deadline.

He has extended the deadline indefinitely for talks with potential buyers. The Government to abandon the sale. Any bidder is now likely to acquire it with the aim of eliminating "a potentially dangerous rival", he said. "The danger is

that the very failure of the privatization — the very time it has taken — is jeopardizing the future of Girobank."

When the privatization was announced in June Mr Kenneth Clarke, then Minister of State for Trade and

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Softer line 17

Industry, said the Government would need a great deal of persuading before selling Girobank to a clearing bank.

However, Mr Newton said: "The general proposition that what we want to do is to secure a widening of choice and competition. It does not rule out an interest or purchase by a clearing bank."

"We remain committed to the return of the Girobank to the private sector and believe that is the best way forward — to

give the bank the opportunity to realize its full potential — and that is in the interests both of the bank and its employees."

Potential bidders are believed to include Littlewoods, Westpac, the Australian banking group, Deutsche bank, and some building societies.

Mr Christopher Elliott, banking expert with Warburg Securities, said: "The Post Office is often extremely tight". He said a building society might be interested in buying it, and predicted that the Girobank would eventually be sold at a heavy discount.

Mr Julian Robins, banking analyst with Barclays de Zoete Wedd, said: "There just isn't much reason for anyone to want to break into UK retail banking at the moment. The cost of interest on current accounts will squeeze profits again."

Pensive princess remembers



A thoughtful Princess of Wales at the Arc de Triomphe remembrance ceremony yesterday.

Royal tribute to war dead

From Philip Jacobson, Paris

On a glorious Parisian morning, the Prince and Princess of Wales yesterday concluded their immensely successful tour with a potent and moving reaffirmation of the entente cordiale at the Armistice Day ceremony.

This is France's most solemn act of remembrance and President Mitterrand's de-

cision to be accompanied throughout the proceedings by the future King of England could not have been more symbolic of the enduring links binding the two countries together in good times and bad.

As French officials and British diplomats here under-

lined, it is highly unusual for a

foreign dignitary to be invited to share the limelight in the carefully orchestrated and colourful gathering at Arc de Triomphe. To have the Welsh Guards, of which the Prince is colonel, parading in full dress uniform alongside the cavalry of the Garde Républicaine was considered a signal honour as

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Row on Hitler speech forces Speaker to quit Bundestag

From John England, Bonn

Herr Philipp Jenninger, the Bundestag President (Speaker), and West Germany's second-ranking man after the head of state, resigned his post yesterday amid a blazing row over a speech on Thursday in which he lauded Hitler's early political triumphs.

Herr Jenninger, aged 56, one of Chancellor Helmut Kohl's Christian Democrats also appeared to condone the Nazis' anti-semitism in the 1930s.

His remarks, which he claimed yesterday were misunderstood, were seen as especially tasteless because his speech was the centrepiece of parliament's commemoration of the 50th anniversary of Kristallnacht, the Nazis' night of terror against the Jews.

Opposition MPs, many of whom walked out of the chamber in disgust during the speech, demanded his resignation. His own party also urged him to step down as the Israeli Government and the Jewish World Congress expressed their shock over Herr Jenninger's remarks.

Most West German newspapers yesterday were also scathingly critical of his speech, several of them calling on him to quit, but a leading writer in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* said: "Never mind whether Jenninger's speech was too pointed for progressive spirits. No one can call him a secret defender of Nazism."

Herr Jenninger declared his resignation at a special meeting of the conservatives' parliamentary group. He said he had been shocked by the reaction to his address.

"Many of my listeners did not understand my speech in the way I meant it. I regret that deeply, and I am sorry if I hurt others' feelings."

Herr Jenninger added that during the whole of his political career he had made efforts in special ways towards reconciliation with the Jews and for the "life interests" of the state of Israel.

He had always been an uncompromising opponent of every form of totalitarian government, not least because of the experiences of his parents under the Nazi regime. But it was important that the office of Bundestag President suffered no harm, and he had to assume that many MPs no longer had confidence in him.

Herr Jenninger, who had served almost exactly four years as President, is believed to have taken his decision to quit after talks with Herr Kohl, his close friend. The two men address each other with

ISRAEL SATISFIED

There was quiet satisfaction in Israel at Herr Jenninger's swift resignation (see Murray writes). Foreign Ministry spokesman said: "The way the history and the background of the Nazi period were presented in his speech can not be accepted by any Jew. We now regard this as an internal German matter in which we are not involved."

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the familiar "du", and have been on weight-losing diets together. Herr Jenninger's speech therefore was also a personal embarrassment for the Chancellor, who is due to fly to America today on a three-day visit.

Herr Kohl said his decision honoured him and said everything about his political integrity and democratic conviction. His attitude deserved both recognition and esteem.

Herr Hans-Jochen Vogel, chairman of the Social Democratic Party, said his MPs had noted Herr Jenninger's step with respect. He had also had a private talk with the Speaker on Thursday. The Greens described Herr Jenninger's decision as a "logical consequence" of his speech.

Mackay defended

Lord Hailsham of St Marylebone, the former Lord Chancellor has gone to the defence of Lord Mackay of Clashfern, over the way he was suspended as an elder from the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland for attending two Roman Catholic requiem masses. In a letter to *The Times*, he says the accusers were guilty of making the Westminster Confession into an idol: "which they worship". Page 11

Johns record

Jasper Johns' "False Start", a colourful 1959 painting, was sold for a record £9.4 million to a New York dealer at Sotheby's. Page 4

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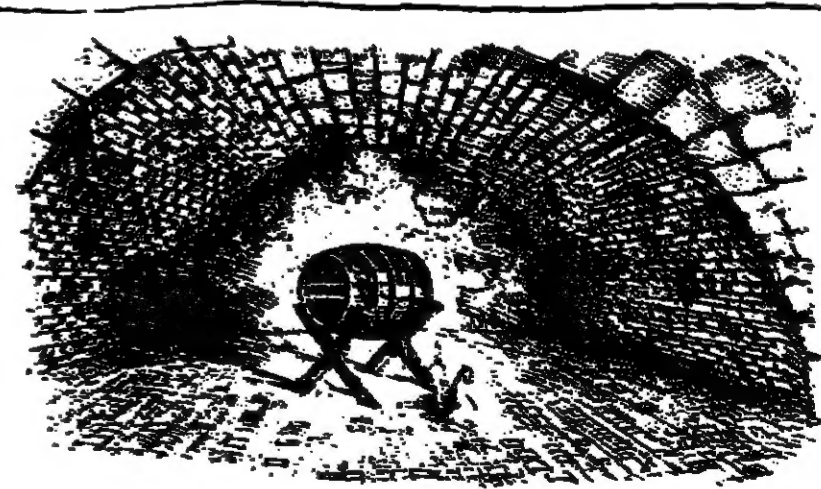
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You may have heard tell of the extraordinary nature of Hine Cognac. The lustrous golden clarity. The aroma that plays melodies even on tone deaf noses.

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Judges rule boycott of Employment Training is illegal

By Ian Smith and Roland Rudd

A boycott of the Government's Employment Training scheme by Liverpool City Council was deemed illegal by the High Court in London yesterday.

The judges' ruling was last night viewed as an important victory for the Government, which feared failure of court action instigated by Mr Norman Fowler, Secretary of State for Employment, would lead to other local authorities opting out of the scheme introduced two months ago.

Mr Fowler, clearly delighted with the High Court's decision, said it was good news for Liverpool's unemployed.

He said: "I hope that Liverpool City Council will now abandon their efforts to prevent voluntary organisations and employers in Liverpool from taking part in Employment Training and giving people the training they need to get back into work."

The Government is confident all of the 200,000 places for the long-term unemployed will be taken up under the £5 billion training programme.

Although the TUC voted for a boycott and a two-year phased withdrawal from the

scheme, unions on the right are continuing to co-operate with the programme.

Passing judgement after a two-day hearing, Lord Justice Lloyd ruled the council was attempting to punish or coerce voluntary organisations that failed "to toe the council line" by refusing funding.

Sitting with Lord Justice Stuart-Smith and Mr Justice Nolan, he agreed the Minister of State for Employment could not prevent council opposition. However, his complaint against the illegal way the authority had put its opposition into effect was justified.

Mr Keva Coombes, council leader, said after the hearing that the authority was disappointed that the government action had succeeded. It would consider an appeal.

"We believe this is an unprecedented challenge through the courts on the rights of democratically elected local authorities to make and implement policies for their areas."

"Our deep concern about the unsuitability and poor quality of the employment training scheme remains the

same and we remain committed to promoting and campaigning for schemes of real relevance to the people of Liverpool."

Mr Allan Roberts, Labour MP for Bootle, accused the Government of using the courts to prevent Liverpool City Council ensuring the "youth of Merseyside receive proper employment and real employment training."

Immediately the scheme was introduced last September, the council voted on refusal to co-operate or fund any organization involved in employment training. It argued that the scheme would provide cheap labour to reduce unemployment figures.

Forced to abandon its own community programme because of the scheme's introduction, the already financially overstretched council has committed £1.5 million from its coffers to employing voluntary sector staff.

Those now employed by the council include home helps, nursery nurses and meals on wheels staff. Money has also been made available to voluntary organizations.

Law Report, page 53

Brash orator who overturned Labour

Jim Sillars, celebrating his Glasgow, Govan success, knew he was the one man who could pull off Thursday's by-election victory for the SNP (Martin Fletcher writes). Labour officials had privately conceded the possibility of an upset the day he was chosen as candidate.

At the campaign outset, he talked of what he would do when, not if, he was returned to Westminster. He said, without a trace of modesty, that his decision to stand had been enough to inspire party workers with the belief that they could win — something they had not felt for years.

Jim Sillars, little known south of the border, is a name to be conjured with in Scotland. He is aged 51, brash, ebullient, intellectually arrogant... and a rousing, demagogic orator and formidable political strategist.

His colourful political history means he will be representing his third party at Westminster. The first was Labour, for which the former railwayman and fireman won the South Ayrshire by-election in March 1970. Quickly labelled the "Hammer of the Nats", he was hailed a bright prospect.

That ended abruptly in 1975 when, in an act of apparent political suicide, he left Labour in protest at its failure to honour commitments to Scottish home rule.

He co-founded the short-lived independent Scottish Labour Party which expired in 1979 after he narrowly lost his



Jim Sillars taking a tour of victory in Glasgow, Govan yesterday (Photograph: Tom Kidd).

seat. In 1980, he joined the party he despised when it was riddled with in-fighting. Those days are past. He has stamped his authority on the SNP, became its vice-president last year, and in September persuaded it to back the concept of Scottish independence within Europe.

In the nine years since leaving Westminster, he has worked mostly as a manage-

ment consultant and latterly became chief executive of Scottish Consultants International, a company promoting Scottish business overseas.

He has married Margo MacDonald, the former SNP member who snatched Govan from Labour in a sensational by-election victory 15 years ago this month, only to lose the seat a few months later at the general election.

He insists he has retained his basic values but has updated his socialism for the 1990s.

He was scathing about Bob Gillespie, his opponent, dismissing him as a socialist stuck with "the nostrums of the past".

Of greater interest will be the tactics he now employs, having based his campaign on the ineffectiveness of Labour's

"Feeble Fifty" MPs in mitigating Thatcherism.

He has dismissed protests such as that of Alex Salmond, his SNP colleague ejected from the Chamber for interrupting the Chancellor's Budget speech. He hints at a remitting use of procedural devices to frustrate a Government whose right to rule in Scotland he does not recognize.

NEWS ROUNDUP

Police seek man over missing girl

Police hunting for Anna Humphries, aged 15, confirmed yesterday that they wished to question a man but refused to comment on reports that they had found a green Allegro car seen close to where Anna disappeared on Tuesday evening.

Police also said yesterday that calls or shouts had been heard from woods between Penley, Clwyd, and Ellesmere, Shropshire, at about 4pm on Tuesday. Anna, of Hampton Wood, Shropshire, should have been waiting at a nearby junction for her parents to collect her from school.

Earlier Det Supt Gareth Jones, the deputy head of North Wales CID, cancelled a press conference and left the police incident room.

The Allegro car is understood to have been found at a nearby village and taken away by police trailer.

Mr Jones said on Thursday that two witnesses driving towards Penley from Ellesmere at about 3.55pm on Tuesday saw the Allegro ahead of them.

Armed raid on home

An armed gang bound and gagged the three children of a Dublin businessman and two friends hours before a court ruling on a takeover battle in which his company was involved. The seven masked gunmen took documents from a safe at the home of Mr Roland Benner, at Killiney, Co Dublin. He is managing director of the Northern Ireland branch of FII Fyffes, whose 20 per cent share in the Irish Distillers Group is at the centre of a takeover battle. But police said the motive was robbery, not industrial espionage.

Appeal lost, page 17

Fewer communicants

The number of Easter and Christmas communicants in the Church of England fell by 4.6 per cent between 1985 and 1986, according to figures released yesterday that measure the church's total active adult strength. However, there was a 3.6 per cent rise in communicants on an ordinary Sunday, due to the growing proportion of church attenders who receive communion. Open plate collections rose by 16 per cent to more than £29 million, and the amount donated under covenants rose by nearly 9 per cent to £43 million.

New Pennine route

A 150-mile Trans Pennine Way is being built, forming the longest cross-country route of its kind. Unlike the Pennine Way, which runs down the spine of England, the new route will run east to west from York to Liverpool using footpaths, bridleways and cycle tracks. A start has been made between York and Selby, where the former east coast rail line has been converted into a cycle way. By spring, Sustainable Transport, a Bristol-based charity, hopes to strike through the heart of West Yorkshire across to the Mersey.

Tribute to journalist

A plaque was unveiled yesterday to mark the contribution to journalistic integrity of Sir William Haley, a former editor of The Times, director of Reuters and senior executive of the BBC. It was unveiled at the Reuters building in Fleet Street, London, where in 1941 Sir William, who died last year, conceived the company's principles on which it still relies. Lord McGregor of Durris, chairman of the Reuters Founders Share Company, said: "He was one of the great journalists of this century and enhanced the reputation of every institution which he served."

Mine closure feared

Bilston Glen colliery in Midlothian, Scotland, which employs 1,000 men, is in danger of closing because of falling production. The pit has been placed under review procedure which is the first step towards possible closure. British Coal Scottish Area said yesterday that when management and unions first met three months ago to discuss the pit's future, production stood at 10,000 tonnes a week — half its target.

New plan for Wapping includes media centre

By Christopher Warman, Property Correspondent

Plans for a new multi-million pound development on the News International site near St Katharine's Dock at Wapping, have been unveiled by Mr Rupert Murdoch, chief executive of News International. They include a media centre and a large concourse open to the public.

The scheme, which is being considered by the Royal Fine Art Commission, will provide 840,000 sq ft of mixed-use space designed around a new London square.

The office space will be taken by News International staff and there will be two new main buildings, one a 15-storey office tower.

The development will also include a media centre with complete facilities for inter-

national media operations, a cinema, and public areas with shops, a public house, wine bars, restaurants and banks.

A planning application will be made to the London Docklands Development Corporation later this month. If it is approved, the buildings are scheduled for completion in September 1991.

The architects are The Fitzroy Robinson Partnership and the development consultants are Weatherall Green & Smith.

By the Times overseas
Australia \$1.25, Belgium 3 Frs, Canada 2.00, Denmark 12.50, France 12.50, Germany 12.50, Greece 12.50, Ireland 12.50, Italy 12.50, Japan 12.50, Netherlands 12.50, New Zealand 12.50, Norway 12.50, Portugal 12.50, Spain 12.50, Sweden 12.50, Switzerland 12.50, Taiwan 12.50, USA 12.50.

Give an extra special scotch to someone who deserves it.

Johnnie
BLACK

Court video screens will shield alleged victims

Six men 'recruited children for big sexual abuse ring'

By Mark Ellis

Six men, including a barrister and a company solicitor, sexually abused children aged as young as 10 for more than five years after recruiting their victims from special schools and from the streets of London, the Central Criminal Court was told yesterday.

The men deny a total of 18 charges, nearly all of which allege serious sexual offences against children aged under 16. Video screens have been set up in the court for what is believed to be the first use of filmed evidence from witnesses in Britain to shield the youngsters from their alleged abusers in the dock.

More than 20 alleged victims are expected to give evidence from next week from behind a screen and facing a video camera. They will be seen in person only by the judge.

Mr Michael Hill, QC, for the prosecution, said the

charges against the men, of whom the youngest two allegedly became corruptors of children after having been abused themselves, were only samples of the offences it is alleged the gang committed.

He said: "No-one living in our society in this day and age can be unaware of the growing anxiety about child abuse."

"The physical and, often more, the sexual abuse of children at a time when they have little standards of their own by which to judge whether what is being done to them is right or wrong and in circumstances in which they begin to perceive that what is done to them sexually is wrong, they assume the guilt that those who abuse them should have."

"They remain silent and have nowhere to go to seek release from what has been done to them. That is a

problem we all have to deal with."

Mr Hill said the charges related to the sexual abuse of children through their pubescence and into young adulthood by a group of like-minded men who individually and collectively set out to acquire youngsters for their own sexual satisfaction.

"These young people came to believe that the abuse was normal, natural and everyday behaviour. Some were in their very early years, 10, 11 and 12 years of age, and many were subjected to sexual offences which were repeated, repeated and repeated."

The court was told that in one alleged case, a boy aged 15, who had absconded from care in Scotland, hitchhiked to London and, within 10 minutes of arriving at Piccadilly Circus, central London, had been "snapped up" by one of

those people who prowled public places seeking boys for sex.

He quickly became a male prostitute and was introduced to an alleged member of the ring, Colin Peters, aged 45, a barrister, of Chepstow Road, Bayswater, west London, who it is alleged used him for sexual favours for four years.

In another case, Alan Delaney, aged 48, a director of a cleaning company, of Hounslow, west London, seduced a boy aged 15 who he had met while acting as a trainer to a youth football team.

The court was told he gave the boy a holiday job in his office and offered massage to strengthen his muscles for football.

A number of serious sexual offences had allegedly taken place at the home of Mr Delaney's mother.

A British Telecom engineer called to the Delaney home in April last year found a photograph album behind a bedside cabinet while he installed a telephone.

The court was told that the album contained 40 photographs of boys and girls aged seven to 16 in nude poses and one of simulated sex.

The court was told that Ernest Whittington, aged 64, a Brent council estate orderly, of George Landbury House, Harlesden, north-west London, was known to children he befriended as "the chocolate man" because of his generosity.

Also charged are Patrick Norris, aged 19, of Kilburn, north-west London, his brother, Sean, aged 18, unemployed, and Victor Burnett, aged 43, unemployed.

The case continues

Shampoo and set for show



Mighty, a one-ton star of the Lord Mayor's Show, being prepared yesterday for today's parade by Mr John Cook, a groom. The Whitehead shire horse is no stranger to the limelight - it recently completed a 1,600-mile charity walk (Photograph: Adrian Brooks).

IN THE TIMES NEXT WEEK



Yes, minister?

If the Archbishop of Canterbury ordained a woman, how many of his flock would leave the fold?

On Monday and Tuesday, *The Times* reveals the results of an exclusive MORI poll of ordinary churchgoers. Would the Church be split over the ordination of women? Find out in *The Times* next week.

Plus . . .

Why do the words "means test" make pensioners shudder? On Monday *The Times* looks at what means testing means today.

£8,000

The Portfolio Accumulator £4,000 daily prize was won yesterday by Mr Carl Perry, of Guildford, Surrey. The Accumulator fund stands at £4,000.

In addition, today there is a chance to win the weekly prize of £8,000. Games: pages 21, 24

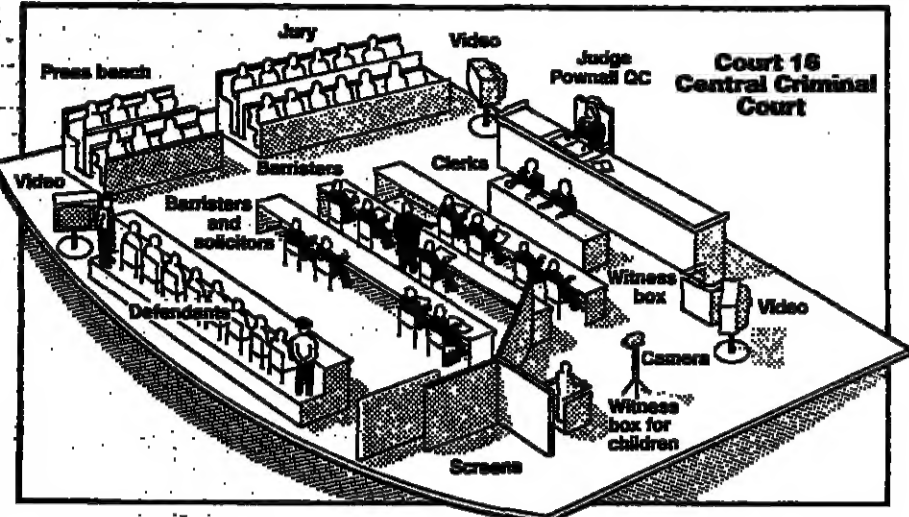


Diagram of the court showing screens shielding child witnesses from their alleged abusers.

Inquest on gunman

Police shooting was lawful

By David Sapsted

The police marksmen who shot dead a drunken gunman in a West Country lane "found it no different from shooting a target on the range", an inquest was told yesterday.

Police Constable Colin Shaw said he had felt no emotion as Glyn Davies, aged 29, staggered towards the police roadblock brandishing a pump-action shotgun at the end of a nine-hour, 85-mile chase last November.

The coroner's jury at Collypound, Devon, returned a verdict of lawful killing on Davies from Chard, Somerset, after hearing that PC Shaw had only fired his own shotgun after the gunman had appeared to aim his weapon, later found to be unloaded, at the police cordon.

"I decided to fire because I was convinced he was going to shoot and the lives of my colleagues were at risk. I

wasn't concerned about it because I knew I had done everything right", PC Shaw said. He said he had fired to wound, not kill.

Davies, who was later found to have four times the legal limit of alcohol for driving in his blood, had driven off with a woman friend and his daughter aged three after threatening his estranged wife, a bailiff and two police officers with the shotgun when they had arrived at his home to serve a court order giving custody of the child to the mother.

During the chase through Devon and Somerset, Davies - known locally as the Wild Man of Chard - fired at pursuing police cars and other vehicles.

The officer who led the Police Complaints Board inquiry into the killing, Mr Haydon Davies, assistant

chief constable of South Wales, said the police would have been failing in their duty to the public if they had not stopped the gunman.

After the verdict, Mr Richard Van Ossen, the Exeter and East Devon coroner, who had described Davies as a drunken, violent and homicidal man, commended the officers "for the manner in which the operation they carried out was conducted for the protection of the public".

"Further, I wish to commend PC Shaw for his discipline, tactical appreciation and restraint."

However, Mrs Stella Davies, the dead man's mother, said outside the court: "I do blame the police because I think they should have come to us and perhaps we could have gone to where Glyn was and talked to him."

Inflation threat to Arts Council cash

By Mark Souster

Inflation could undermine the future work of the Arts Council by devaluing government grants to unintended levels, it was claimed yesterday.

While the council welcomes as a "milestone" the decision to provide funding on a three-year basis, it says further unexpected rises in inflation could throw forward planning into turmoil.

Mr Luke Rittner, the council's secretary general, when introducing its forty-third annual report in London, said: "The unique and precious commodity that the arts represent may be inadvertently damaged if the rise continues. I hope the Government shares our concern."

Mr Rittner said more money would obviously be welcome but added: "We accept we have to work within

limited resources and that the begging bowl approach is not one that will help either the Arts Council or the many arts organizations that we exist to serve."

Mr Rittner said the council had to look further afield for funding and sponsorship from the private sector and had this year launched a "Business and the Arts" campaign to try to achieve this.

In October the Government announced a £465 million package to fund the Arts Council until 1991. That development, Mr Rittner said, had already had far-reaching effects and "was probably the most significant one to affect the arts for many years".

The accounts for 1987-1988 show that the council received £138 million and had a turnover of £140 million.

Owner of gym sold steroids

A gymnasium owner who illegally sold anabolic steroids was last night sentenced to six months in jail, suspended for two years.

Bob Cross, aged 39, of High Street, Leagrave, Luton, Bedfordshire, was also fined a total of £1,500 and ordered to pay £500 prosecution costs at Luton Crown Court.

Sentencing him, Judge Rodwell, QC, said: "It is perfectly clear that the items which you have sold are items which can have quite dangerous side effects."

Cross, who had admitted five counts of selling anabolic steroids without prescription, contrary to the Medicines Act, 1968, had earlier told the court that he went into body building when his gym opened three years ago.

Help for working mothers

By Roland Rudd, Employment Affairs Reporter

Working mothers are being offered new forms of child care assistance because employers cannot afford to lose experienced staff.

And three reports published yesterday give a warning that firms must stop discriminating against older people, women and ethnic minorities and reduce their academic requirements in order to recruit and retain workers.

According to a survey by the independent Industrial Relations Services, many companies and public authorities have realized that it costs less to spend money on child care assistance than to recruit new women workers.

With so little public provision many women have no option but to care for their children full-time for the first

five years unless they receive help from their employer.

Facilities are also scarce for school-age children; although some local authorities are trying to help by keeping the schools open later. There are few schemes to cope with term-time and holidays.

A surge of interest from employers in the provision of workplace nurseries has been disclosed by the report, which has considerably improved retention of staff.

But many smaller companies find the administrative burden of a nursery too much and instead increasingly are looking at child care allowance as an alternative means of helping working mothers.

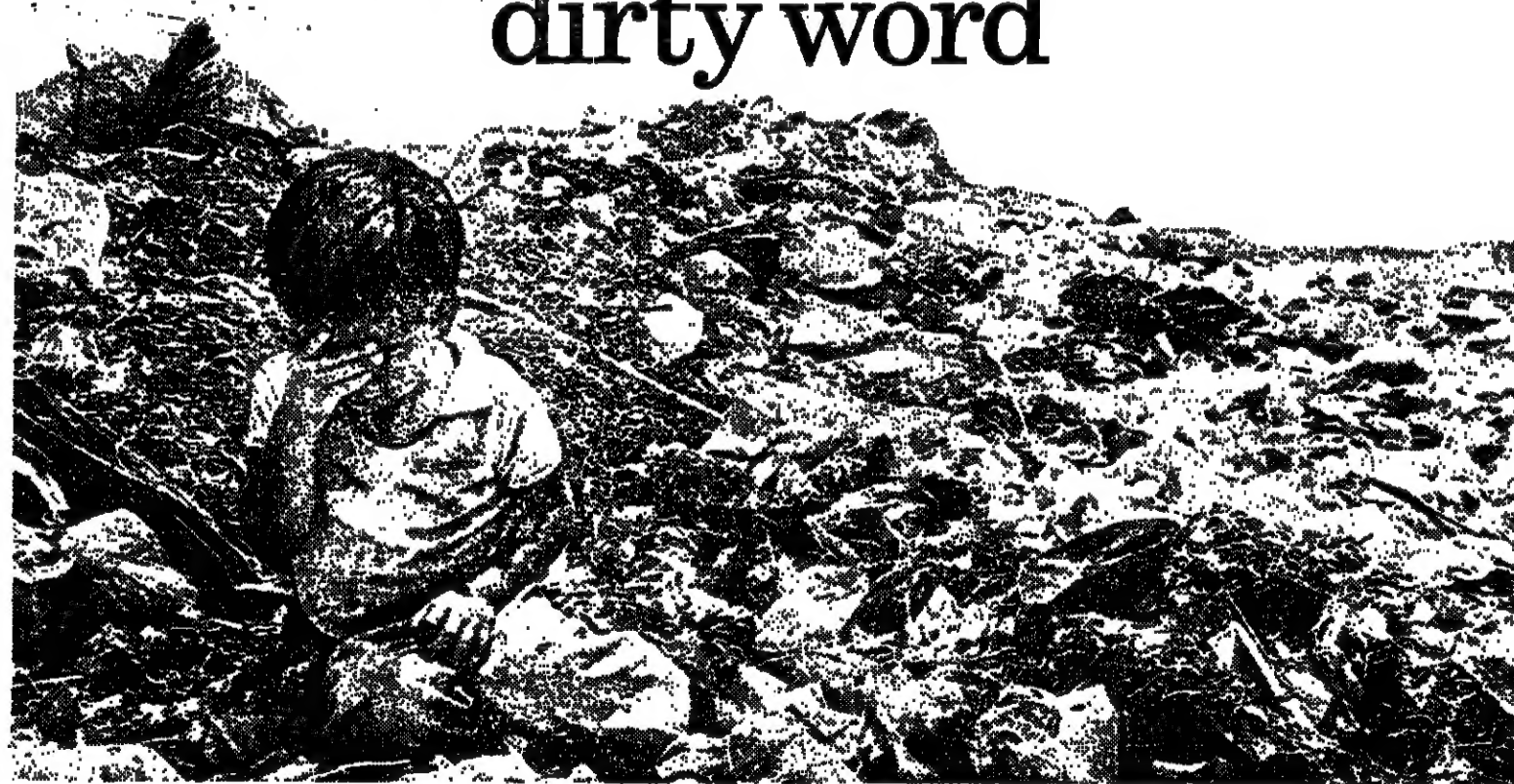
From Computech International, a leading training firm, comes one of the three

reports giving a warning that companies will face severe recruitment problems if they do not alter radically their staff requirements. Its advice is that firms should take on more older people and its findings are echoed by Action, a lobby group for the long-term unemployed.

And the British Printing Industries Federation yesterday launched a guide for employers after a survey showed that fewer than 4 per cent of all new school-leaver entrants to skilled occupations are female and less than 2 per cent come from ethnic minorities.

Industrial Relations Review and *Report 428* (Industrial Relations Services, 18-20 Highbury Place, London N5 1QF; by subscription).

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Submarine crews on constant alert in the battle to remain undetected

Polaris patrols go on as Navy prepares for the Trident era

The Royal Navy has selected about 40 submariners to train as instructors for Britain's future £9 billion Trident ballistic missile submarine deterrent which will replace the four Polaris boats in the mid 1990s.

The chosen team will fly to the United States submarine base at Kings Bay, Georgia, from next February to begin training, according to Royal Navy sources. Next year, too, the captain, officers and crew of HMS Vanguard, the first Trident 2 submarine, now under construction at Barrow-in-Furness, will be announced.

Meanwhile yesterday HMS Repulse, the third oldest of Britain's Polaris submarines — 21 this month after her launch in November 1967 — was preparing for another patrol beneath the 300,000 square miles of North Atlantic ocean.

Next year the "Fighting 10th Submarine Squadron, HMS Resolution, Renown, Repulse and Revenge, will celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the first patrol. Since that time the captains and their crews have carried out one of the most demanding and nerve-racking jobs in the Royal Navy.

Although Britain's nuclear deterrent has been persistently supported by the electorate, the reality of a British submarine remaining on a constant state of alert deep down in the Atlantic 24 hours a day, every day, armed with up to 16 missiles — a firepower greater than all the bombs dropped by both sides in the Second World War — is more difficult to grasp.

Commander Johnny Milnes, aged 41, a cravat-wearing extrovert, who has had to take over as skipper of

Next year the Royal Navy celebrates the twenty-first anniversary of the first patrol by a British Polaris submarine. Michael Evans, Our Defence Correspondent, has just spent time with the new commander and crew of HMS Repulse — 21 this month — watching the routine of remaining ready — and undetected.

Repulse at short notice because her captain became ill, is now engaged in carrying out familiar training routines which are vital for testing the readiness of the crew. When the patrol starts, Commander Milnes has to guarantee that at all times he is ready at 15 minutes' notice to fire the missiles.

I was on board Repulse — motto *Qui Tangit Frangatur* (who touches me is broken) — as she submerged about 100ft beneath the Clydeard her crew went through a simulated missile firing. The computer on board contains the secret list of targets, designated by a numerical code. But a whole series of checks and verification procedures have to be completed before the captain finally can shout: "The WEO (weapons engineering officer) has my permission to fire".

The WEO on Repulse is Lieutenant-Commander Mike Storey, aged 33. A few minutes before the order to fire, he, accompanied by Lieutenant-Commander Robin P-Oste-Brown, aged 35, the Executive Officer, separately had opened two combination-locked safes, one inside the other, in the missile control centre to retrieve special code books that authenticated the dummy signal sent to the wireless room (in war, the signal comes direct from the Prime Minister) — and also a set of keys. The trigger which the WEO would press to fire the 2,500-

mile range missiles is painted red and made out of redundant Colt pistols.

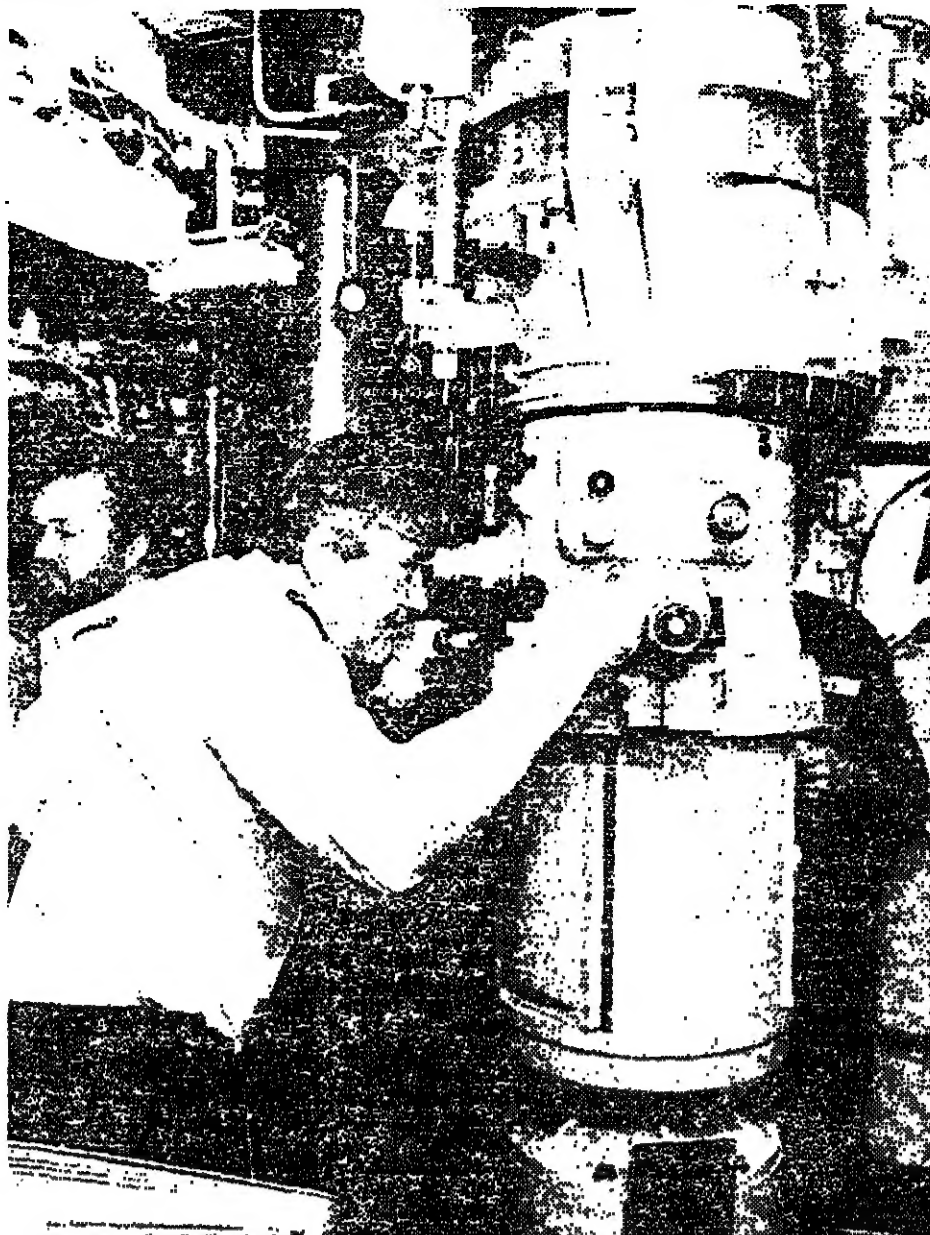
No one on board knows where the missiles are targeted. The British deterrent, although independent, is part of Nato's targeting plans and the Polaris captains are not required to know what they are.

Today, increasing numbers of Soviet submarines — many of them significantly quieter and better equipped — are attempting to track British ballistic missile submarines (SSBN's).

During Repulse's patrol, lasting eight to 10 weeks, Commander Milnes will practise all the tricks learnt by Polaris captains over the years when faced with a possible hostile contact, including hiding in places where there is already considerable noise — beneath a merchant vessel or a school of whales.

Repulse will "potter around" its huge patrol area in the North Atlantic, at very slow speed and at great depth, like a huge, invisible fish, always remaining within missile range of the targets. "Slow is beautiful (for keeping quiet), we're out there to keep off the beaten track", Commander Milnes said.

Captain Toby Elliott, Captain 10th Squadron, who is responsible for the four Polaris submarines, said: "Very few people know where a



Commander Johnny Milnes looks through the periscope during the pre-patrol exercises.

Polaris boat goes. On board it's just the captain, his executive officer and the navigation officer.

Repulse will remain in constant communication with a tiny Polaris operations cell inside the Royal Navy's fleet headquarters at Northwood in west London. Communication comes via a thick black aerial, thousands of feet long, that trails through the water to

the surface — the only lifeline to the outside world.

But radio contact is strictly one way. A Polaris captain never transmits signals because it may give away the location of the submarine. As far as is known, none of the Polaris submarines has ever been detected by the Russians. But to make sure, at the end of every Polaris patrol, the data collected by the sub-

marine sonar operators, listing every contact registered — whether merchant vessel, aircraft or submarine — is sent to the Joint Acoustical Analysis Centre at Farnborough, Hampshire. A final investigation is carried out by a specialist group of Ministry of Defence experts, to prove that once again a Polaris patrol has been completed without detection by the Russians.

Business chiefs hail Prince's inner city role

By Michael Horsnell and Craig Seton

The Prince of Wales, who will be 40 on Monday, was handed an early birthday accolade yesterday when captains of industry praised him for his inspiration in breathing new life into decaying inner cities.

Seven company chairmen and chief executives protested that the Prince, who has sparked a controversy over his criticism of modern British architecture, suffered from an unfair "wimpish" image in the media.

The truth was that he had brought about changes and provided an unprecedented impetus in urban regeneration at a time when his role was under scrutiny.

Many in the corporate sector applauded his leadership and effectiveness in releasing resources for economic regeneration.

Business leaders believe his personal commitment and enthusiasm has been unparalleled in rousing involvement across the country.

Sir Hector Laing, chairman of United Biscuits (Holdings), called for more respect to be shown to the Prince by the media. "He cannot hit back and none of us would like to have the sort of things sometimes said about him said about us. He has done a remarkable job."

The occasion was a conference of Business in the Community, an association of 300 British businesses which aims at encouraging social responsibility and revitalizing economic life in local communities. The Prince is the association's president.

Sir Hector, the organization's chairman, said the Prince had given firms and shareholders the confidence to support charity and inner city initiatives aimed at providing more jobs.

Mr David Rowland, chief executive of the Sedgwick Group, told the London con-

ference that the Prince was totally unlike his "wimpish" image. The Prince was confident and had exerted a huge influence on business life.

Mr Godfrey Bradman, chairman of Rosehaugh, said the Prince — who will celebrate his birthday at a community centre in Birmingham — always showed concern for needy and down-trodden members of society, and had been a driving force in many schemes.

In Birmingham, the Prince will resume his keen interest in the progress of the city since three years ago left two people dead and damage estimated at £16 million in Handsworth.

He will spend his birthday with 1,500 young people in an old tramcar depot. The derelict building has been refurbished to provide work and training for the long-term jobless.

The Prince visited Handsworth in the year after the riots and has returned since to see some of the projects to help regenerate the area.

The Prince will also meet some of the formerly unemployed young people, who have been helped nationwide by the Prince's Youth Business Trust.

Among the successful young business people meeting the Prince will be Mr Sydney Campbell, aged 26, an electrical engineer.

Nine months ago Mr Campbell, rebuffed by banks, was backed with a £1,500 loan from the Prince's trust to launch Oak Security Systems, selling and fitting burglar alarms and security systems in Villa Road, Handsworth.

He now employs three full-time staff and has a turnover estimated at £65,000 a year.

He plans to open a similar business in the east end of London.

Headmasters challenged

Call for joint study on mixed schools

By Douglas Broom, Education Reporter

The heads of top public schools were challenged yesterday to commission proper research to settle the long running dispute about whether girls do better in mixed or single-sex schools.

Mrs Averil Burgess, chairman of the Girls' Schools Association, called on the Headmasters' Conference, which represents the leading public schools, to agree to a joint project.

Her challenge comes in the wake of the publication of headmasters' figures, which claimed to show that girls studying A level physics and chemistry in mixed public school sixth forms did better than those in single-sex schools.

However in mathematics the heads' figures showed that girls in single-sex schools did better. Figures for mixed-sex schools showed girls doing better than

boys in physics, level pegging in chemistry and mathematics and worse in further mathematics.

The figures contrast with the association's statistics.

Mrs Burgess, headmistress of South Hampstead High School, said: "It is an entirely false comparison and I have challenged the HMC to work with us to make a valid statistical assessment of the true situation."

"The HMC figures are based on 51 schools with girls in the sixth form. To belong to HMC, schools have to demonstrate that they are strongly academic; GSA membership is totally open."

Mr Derek Fenner, headmaster of Alleyn's School, Dulwich, south London, who published the heads' statistics, welcomed Mrs Burgess's

proposal.

"We in the co-educational schools are fed up with being told that we cannot teach girls science and mathematics."

● Distinguished students at the exclusive Cheltenham Ladies' College are to be joined by state pupils for the first time in the school's 135-year history. It was disclosed yesterday. Five local primary school students are to attend the £4,500 a year college under the Government's assisted places scheme.

● Peat Marwick McLintock, the accountancy firm, became the first commercial organization directly sponsoring teaching in state schools yesterday. It is giving £50,000 for three teachers to introduce French to pupils aged five at six primary schools in Basingstoke, Hampshire.

Campaign for Oxford

Student vote favours appeal

By Sam Kiley, Higher Education Reporter

The organizers of the £220 million Campaign for Oxford yesterday expressed relief that students had voted in favour of supporting the appeal.

But it was by a small majority: 46 per cent voted against supporting the campaign to increase the university's funds by tapping private sources.

"We're quite pleased with the result, particularly in view of the unfortunate coincidence of the referendum with the Government's announcement that it intends to introduce student loans", Dr Henry Drucker, director of the fund-raising drive, said. A turnout

of 6,022 students, represented 60 per cent of the electorate.

Mr Mark Hope, of the Campaign for Public Education, which campaigned for a "no" vote, said he was pleased in spite of the defeat: "At the beginning we expected to get around 30 per cent, so getting 46 per cent is fantastic."

By campaigning against the appeal we have shown that a lot of students are prepared to defend public education."

Miss Felicity Spicer, president of the Oxford University Students' Union, said that the 46 per cent vote against the appeal would give students leverage in discussions about

the mechanics of the fund-raising drive.

She said she was concerned that the appeal would flaunt Oxford's "elitist" image and that money might be taken from companies with links to South Africa. "I am pleased we can now work constructively with the appeal."

● Police held back 150 jeering students when Mr Robert Jackson, Under Secretary of State for Education, left Exeter University yesterday after giving a lecture on new technology. They were demonstrating against the Government's plans for top-up loans for students.

Jasper Johns' \$10m record

Only 24 hours after Jasper Johns' record doubled to \$7 million at Christie's on Wednesday, it leapt a further \$10 million at Sotheby's on Thursday.

His "False Start", a colourful 1959 painting, patches of which are anachronistically labelled with the stencilled names of other colours, fetched \$17 million (£9.4 million).

Records have been broken at a giddy pace all week in the auction rooms, and nowhere more dramatically than in contemporary art.

With his 1962 screenprint, "Marilyn Monroe (Twenty Times)", Andy Warhol's record, for example, tripled to \$3.9 million (£2.1 million).

The climax of the sale was 12 paintings — six Impressionist, six contemporary — from the collection of Mr and Mrs Victor W Ganz, friends of John Marion, Sotheby's North America chairman, and accumulated from 1941 onwards until Mr Ganz's death last

SALEROOM
by Sarah Jane Checkland
Art Market Correspondent

year. Here, Picasso's record tripled when his "La Cage D'Oiseaux", a bright Cubist painting, fetched £8.4 million.

Robert Rauschenberg's "Rebus", a collage including newspaper sports photographs, paint and graffiti, fetched £3.4 million.

The buyer was Hans Thulin, the big-spending estate agent who paid Wednesday's record price for Jasper Johns.

Afterwards, Sotheby's staff were waxing lyrical, Mr John Marion describing the sale as "historic".

Although selling for fractions of the American prices, Modern British artists achieved 12 records at Christie's London yesterday.

Counting Sotheby's records on Wednesday, the week's

total in this area is now 23. With "The Alcántara Bridge", a richly expressive painting of Toledo, David Bomberg's record at Sotheby's for "Moorish Ronda, Andalusia" was improved by £10,000... by a London dealer who paid £81,400, double the estimate.

C.R.W. Nevinson (1889 to 1946) broke dramatic new ground when his "Punts on the Thames at Henley" — the water a virtuoso exercise in silver reflection — sold for six times its estimate, at £181,500.

The sale was unusually lively in respect of its vendors. Lord Lovat sold the Nevinson, while Carl Pissarro sold his great uncle Lucien's near-Poinsettist "A Sketch at Acton", for £50,600 (estimate £20,000 to £30,000), another record.

Out of 15 paintings by L.S. Lowry, "The Old Middlesbrough Town Hall", at £57,200, had been sent for sale by Max Bygraves.

Scots cash plea for drugs-related Aids

Scotland is seriously under-financed in its struggle with drugs-related Aids, according to two London-based experts, who say government spending in England is 10 times more per addict.

As a result Scottish drug abusers infected with HIV are seeking help in England.

Dr Gerry Stimson, a researcher at Goldsmiths' College, south-east London, said: "More money is desperately needed in Scotland because

more addicts there share needles."

Mike Ashton, editor of the magazine *Druglink*, which is read by specialists in the field, says Lothian region has been given only £47 per head of funds to fight drugs-related Aids. "But on current estimates the figure for England is more than 10 times higher."

David Liddell, of the Scottish Drugs Forum, said: "The level of funding per head here is much lower than in England. There is a strong case for providing more money for Scotland."

Dr Stimson said: "I know a hospital in London where the majority of drug-injecting patients with HIV are from Scotland."

In a comment yesterday on government allocation of funds *Druglink* magazine said: "Apparently no account was taken of the exceptional extent of the HIV infection and of the needle-sharing problem

among drug misusers in parts of Scotland."

"To the end of June 1988 the UK other than Scotland had reported 632 cases of HIV infection among drug injectors, while Scotland alone had reported 832."

The Scottish Office said: "We have not seen this material but ministers do attach high priority to drug-related HIV. Funding for this is running at £1.4 million this year."

November 11 1988

Guillotine ends marathon Housing Bill

Despite bitter protests from Opposition MPs, the Housing Bill completed its passage through the Commons after the Government had carried a timetable motion curtailing debate on it.

The Bill provides for the establishment of Housing Action Trusts, which are intended to take over run-down housing estates and to improve them.

Debate today was restricted to six hours on Lords amendments to the Housing Bill and to the School Boards (Scotland) Bill, which had attracted 43 further Commons amendments. The Government had originally intended that these 273 amendments be debated in less than a minute per amendment — a ludicrous proposition. The Bill was extremely important and extremely complicated and required a great deal of time.

Mr John Wakeham, Leader of the House of Commons, proposing the motion, said that after eight hours of debate on Wednesday night, only nine groups of amendments had been covered. At that rate of progress, a further 40 hours of debate would have been required to complete the debate.

Mr Frank Dobson, Shadow Leader of the House, Mr Wakeham intends that the House should devote less time to discussing 62 pages affecting the housing of more than five million tenants, than most Conservative MPs would expect their lawyers to devote to discussing, buying and selling their own individual homes.

The extraordinary motion resulted from an extraordinary

situation. The Government's business managers, with the benefit of a majority of more than 100, at the end of one of the longest parliamentary sessions ever, were trying to get two important Bills through in the final two days.

To guillotine two Bills on the last but one day of the session showed record Government incompetence. This was the first time that a government had guillotined six Bills in one session.

There were 273 Lords amendments to the Housing Bill, which had attracted 43 further Commons amendments. The Government had originally intended that these 273 amendments be debated in less than a minute per amendment — a ludicrous proposition. The Bill was extremely important and extremely complicated and required a great deal of time.

It was a landlords' charter which was encouraging property speculators to roam around housing estates trying to identify those they could buy, tart up, and sell. It did nothing to help most people, living in public-sector housing or those in private rented accommodation.

"We are convinced that the Bill will create homelessness," Mr Simon Hughes (South-west and Bermondsey, Dem) said that there was plenty of time before the State Opening of

Parliament to debate the Bill. The guillotine was for the Government's convenience.

In its draft regulations on strike ballots the Government said that a simple majority was not enough for a strike. For a school to opt out there needed to be a majority of voters in favour, but for an estate to opt out no one need vote in favour at all.

Dr John Cunningham, chief Opposition spokesman on the environment, said that at no time had the Opposition artificially delayed the Bill, though implacably opposed to its deeply offensive and irrelevant proposals.

The Bill heralded the return of racism, harassment, extortion and probably criminal activities into the housing market.

Mr Nicholas Ridley, Secretary of State for the Environment, said that the Bill had had 250 hours spent on it. Opposition MPs had tried to disrupt the proper democratic processes throughout.

It was time to bring the undignified proceedings to an end so that the benefits flowing from the Bill could begin to count.

He agreed with the Lords that there should be a ballot, but differed on the means by which it should be delivered.

People had been told that estates would probably be sold to private companies whose only interest was in making a profit: that under private landlords rents would soar. None of that was true.

"Landlords will have to demonstrate suitability, viability, and a commitment to the long-term provision of rented housing at rents within reach of those in low-paid jobs."

He was bringing forward a proposal that the Government should have power to designate areas as HATs on which to concentrate resources. Up to £192 million would be provided for the next few years.

He wondered if it was wise for Labour MPs to continue to make the financial arrangements for HATs a political football when the interests of those they purported to lead and to seek to help were being jeopardized by their campaign of false information.

Amid Opposition cries of "Blackmail", Mr Ridley said that if an estate was in a bad condition but unwilling to accept a housing trust, he would have no alternative "but to return that money to the Treasury."

Dr Cunningham said that it was useless for Mr Ridley to say there was to be no coercion

when people were told "unless you do what I want you to do, your housing problems will be left unattended and no money will be available."

The Lords amendment guaranteeing that Mr Ridley's amendment left the choice with the Secretary of State.

Mr Ridley: I have quoted it once, I will quote it again. "No order may be made in respect of that association unless a majority of tenants eligible to vote have approved the proposals by ballot." It goes on to describe how it is to be done.

I am happy to say that the Electoral Reform Society have agreed to operate the ballot so I am now able to delegate it to them.

The Lords amendment was rejected by 246 votes, to 74 Government majority, 172.

Mr Clive Soley, an Opposition spokesman on the environment, said that under a future Labour government tenants of non-resident, private landlords would be given the right to change their landlord.

That means that all the people pushed out into the private sector by this wretched Bill will have a choice to turn that decision around."

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Councils advised to boost reserves in year before poll tax

By David Walker, Public Administration Correspondent

Councils are to be encouraged to put money into their reserves to cushion the first few years of the poll tax, it emerged today.

Although government officials denied that is the intention, the settlement for rate support grant announced by Mr Nicholas Ridley, Secretary of State for the Environment, will give councils a marked incentive to put money into reserves and to tide them over what is expected to be a difficult few years they adjust to the new tax.

The incentive lies in a sharp rise in the financial rate support grant. It means that in 1989-90 councils which budget to end above official targets will not be penalised, as in previous years, by grant cuts. Local authority finance officials said the result will be that some councils will inflate their budgets, bump up their rates and so begin the year in financial health.

Next April is the last time at which councils will be allowed to levy rates on business and commerce, and councils may choose to use the opportunity to enhance their revenues.

After April 1990 rates on business - which are not being abolished, like household rates - are to be set by

Whitehall. In what will be the final year of the old rate support system, the Government estimates that councils in England and Wales will spend just more than £29 billion, and will pay £13.5 billion of grant.

Officials said that entailed a generous 8.5 per cent increase in grant, in line with what was termed a realistic assessment of how much total council spending would go up.

What council's will get next year (£m)

	Proposed spending	Grant
Barnet	145	35
Bradford	280	167
Birmingham	593	241
Bucks	239	15
Camden	137	5
Lea	940	-
Lambeth	158	104
Lancashire	676	320
Manchester	319	113
Wandsworth	102	78

But the Labour-controlled Association of Metropolitan Authorities, which represents councils in London and the cities, said the Government had deliberately underestimated the amount councils were spending now, and so based forward projections on inadequate amounts.

Sir Jack Layden, the association chairman, said: "This is a gift package doled out in splendid wrappings but it adds up to £1 billion less than the

authorities need simply to stand still."

The grant is to be shared out to councils in such a way that past high spenders will get less, but there are to be no penalties if their spending in 1989-90 exceeds the government norm.

One result of the grant share-out is extra money for Labour-controlled Birmingham, which nets an additional £23 million, and for Bradford, which gets a £6 million top-up.

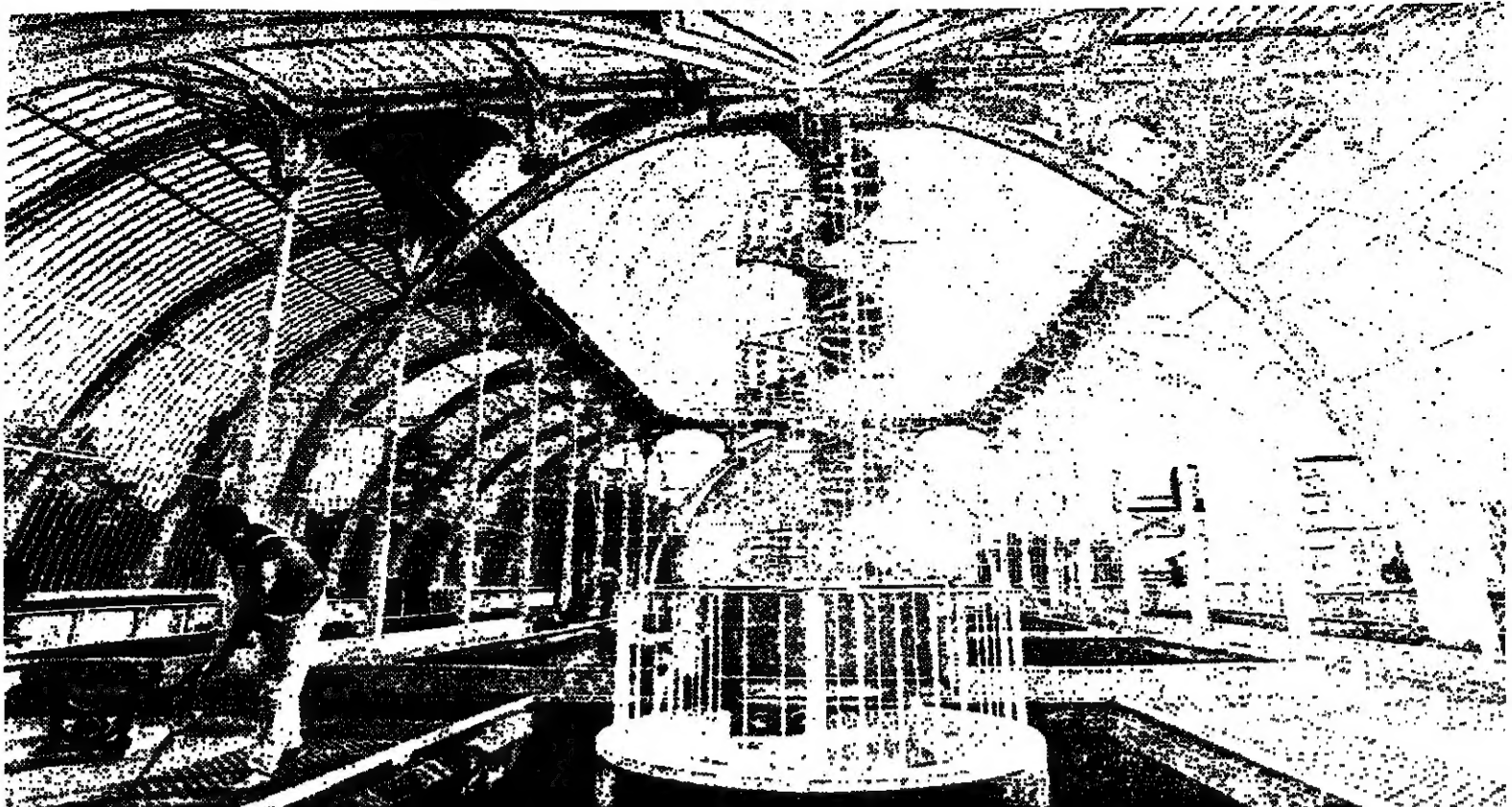
Bradford recently switched from Labour to Conservative control and in the middle of a controversial attempt by Conservatives to cut its budget.

The Government each year calculates what it thinks councils need to spend to maintain their services. This figure is going up 9.8 per cent next. Councils, however, perennially spend more than that: the excess will be at least £570 million.

None the less the Government estimates that if councils followed its broad guidelines on spending there would be no need for rates to rise significantly next year.

More realistic estimates from the councils themselves are that rates will increase by at least the prevailing rate of inflation, which may be higher than the 5 per cent the Treasury says.

Graceful symphony in iron is restored



The magnificently restored wrought iron Palm House at Kew Gardens will be a humid tropical jungle again by summer 1990 (Photograph: Mark Pepper).

By Alan Hamilton

It is probably just as well that, on the night of the great hurricane last year, the magnificent Palm House in Kew Gardens had already been stripped of its 16,000 panes of glass and was standing naked in the wind. Such was its state of decay that the great gust might have reduced it to a tangled heap of iron.

But the gale just whistled through its vast skeleton, and left it unscathed. This weekend, at the end of a three-year, £7 million restoration, the grandest glasshouse in Britain reopens to the public for a month.

It will close again in mid-December to allow the botanists of Kew to restock it with tropical trees.

The Palm House, built in three years and opened in 1847, was the ultimate in Victorian high-tech, and far more sophisticated than Sir Joseph Paxton's prefabricated cast-iron Crystal Palace, built for the Great Exhibition four years later. Designed by Decimus Burton, the Palm House was engineered by an exceptionally clever Irishman, Richard Turner.

"It is a very ingenious building, far more sophisticated than anything Norman Foster or Richard Rogers have ever done", according to Mr Peter

Riddington, the project architect from the Government's Property Services Agency supervising the restoration.

Wrought iron, alas, rusts, and the project involved replacing ten miles of wrought iron glazing bars which had corroded to the point of instability.

The project should have taken two years, but it has dragged into three. Once they stripped off the old paint, the engineers found the iron framework, 360ft long and 65ft high made out of 5,500 components, much worse than they had feared.

Bits were beginning to fall off. A partial renovation in the 1950s, after post-war suggestions that the whole

thing should be pulled down, were not a great success, and are regarded by today's better-informed restorers as the work of an early and inexperienced double-glazing salesman.

Now all 16,000 panes have been replaced by toughened glass, embedded in soft mastic rather than old-fashioned hard putty. Restored, repainted and reglazed, this majestic and delicate symphony in iron is ready to withstand all the weather.

It is so graceful that putting trees inside almost spoils it. The architects who worked on it have harboured a secret desire to turn it into a huge lily pond.

Police cut red tape to put men on beat

By Stewart Tisdler, Crime Reporter

One of Britain's largest police forces is abolishing unnecessary administrative tasks in order to put more men on the beat to tackle one of the most rural violence problems in the country.

The Thames Valley force is aiming for savings equal to the work of 462 officers or 45,000 man hours, worth 10 million.

The plans include a radical reform of paperwork and police station administration with special units being formed at main police stations to process case papers.

A review of paperwork showed the force had 1,026 different forms. Those are to be reduced to 784.

The plans were devised by Colin Smith, the chief constable, and senior officers in an attempt to put more men on the beat.

In a survey of 36 county forces published earlier this year, Thames Valley had the highest number of cases of serious disorder in 1986.

The force polices more miles of motorway than any other and protects more VIPs than anywhere except London.

Mr Smith said his force also had a very low ratio of officers per head of population with one per 556 residents compared with a county force average of one to 491 and a ratio of one to 259 in London.

The force of 3,576 officers needs more but, like other forces, has difficulty in getting manpower increases from the Home Office.

The chief constable said: "There is a correlation between having more officers and reducing crime. If you put more officers on the streets you do significantly reduce crime. You raise people's consciousness of safety."

In an effort to find those extra officers the force set up a working party to look at how police worked which discovered that a third of their time was spent on administration.

The working party recommendations implemented included ending the duplication of some reports and abandoning some types of records.

The force has also started an experimental administration support unit in one division using a team of 10 officers and 34 other members of staff drawn from the existing workforce. The unit handles all the paperwork of a case after charges as well as all records, warrants, typing and other tasks for the area and its 300 police officers. The units will eventually be set up in all six divisions of the force.

Drunk Tube driver did not know his name

A Tube driver who was so drunk he could not remember his name was given a suspended jail sentence today.

Baldwin Gill, of Mount Avenue, Southall, west London, was seen on December 31 by Mr John Dainton, London Underground area manager in his train at White City station. Mr Dainton said: "Because Gill's speech was slurred, his eyes glazed and he smelt of alcohol I asked him to leave the train."

British Transport Police Constable Thomas Madden said: "Gill couldn't remember where he had picked his train

up from. He was extremely drunk, he couldn't even remember his name."

Gill, dismissed after his arrest, was given an eight-month jail sentence, suspended for 18 months, and fined £1,000 at Knightsbridge Crown Court after being found guilty of endangering passengers' lives.

Gill, who said he had drunk two pints of beer and two shorts, said: "At this time of year when its cold everyone takes a drop before work but they can still drive. I felt tired but fit to drive a train."

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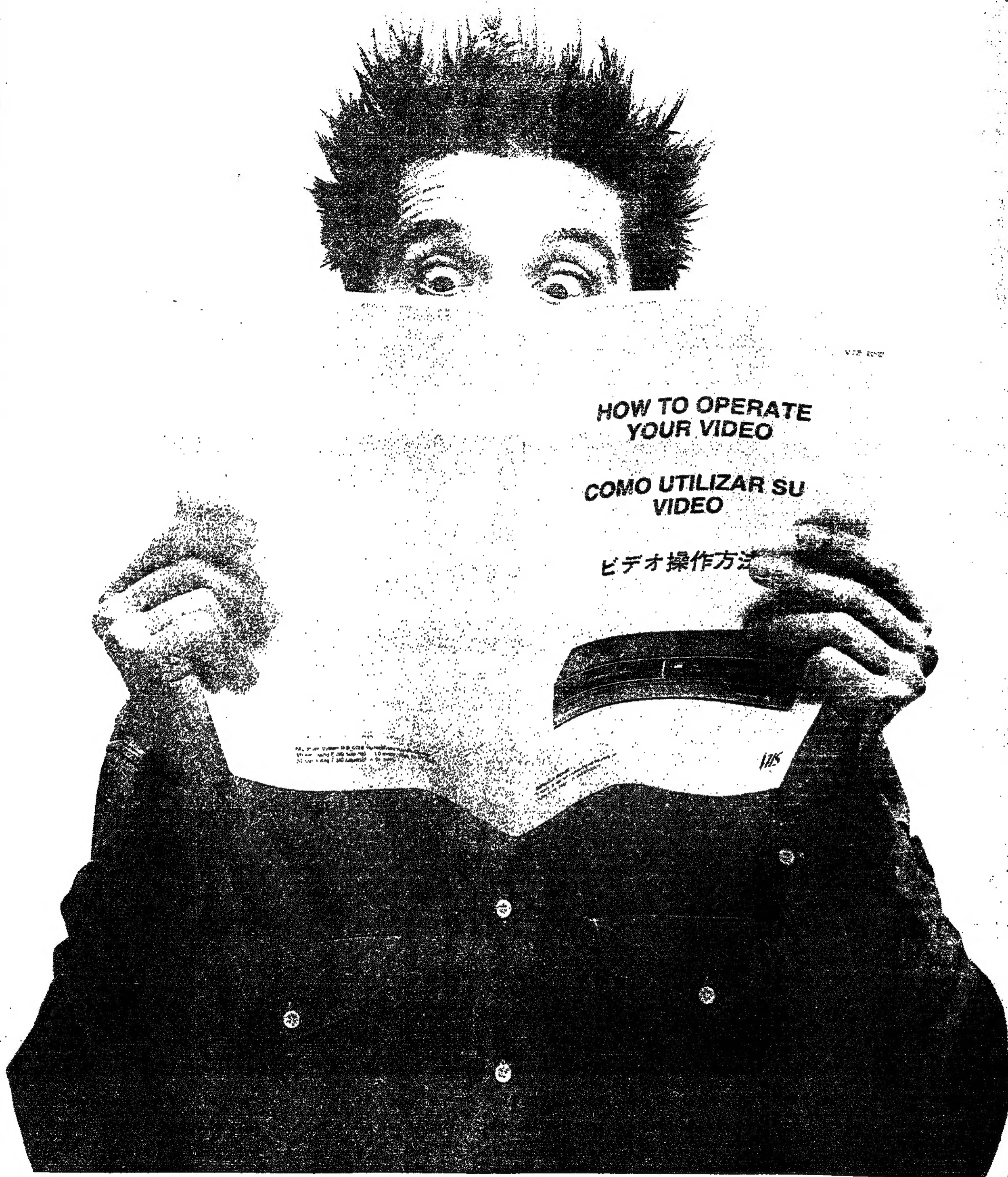
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Democrats' hope of resurrection pinned on Phoenix

From Charles Bremner
New York

The defeat of Mr Michael Dukakis may prove a blessing for the Democratic Party. This view is already making the rounds among party elders as they prepare to purge their bitterness with a bloodbath that may just end by delivering an electable Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1992.

"Party warfare is going to take place sooner or later and it serves no purpose to put it off," Mr Alan Secrest, a leading Democratic consultant, said.

The choice facing the party is whether to turn left and espouse the radical doctrines of the Rev Jesse Jackson, or right towards a conservative stance that runs the risk of vanishing into Reaganism.

Looking beyond the dismaying ineptitude of the Dukakis campaign, the lesson for the party was clear: its standard bearer was

unable to offer an attractive alternative to the ideology and values of recent Republican leadership.

Mr Bruce Babbitt, a former contender for the nomination this year and a man with a reputation for plain speaking, said yesterday: "We've got to quit rationalizing these losses and blaming them on tactical errors."

The party had to come to terms with the fact that running for president was not the same as running for governor or Congress. "A presidential race is about two issues, peace and prosperity, otherwise known as economics and foreign affairs. That's the core of our problem. We have not laid out a convincing message on those two issues."

Just as the doctrines of the old British Labour Party were rendered obsolete by the successes of the welfare state, the Democratic Party can trace its decline to the achievements of Roosevelt's era of

the New Deal, the programmes that healed the wounds of the Depression and helped bring education and a minimum of welfare to the poor and needy.

More so than in Europe, the dominant force in the political landscape is now the middle class, a group with which the vast majority of Americans identify.

Americans are happy to keep electing Democrats to the House of Representatives in Congress, where they win almost certain re-election by providing well for their constituencies. But a Democrat in the White House conjures up an image that seems out of time with the times. All Mr Bush had to do to win was to portray Mr Dukakis as a typical liberal Democrat.

The Democrats have been putting off the moment of truth. In 1984, they blamed the defeat of Mr Walter Mondale on President Reagan's popularity. This year, there were no excuses. This time they tried to avoid the sectarian

label by offering a candidate who stood for value-free, pragmatic "competence" not ideology.

With their old base obliterated in the South, their membership ageing and a string of failures in

Masagua (Reuters) — General Nguyen Giap of Vietnam, who led the defeat of US forces there in 1975, was welcomed to Nicaragua by President Ortega, who said that their countries were united in the fight against US domination. The President said Vietnam's "struggle ... against the French and Yankee domination ... also extended to Latin America and the Caribbean".

The White House race, the party must now find a creed to replace the worn-out litany of liberalism.

Mr Paul Kirk, the outgoing National Democratic chairman, believes it would be suicidal for the party to turn left, to the Jackson radicals. A battle is now shaping for the new chairmanship,

with Mr Jackson proposing Mr Ron Brown, his convention manager, to replace Mr Kirk.

Party moderates such as Mr Sam Nunn, Mr Kirk and others in what Mr Jackson calls the "Rhett Butler brigade" are nearing the point where they will openly blame Mr Jackson's radical foreign policies and his soak-the-rich views at home for much of the party's woes this year. Until now, the big bogey of racism has led party officials to flinch from direct confrontation.

Pessimists believe the party has become a hostage to the black preacher, who has already announced his run for the 1992 White House. "Jesse Jackson may well stand between the Democrats and presidency for the next 20 years," said Mr Joe Klein, a New York magazine commentator.

Experts are predicting a leftward lurch. Losing parties have a habit of reverting to fundamentalism. No one has yet come up with an

outline for a moderate post-liberal creed. The pessimists say it may first take a depression or a new threat from abroad to erode trust in Republican values.

Given that American parties and politics are far less bound to ideology than to individuals, the solution may come in the shape of an individual, as it did for the Republicans in Ronald Reagan.

The Democrats have about two years to find their New Man. Mr William Safire, the conservative columnist, defined their 1992 ideal yesterday: "Give us a man with a record of executive or legislative success, from government or business, who can come up with genuine neo-liberalism — a fresh approach to security with opportunity and privacy — one who is good on the tube and visibly enjoys the arena."

The man at the top of the list as the next election cycle gets underway is Mr Bill Bradley, the popular Governor of New Jersey.

Other early favourites for the post include Mr Nunn, Senator Chuck Robb of Virginia and Senator Albert Gore.

Mr Nunn and Mr Robb, who was elected this week after a term as Governor in Virginia, belong to the Democratic Leadership Council. This moderate faction believes that the party must not only move to the right on defence, the main area in which the electorate distrusts the Democrats — but also shift its policies towards the welfare and unemployment payments that largely go to the urban poor and are the source of middle-class resentment. They are supporting plans to make such benefits dependent on a stint of "national service", either in the community or the military.

The first step in the party's struggle for rebirth from the ashes starts next week when the national leaders meet for a post-mortem, in the appropriately named city of Phoenix.

President's grip tightens as Sri Lanka voting nears

From Edward Gorman, Colombo

Faced with a mounting national crisis organized by the Marxist underground Janatha Vimukthi Peramuna, President Jayewardene last night approved a series of emergency regulations in a bid to halt a slide into anarchy in the run up to next month's presidential elections.

In the most controversial step, the Sri Lankan President re-enacted by special presidential directive, existing regulations allowing the security forces to take possession of bodies and to bury or cremate them without inquests.

This directive was last enacted during riots after the signing of the Indo-Sri Lankan Peace Accord in July last year.

The move follows a declaration earlier this week that demonstrators would be shot on sight. On Thursday the Government's resolve was put to the test during mass protests organized by the JVP, which is trying to overthrow the Government. Police and army units killed at least 15 people, wounding 25 others, at separate demonstrations in the south of the island.

Observers say the new directive is designed to allow the Government to quickly remove the evidence of shootings on the streets and to control information on numbers killed or wounded. In addition it may restrict efforts by the JVP to turn those shot by the security forces into political martyrs.

Further emergency laws signed by the President last night appear to be aimed exclusively at the JVP. It is now a capital offence to issue death threats, or to distribute leaflets critical of the Government — two tactics used

extensively by the underground movement.

In an attempt to prevent JVP-organized strikes which have crippled the country in recent weeks, it is now a capital offence to force people to stay away from work.

The JVP has, in the past, successfully closed businesses, shops and even government offices by threatening to kill those who disobeyed strike calls. The new government regulations will leave Sri Lankans in a nasty dilemma.

The final capital offence under the emergency laws — the main body of which has been enforced for 5½ years and is ritually extended by Parliament on a monthly basis — is organizing or joining illegal processions and meetings.

The text of the regulations ends by warning those who doubt the seriousness or determination of the Government to implement them: "These regulations will be strictly enforced in the interests of the welfare of the people of this country."

In other developments yesterday, two ministers resigned from President Jayewardene's Government. The resignations are seen as a protest at the President's failure to stick to an earlier decision to dissolve Parliament.

Mr Shelton Ranaraja, the Deputy Justice Minister, said on Wednesday in Cabinet that the President must dissolve the assembly by today and hold general elections in addition to presidential polls if peace was to be restored. Dr Nissanka Wijeyeratne, the Justice Minister, also resigned but claimed he was doing so for personal reasons.



Party leaders ushering Herr Jenninger through a crowd of journalists to the meeting at which he resigned yesterday.

Man in the News

Kohl's 'Prussian' trouble-shooter

From John England, Bonn

Herr Philipp Jenninger, like his close friend Chancellor Helmut Kohl, is a physical heavyweight. But his four years as President (Speaker) of the Bundestag — effectively West Germany's No. 2 position after the Federal President — are not seen as matching the performance of some of his predecessors.

While an excellent performer as a member of the "Kohl mafia", serving nine years as parliamentary manager of the Christian Democrat and Christian Socialist faction until Herr Kohl became Chancellor in 1982, he was never a great debater.

Herr Kohl made him State Minister in his first Chancellery, a post he left most

reluctantly in 1984 when Dr Rainer Barzel, the then Bundestag President, resigned over a party funds affair.

Herr Jenninger inherited several parliamentary management problems, many of which proved too much for him. One of them was a long-running debate over the building of a new chamber.

He exasperated many MPs with a rigid, Prussian-like attitude to suggestions aimed at breathing more life into Parliament, but he also earned the wrath of many fellow conservatives by his willingness to forge links with the East German Volkskammer.

Herr Jenninger, the son of a master book-printer, was born in June, 1932, in Rindelbach,

in what is now the state of Baden-Württemberg. He studied law at Tübingen University, and began his political career in Bonn as a personal aide to a State Secretary at the Defence Ministry.

His subsequent moves up the ladder included three years as a political aide to the late Franz Josef Strauss, who was then Finance Minister in the so-called "Big Coalition" of Social Democrats and conservatives. He became a federal MP in 1969, and took up political party management in 1973 just as Herr Kohl was elected chairman of the Christian Democratic Union.

That was when he became Herr Kohl's trouble-shooter; now, to the Chancellor's sor-

row, Herr Jenninger has turned into his trouble-bringer for claiming, among other things, in a speech to the Bundestag marking the 50th anniversary of Kristallnacht that the Hitler years from 1933 to 1935 were "fascinating"; that the Führer had turned the Treaty of Versailles, which ended the First World War, into a "scrap of paper" and had made Germany into the hegemonic power in Europe.

But the assertion by Herr Jenninger that people found most offensive was that the Jews had presumed a role to which they were not entitled and had perhaps even deserved to be put in their place.

Leading article, page 11

WORLD ROUNDUP

Transplants fail in radiation cases

Stockholm (Reuters) — All but two of 13 people who had bone marrow transplants after the Chernobyl nuclear disaster have died. Dr Angelina Guskova, who leads a Soviet project caring for the radiation victims, told the Swedish newspaper, *Svenska Dagbladet*, yesterday. The disaster in April 1986 killed 31 people and caused radiation sickness in 237 others. Bone marrow contains the body's immunological protection against disease and transplants were used to treat Chernobyl victims whose immune defences were destroyed by radiation. "Chernobyl has taught us that bone marrow transplants on radiation victims don't have the same effect as on other patients," said Dr Guskova.

Airliners in near miss

Ottawa — Two passenger airliners carrying a total of 281 people narrowly escaped destruction in a near miss over Toronto International Airport on Sunday night, officials disclosed yesterday (John Best writes). It was the closest near miss in the airport's history. An official investigator said that the planes — a Canadian Airlines Boeing 737 with 90 people on board, and a Wardair Airbus carrying 191 — had come within a third of a mile of one another. Aviation officials said that a disaster was averted by only a few seconds.

New diamond record

Sydney (Reuters) — An Australian mining and oil company said yesterday that a huge uncut diamond recently dug up in Guinea, West Africa, fetched \$8.6 million (£4.8 million) this week.

The price of the 181.7 carat stone equalled \$47,400 a carat. Believed to be the highest price per carat ever paid for a rough, uncut diamond, Bridge Oil said in a statement. The diamond was sold by tender to a private syndicate that intends to cut and polish the stone. The syndicate's anonymity was a condition of the sale.

Rebels cut power

Rangoon (Reuters) — Ethnic guerrillas have attacked Burma's biggest power station, cutting electricity supplies to Rangoon for more than 24 hours, according to official sources. Three booster transformers were destroyed.

Rangoon Radio said Karen guerrillas hit the Lawpata hydroelectric power station north-west of the capital with two rockets early on Thursday. The attack coincided with efforts by minority groups to take advantage of the military Government's pre-occupation with crushing internal dissent to launch their own strikes from bases near the border.

Peace talks 'too slow'

Geneva — As the third round of Gulf peace talks ended here yesterday, Mr Jan Eliasson, the UN's Special Representative, emphasized the urgency of reaching a settlement (Alan McGregor writes). "We are moving in the direction of peace but we have to go faster," he said, adding that the next round of talks will be next month or January.

The most tangible outcome of the past two weeks of discussions is that Iran and Iraq agreed separately with the International Committee of the Red Cross on repatriation of wounded and sick prisoners.

Pakistan election campaign

Bhutto patriotism attacked

From Anatol Lieven, Multan, Pakistan

With emotions running high in the final days of the Pakistan election campaign, Mian Nawaz Sharif, Chief Minister of the Punjab, yesterday accused the Bhutto-led Pakistan People's Party in a rally here of being in the pay of the country's enemies, and of being responsible for the loss of Bangladesh in 1971.

The charges were part of the campaign of vilification pursued by the Islamic Democratic Alliance, despite criticism of such tactics by Mr Mohammad Khan Junejo, the former Prime Minister and president of the Muslim League, who said he did not want to see the atmosphere embittered.

Earlier Mian Benazir Bhutto addressed what was said to be

one of the biggest gatherings ever seen in Rawalpindi. In responding to attacks by the alliance, she adopted much of its chauvinist rhetoric.

She said of the nuclear issue that it was her father who had "given his life" to build the Kahuta nuclear power station, while President Zia had allowed it to become a matter of international knowledge and controversy.

On the issue of patriotism and the PPP's alleged links with India, Miss Bhutto said: "We were the ones who pledged a thousand years war with India so as not to let down the honour and respect of the Pakistani people."

Accusing her opponents of wishing to continue the Zia regime, Mrs Bhutto said that

Argentina and Greece had had military governments when they lost in conflicts in the Falklands and over Cyprus.

The frequent references to General Zia in PPP speeches are seen by some analysts as evidence of uncertainty about how to shape party rhetoric now that the dictator is gone. Alliance speakers, for their part, mention him relatively rarely, and his picture is not much in evidence.

A general belief here is that it is now a close race. A hung parliament, with small parties and independent MPs holding the balance, is seen as likely.

The PPP however, retains a definite edge among the urban poor, because of the memory of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's socialist rhetoric.

Partition threat to Lebanon

By Nicholas Beeson

For the first time in 13 years of civil war, the Lebanese state, held together by its Army, civil servants and long-suffering public employees, is under threat of becoming partitioned into separate Christian and Muslim administrations.

The latest constitutional crisis emerged this week when the aged Shia Muslim Defence Minister, Mr Adel Ossseman, suspended the Maronite Christian Army commander, General Michel Aoun, and replaced him with a Sunni Muslim, Major-General Sami Khatib.

The action was taken against General Aoun by the Syrian-backed Muslim Cabinet of the Prime Minister, Dr Salim al-Hoss, in west Beirut because the career soldier had agreed to head a rival Christian interim Cabinet appointed by former President Gemayel when his term ended on September 22.

But since September, when Christian leaders rejected a joint Syrian-Arabian presidential candidate to replace Mr Amin Gemayel, Lebanon's system of government has been seriously undermined by the rival Cabinets.

The country now has no president, two acting prime ministers, with Christian and Muslim Cabinets respectively, an acting speaker of Parliament and two heads of the Army.

"The bureaucracy is trying to juggle orders from both governments but unless the leaders overcome their differences soon we will inevitably see the emergence of two administrations, one Christian and one Muslim," one diplomat said. The first casualty has been the Army which, although

segregated into five Christian and five Muslim brigades each comprising some 15,000 men, had managed to keep a semblance of neutrality until General Aoun's appointment to head the interim Cabinet.

"The Ministry of Defence (based in the Christian suburb of Yarzeh) is still paying salaries to all soldiers," said one Lebanese observer. "But everyone is afraid that they will stop paying the Muslim troops. That is when the real split will happen."

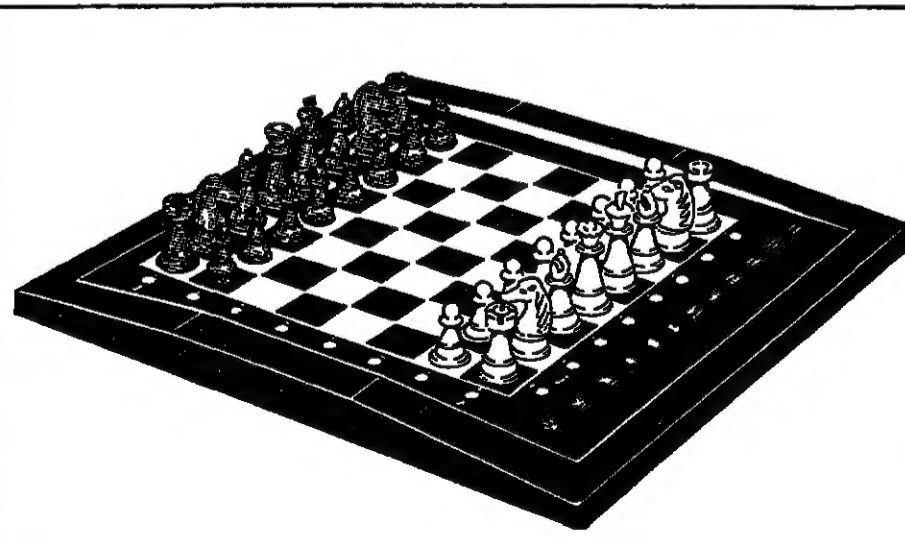
A bureaucratic paralysis has already occurred in the Sûreté General, which acts as a form of interior ministry and among other functions issues passports. No sooner had General Aoun appointed a new director-general, Colonel Nadim Lutfi, than the Muslim Government of Dr al-Hoss appointed its own interim director-general, Mr Assad Takch.

Passports signed by Colonel Lutfi are not recognized at the airport in west Beirut, and Mr Takch cannot issue his own because he does not have access to his own supply of the documents.

"We now have a state of complete dismemberment," said the grand mufti Sheikh Hassan Khaled, spiritual leader of the Sunnis. "Alas, we cannot even begin to stop it."

Although Lebanon has hardly ever been without one form of constitutional crisis or another since 1975, the current stalemate is potentially more damaging to the future of the state than the years of fighting and upheavals that characterized the war, during which at least a semblance of an administrative infrastructure managed to survive.

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Palestinians meet in Algiers to declare independent state

Warships and tanks guard council against 'Israeli raid'

From Christopher Walker, Algiers

The Algerian armed forces, supported by a Soviet warship are on maximum alert to protect today's opening session of the Palestine National Council, which Palestinian leaders claim may be a target for Israeli attack because of its intention to declare an independent Palestinian state.

The Club des Pins, the rundown, Soviet-style holiday resort outside Algiers where the four-day session of the "parliament in exile" will take place, yesterday resembled an army camp with ground-to-air missiles, tanks, an Algerian missile cruiser, radar-guided and camouflaged anti-aircraft batteries and dozens of armoured vehicles in place to defend the 453 delegates.

Scores of military tents were put up to house the hundreds of Algerian troops drafted in for the huge security operation.

The nervousness of the Algerian soldiers and the Palestinian bodyguards carrying machine guns indicated that the prospect of an Israeli attack was being taken seriously. Less frequently mentioned was that the meeting is also a target for Palestinian radicals opposed to the PLO's moves towards moderation.

Backing up security on land,

a Soviet naval ship was moored in the main port of Algiers. According to diplomats, it is intended to be a deterrent against attack by sea or air.

Details of the alleged Israeli plans to disrupt the long-awaited meeting were given to a small group of reporters by Mr Bassam Abu Sharif, the chief PLO spokesman, at the closely guarded villa which is his temporary headquarters.

"We have had hard information, not just an indication, that Israeli 'hit squads' have been despatched to Europe and North Africa with orders to try and assassinate Mr Arafat and other members of our leadership," he said.

Mr Abu Sharif, a former hardliner now in the vanguard of the campaign for coexistence with Israel, said that, on October 20, Israeli leaders sanctioned two generals "to proceed with operations against us without reference back to the Government".

He hinted that the leadership had indirectly received details of the alleged Israeli plot from the United States Central Intelligence Agency.

He said this resulted from the fact that elements inside the Reagan Administration had given a "clear signal" that

they favoured the PLO's switch to a more pragmatic stance on Israel's existence.

"The Israelis believe that by eliminating our leadership, they can prevent the establishment of an independent Palestinian state, but that is an illusion," Mr Abu Sharif said. "The Palestinians will keep up their resistance in the occupied lands and at the same time press on with our new drive for peace talks with Israel. Today we are on the alert, but I deny we are afraid."

The threat of aerial and sea attack, real or imagined, has increased the sense of occasion surrounding today's meeting, which has been postponed at least three times as the PLO leadership struggled to prevent the organization being torn apart by the plan to adopt what amounts to an implicit recognition of Israel.

To add to the surreal atmosphere here, the first official message of welcome (delivered by hand to Mr Abu Sharif yesterday by a US correspondent based in Jerusalem) came from the ultra-Orthodox Jewish Neturei Karta sect, which believes that there should be no state of Israel until the coming of the Messiah.



Mr Yitzhak Shamir, Israeli Prime Minister and Likud chief, meeting a leader of the Shua party, Rabbi Itzhak Peretz, in Jerusalem yesterday as talks to form a government continued.

● JERUSALEM: Israel imposed an indefinite curfew on the 635,000 Arab residents of the Gaza Strip yesterday and deployed troops throughout the occupied territories to prevent demonstrations called by the underground leadership of the Palestinian uprising to mark the opening of the Palestine National Council meeting (Ian Murray writes).

During the day, troops also sealed the West Bank, stopping Arabs from leaving and allowing only settlers to enter. Additional men for some days have been deployed progressively throughout the territories to forestall trouble. Schools and public buildings have been commandeered as bases and to provide extra space for prisoners. Dozens of activists have already been rounded up, and youths have been ordered to remove graffiti urging support for the

Crucial test for Arafat's new optimistic mood

From Christopher Walker, Algiers

Mr Yassir Arafat, the peacemaker leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization and master of verbal ambiguity, has in recent months taken to telling visitors that the bitter, 40-year-long struggle by the Palestinians for their own homeland is now "in the last quarter-hour".

A crucial test for his new-found optimism will start here today when the Palestine National Council begins its extraordinary session.

The session, which has been preceded by months of unseemly public wrangling, assassination threats, impassioned arguments in half a dozen Arab capitals and only the occasional glimmer of hope of a way towards a solution of the Middle East problem, is due to approve plans to declare an independent Palestinian state.

Although at this stage little more than symbolic, the decision to declare a state claiming legitimacy from United Nations Resolution 181, which in 1947 recommended the partition of British-held Palestine between Arabs and Jews, is seen by many in the movement as containing implicit recognition of Israel.

In an effort to preserve some semblance of unity, PLO officials say that a decision to set up a government-in-exile (along the lines of that declared by the Algerian revolutionaries in 1958) is likely to be agreed in principle, with the composition and actual appointments deferred.

"The purpose of such a body would be to take part in a Middle East peace conference on our behalf," a PLO member said. "But there is much disagreement over its composition."

Outside interest is being focused on the political declaration which will accompany the proclamation of a state and which will provide the key to the extent to which the PLO is willing to coexist with Israel, and in that way open doors to winning international recognition.

The catalyst for the rethink was Jordan's historic decision of July 31 to sever ties with the West Bank, which was ruled by the Hashemite monarchy from 1950 to 1967.

"I know exactly what most Western governments, especially the US, want them to do, but I have no idea if they are yet mature enough to do it," said one diplomat with long experience of Middle Eastern complexities. "They must renounce violence, declare their willingness to accept UN Resolutions 242 and 338 and acknowledge Israel's right to exist. They must

dispel once and for all the belief that they want to drive the Israelis into the sea."

To outsiders the debate which has preceded the meeting might seem self-indulgent and esoteric (it often turns on the placing of a comma, or other grammatical niceties), but it has been of burning importance to the Palestinians, an increasing number of whom believe that the PLO is at last preparing to grasp the nettle it has avoided for 24 years: The right of Israel to exist as a state within the boundaries it enjoyed before the 1967 war.

While many diplomats accept as axiomatic that the PLO must take such a step before the US can ever hope to get Israel to the negotiating table (not even then likely to be an easy task), Palestinian opponents to such a move adopt different approaches.

The most basic comes from commanders like Mr Abu Musa, head of the Syrian-led Fatah dissidents who broke away from the mainstream PLO in 1983.

"We believe," he says, "that Arafat will be giving away the last card in his hands, the recognition of Israel, and will not gain anything in return."

More philosophical and eloquent are people like the talented Palestinian poet Mr Mahamoud Darwish, who angrily rejects demands from the West that the PLO transform itself and abandons its rejectionist charter.

"Why are we always told that we cannot solve our problem without solving the existential anxiety of the Israelis and their supporters who have ignored our very existence for decades in our own homeland?"

It is precisely because moves towards moderation are so fervently opposed by Palestinian radicals and their main backers, Syria and Libya, that much of the blast of security in force in Algiers is there to protect participants from attack by their own Arab brothers rather than by Israelis (who are alleged by the PLO leadership to be planning attacks to sabotage the meeting).

Whatever the final outcome, the world will have to wait many years before the gun in the Middle East is replaced by the olive branch. Western intelligence officials fear that if the PNC does plump for unambiguous moderation, Palestinian extremists led by the Abu Nidal group will begin a campaign of terror against Israeli and Western targets to try to ensure that any such decision is discredited.

Leading article, page 11

Tokyo's Middle East policy

Bid for peace role presents dilemma

From Joe Joseph, Tokyo

The Palestine Liberation Organization's second-in-command has left Tokyo without the blessing he was seeking for the independent Palestinian state that the PLO is expected to declare on Monday.

The five-day visit this week by Mr Farouk Kaddoumi, who is head of the PLO's political section and regarded as deputy to Mr Yassir Arafat in the PLO's power structure, did little to clarify Japan's muddy ambitions as a player in the Middle East peace process.

Mr Kaddoumi did make clear, however, that the PLO ranks Japan — which tried to temper its heavily pro-Arab stance in June by despatching its Foreign Minister on an unprecedented trip to Israel as a friend and that "all friends (of Palestinians) will support a Palestinian state".

Japan's hazy pronouncements about where it fits into the Middle East jigsaw are instructive, not just for what they might mean for its long-standing relations with the PLO.

Even this summer's trip to Israel by Mr Soukai Uno, the Foreign Minister, was touted as different things to different audiences. Outraged Arab ambassadors in Tokyo were promised that the visit "by no means signals a change" in Japan's Middle East policy. Elsewhere, Japanese Foreign Ministry officials hailed the trip as "a dramatic expression" of Japan's intention to play a greater role in settling disputes in the Middle East.

The blur betrays something of Japan's struggle to cope with the shift from a foreign policy traditionally tailored by economics — Japan imports two-thirds of its oil from Arab nations and largely honours the Arab boycott of Israel — to one which hangs more suitably on the shoulders of a nation that wants to share the burdens of being an international superpower.

Japan is also being nudged along by the United States. Washington has been openly criticizing Japan's stance to-

wards Israel, demanding an increase in Japan's trade with Israel and objecting to the publication and popularity of a couple of anti-Semitic books that appeared in Japan last year.

The circumstances of Mr Kaddoumi's visit are seen as important by Israeli diplomats here, too.

The PLO official's trip included talks with the Japanese Prime Minister and Foreign Minister and came just a few days before the crucial meeting in Algiers of the Palestine National Council, the PLO's policy-making body.

Israeli diplomats in Tokyo say that Mr Kaddoumi's willingness to make the visit



Mr Farouk Kaddoumi: Did not get Japan's blessing.

to Japan — his first in 12 years — just a few days before such a key meeting, when there must be much on his plate, reflects a desperation to find a leading nation that will recognize a Palestinian state.

Mr Kaddoumi says he did not ask for Japan's blessing and was not told whether Tokyo would give it or not. Mr Yoshifumi Matsuda, the spokesman for the Japanese Foreign Ministry, said: "We will have to wait for a declaration before giving our views."

While well short of a blessing, even this statement is more mealy-mouthed than what would have been offered in Washington or London, say analysts in Tokyo. The contrast underlines Japan's dilemma in the Middle East.

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TIMES DIARY

SIMON BARNES

I have received a cable from the Governor of the Cayman Islands, His Excellency Alan Scott. It appears that His Excellency was much moved by a piece in this space last week, in which I touched on the plight of Tonbridge football club. You may recall that the Beazer Homes League giants were seeking sponsors at £3 a time for slabs of concrete to lay on the boggy path between turnstile and grandstand. They wanted 200 sponsors and had 20, all "the same old faces," but one who wished to commemorate a dog that had died. His Excellency, on reading this, at once sent a cheque for £3 to Tonbridge in memory of a dog called Raffles, who used to lighten the lives of those in Government House. He hoped that by this means Raffles, an extremely overweight poodle, would achieve immortality. He expressed the additional hope that other dog lovers would rally to Tonbridge's cause. As this column moved His Excellency, so His Excellency moved me. I have sent £3 to Tonbridge in memory of the great Duff, a dog around whom family folklore is built. Anyone who is also stirred by this tale and His Excellency's response to it may care to know that Tonbridge FC live at Longmead Stadium, Darrenth Avenue, Tonbridge, Kent, TN10 3JW.

E lane Sillins asked that when she died her ashes should be scattered on third base at Baltimore Memorial Stadium, home of the Baltimore Orioles. She died recently, but her ashes, as yet, know no peace. Those in charge just can't bring themselves to do it. The Orioles often hear from people who want to get married in the stadium, and always turn them down. This is the first time they have had a request about the last mortal remains of a loyal supporter, and they are not overly happy about it.

The greatest mystery of the summer is why Jonathan Agnew was not picked for England. He took 101 wickets in the 1987 season, and 90 this season — a healthy total, but one which still disappointed him. The theory that he takes cheap wickets on wickets prepared especially for seam bowlers, and therefore doesn't merit selection, is exploded by the selectors' obsession with de Freitas, Agnew's colleague at Leicestershire, who stormed off to Lancashire in the close season. Agnew is not as other cricketers are: he has just written a book. I mean written — every word, with his own fingers. It is a diary of the season just ended, called *8 Days a Week*. It is full of insight, but absolutely no indication of the reasons that might explain his non-selection in a season in which just about everybody else in the country played for England — most of them as captain.

Africa is a continent where football is loved, where — many believe — football's future is to be found. I hope this is true, but a Nigerian team had a dreadful time here recently. The team, a selection of players from Lagos, went to Dog Kennel Hill to play Dulwich Hamlet Reserves. They lost 28-0.

BARRY FANTONI



'Frankly, I wouldn't want to belong to a club who'd have me as a member.'

Here's Roy Hattersley, deputy leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, on the football membership scheme: "It simply will not work. It could only have been invented by ministers and civil servants who have never queued up at a turnstile or stood on a terrace." I admit it does look very much like that. But as a point of information, the sports division of the Department of the Environment, which drew up the report on which the scheme is based, includes a supporters' club representative on the board at Fulham; members of the supporters' clubs at Aldershot and West Ham; two season ticket-holders at Spurs; and a Millwall supporter. All this doesn't actually guarantee the success of the scheme — but these men have certainly queued. Though probably the Aldershot supporter has not queued for long.

The great Pelé has launched two new enterprises. One is a book, *Death at the World Cup*, written with an American writer. It involves the (fictional) murder of a hated South American club president at the World Cup final at Brooklyn Stadium. Pelé, rather bafflingly, says he hopes the book will spread the gospel of football in America, "especially among women and elderly people". He is also opening a restaurant in Sutton Place, New York. Incidentally, Pelé says there is lots of footballing talent in the States, and all they need to make a credible national team is a top manager. The buzz is that the man they want is Franz Beckenbauer, the manager of West Germany, who is likely to be offered colossal sums to lead Team America into the 1994 World Cup, which will be held in the United States.

A soccer referee in Colombia, Armando Perez, has been kidnapped, and was later released so that he might give his colleagues the following message: any referee responsible for bending a match will henceforth be killed. It is reckoned that of the 15 senior clubs in Colombia, seven are controlled by the drugs trade. Colombian football involves endless betting and match-fixing, with an estimated £1.25 million hanging on any one game.

The pubs were doing good business in Glasgow yesterday, and the adrenalin was flowing just as fast as the beer and the whisky. A Nationalist victory always causes more excitement in Scotland than most people are prepared to admit.

The Labour majority in Govan had seemed as solid as the rock of Stirling Castle. The extent to which the SNP had sapped it began to be apparent only in the last few days of the campaign. The two major parties, though for entirely different sorts of reasons, are both severely shell-shocked. Scotland has moved to a high place on the British national agenda and will certainly now stay there until the next election.

If political parties were sensible they would postpone by-election post-mortems until the rubble had been cleared and everyone had made up their sleep, but it will not be like that. The discussions, therefore, will in the main be conducted between zombies, and in the case of Labour, they will be marked by acrimony.

The word humiliation tends to be over-used on such occasions. The political arithmetic in Scotland is only marginally varied by Jim Sillars's victory. It is rather that the Labour Party in Scotland has been made to look one part silly and three parts ineffectual. Gordon Wilson, the lugubrious solicitor who is the chairman of the Nationalists, does not normally have his audiences rolling in the aisles, but his sardonic jibes about Labour — "the Feeble Fifty have been reduced to the Frightened Forty-nine" — have been finding their mark.

The Labour candidate, Bob Gillespie, will be taken apart, but that will not get the argument much forward. The Scottish Labour Party has won many victories with candidates no better in the past.

What is incontestable is that in Jim Sillars, the Nationalists fielded an exceptionally able candidate. His victory is galling for Labour in about five different ways simultaneously. For a start, he was Labour MP for South Ayrshire throughout the 1970s — when, ironically, he was known as "The Hammer of the Nats" — and before that was a Scottish Labour Party agent, a calling which equips a man for political life in a way equalled only by Tammany Hall or the SAS.

To add insult to injury, he is married to Margo MacDonald, at one time Scotland's best-looking barmaid, and, as it happens, the SNP candidate who aroused Labour in this very seat 15 years ago.

There will be renewed murmurings among Labour supporters in Scotland about Neil Kinnock's leadership. There were times in recent weeks when Govan seemed less a by-election campaign than a referendum on the poll tax. One of Labour's Scottish shadow team, John Home Robertson, has gone against party policy on the issue, and taken the Nationalist line of advocating breaking the law. Kinnock would undoubtedly have been in deep trouble nationally if he had not exerted his authority and disciplined Robertson. How clever it was to sack him in the week of the by-election when that issue was clearly piling up the votes for the SNP will be hotly debated.

There is a more general reason why the defeat could spell trouble for Kinnock. The Scottish Labour Party has been in bullish form since the general election, but only partly because it won 30 of the Scottish seats. Much more important is the fact that the Scottish members now carry much more clout at Westminster than they used to, both in terms of intellect and personality.

The Labour contingent from the land of Calvin and oozes is no longer made up solely of grim-faced dominos who never go into the bars and bun-faced trade unionists who never leave the tea room. These things are all relative, but in the likes of John Smith and Robin Cook, Westminster now has Scottish Labour Members of substance and calibre. Gordon Brown, thrust into flavour-of-the-month prominence by the illness of John Smith, the shadow Chancellor, is also clearly a coming man, and once he stops giving the impression that he has just suspended the Lord Chancellor from Communion for six months his appeal no doubt will be even broader.

The Scottish Labour Party, then, is no longer just lobby fodder. If the contrast between the ascendancy it enjoys north of the border and to the fortunes of the party nationally continues to be as sharp as it is, Kinnock would be wise not to entertain too romantic notions about Scottish-Welsh solidarity.

Why did the Nationalists win so decisively? Poll tax was undoubtedly important in the campaign but mainly, I think, as a focus for broader, unspoken concerns, and in the long run I believe these are more worrying for the Conservatives than for Labour.

The late John Mackintosh, who fought more elections than he won for Labour in Scotland, used to reminisce about one of his unsuccessful campaigns in Berwick and East Lothian. He was approached in Haddington by his Tory opponent, a quintessential knight of the shires. "They tell me you're going about the constituency making speeches about politics," Mackintosh, he said in kindly tones. "It won't do you know," Mackintosh, the academic political

Ian McIntyre considers the consequences for the two big parties

Govan's seismic shock

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scientist, told the story wryly against himself: "I think the old boy may have been right," he used to say.

Changed days. Scottish Tories now have to bang on about the issues just as lesser mortals do, and it has to be said that they do not get any better at it. The better minds in the Scottish Conservative Party have always known that there is a strong streak of nationalism in all Scots, wherever they put their cross on polling day. The devolution issue has always divided the Tories in Scotland, which is why the initiatives they have occasionally felt obliged to take have always seemed so glum and half-hearted.

The issue is now presenting itself to them in a new and alarming light. When the Nationalist policy was simply one of Home Rule for Scotland, Tories were able to have a good deal of patronizing fun with the proposition: "Is that what you really want? A seat at the United Nations between Saudi Arabia and Senegal?"

An independent Scotland within the European Community is rather different, and in some of the things that the Prime Minister has been saying recently about nationhood within the Community, the Nationalists have been quick to see the makings of an argument that could suit them powerfully well.

Bernard Levin

The smut in Santa's eye



CLAUDIO MUNOZ

Well, why are there decent Christmas cards? Why do the images which decorate them — the three kings, the star in the East, the manger, the babe in arms, the holly and the ivy, the carol singers — why do these icons go on resonating after so many centuries? Because they correspond to something buried deep in even the least observant family, whose imagination will stretch no further than the silver coin in the pudding.

Whether you take it or leave it, the Christian story is so colossal in its telling, its course and its promise, that those who live in even an ostensibly Christian society cannot but be moved by it. The child who comes home from school bursting to tell his parents about the crib he has helped to make may be greeted with blank stares, or even condescending smiles; but the little child has got hold of more of the truth — as, indeed, the central figure in the Christmas story was more than once impelled to point out — when he grew up. And it is not only images; it is also phrases. Glad tidings... the shepherds abiding in the fields... no room at the inn... Christians awake... O come let us adore him... these words have dug themselves as deeply in Christian-based cultures as have the famous pictures.

The answer takes shape. Whether or not you accept the Christmas message, if it is soiled something in you is soiled. If the Nativity is what Christians believe it to be, it is no joke; and if it isn't what Christians think it, it is still no joke. And even if it were a joke, it certainly wouldn't be a dirty one. Those in charge of the shop where all this started may retort that the cards in question have nothing to do with religion or Messias or Holy Families or Virgin Births, but are meant only for those who do not care a fig about such matters, and who merely want something to convey Christmas greetings to their like-minded family and friends. Er... what are greetings?

© Times Newspapers, 1988

Commentary • PETER BRIMELOW

Bonfire of the verities

New York Bright lights, bustling crowds, cold night air laced with expectancy — it all stirred something buried deep in my memory as I struggled home through Manhattan's canyon streets on the evening of election day, Tuesday, November 8.

Then I caught a whiff of smoke as someone struck a match to light a cigarette. And it came back with a rush: leaving school as a child on Guy Fawkes' Night in England — the only day of the year, our teachers said, when no pupil asked to be told the date — with the bonfires still unlit but the early evening fireworks already reverberating and scenting the dark.

Elections are America's national sport and civic religion. And the federal contests are always held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, so watching the results on television becomes a regular seasonal ritual. It's familiar and festive even when, as turned out to be the case this year, no one is unexpectedly incinerated and loud bangs are relatively few.

Before the Democratic convention in July, when Michael Dukakis had a double-digit lead in the polls — remember? — I wrote a column questioning the Bush campaign's passivity. I thought the obvious counter-attack was to hammer at the Rev Jesse Jackson's leftism and putative anti-Semitism and to denounce Dukakis for accommodating it. I conceded that the

Bush managers' approach unquestionably reflected the characteristic intense caution of professional politicians, and that I was no doubt displaying a columnist's confrontational twitch. But I wondered, as a purely technical matter, which was right.

Well, I'm still wondering. Bush never took my advice, although when Dukakis raised the spectre of President Quayle he could easily have evoked the alternative vision of Secretary of State Jackson, thus focusing attention on the still-secret deal Dukakis must certainly have made. But, even without dropping this particular bomb, Bush did become sufficiently aggressive that pundits have already pronounced this to have been a historically "negative campaign". And, of course, he won.

To British eyes, the lamentations about the "negative campaign" are simply further evidence of the extraordinary pomposity of American journalists. And a British perspective provides another useful concept when thinking about the 1988 presidential election: Disraeli's "two nations".

But it's not simply a question of rich and poor. The election reveals a division within the American body politic that can ultimately be traced to ethnicity and culture. Essentially, the Republicans under Reagan have built a winning coalition by uniting the majority in America, which is white and Christian. This has superseded the pre-

vious electoral coalition developed by the Democrats under Roosevelt and his successors, which united the minorities, notably blacks and Jews, and divided the majority, chiefly on class lines.

The distinction is not absolute. Jewish intellectuals are influential in the conservative movement. And a glance at the electoral college map shows that Dukakis was quite successful at tapping some of the hereditary liberalism of northern-tier states settled by New Englanders and Scandinavians, such as Minnesota and Washington state.

But it really matters. One illustration was the response to the powerful symbolic issues that Bush raised: the Pledge of Allegiance, the American Civil Liberties Union, the furrough of murderers. Liberals did not disdain these issues as irrelevant; they reacted just as viscerally as conservatives but in the opposite direction.

The New York Times, always a bell-weather, was filled with articles and letters essentially accusing Bush of nativism, racism and in general behaving like a Cosack or a Southern sheriff. It turned out, however, that the America of the left is just smaller than the America of the right.

One New York Times columnist, William Safire, has argued cogently that the Democrats' slide actually began at their convention. With its big quotas for minorities — blacks alone made up nearly a quarter of the delegates — it simply looked

alien to white America. As did Dukakis himself, with his explicit appeal to the "ethnic" that is non-Wasp (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant), vote. Car stickers sprouted in the South reading, pointedly, "Americans for Bush". And while Southerners, particularly men, went for Bush in numbers resembling an Eastern European plebsicite.

If Safire is right, the Democrats' problem at the presidential level is almost insuperable. They may be able to find a more "American" candidate — Charles Robb, the newly-elected Virginia senator, is already being auditioned for the role. But the liberal activists who actually do the work in the party may not want to nominate him. Jesse Jackson himself advocates registering more blacks on the voters' roll and waiting until the pro-Third World immigration policy currently in place produces a demographic shift.

Democrats in Congress have been able to hang on to their majorities through a combination of gerrymandering, laws favouring incumbents and a closer tailoring of their appeal to local conditions. They are extremely frustrated and very angry. Look for more inquisitorial confirmation hearings and more of what Colonel Oliver North has aptly described as the "criminalization of policy differences".

American politics may be in for fireworks after all. The author is a senior editor of Forbes Magazine.

NOV 12 ON THIS DAY 1923

HITLER'S BEER HALL PUTSCH

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT) MUNICH, Nov. 11 At the meeting on Thursday night in the Bürgerbräu cellar, after Hitler had announced the composition of his new "Government," he declared that the Stresemann Government would be overthrown and the National Army would march on Berlin and establish a truly national Government.

The first action of the Hitler Dictatorship was to dispatch an armoured car and machine-gun detachments to the offices of the *Münchener Post*, which were almost completely wrecked, machinery and books being ruthlessly destroyed. During the night gangs of Hitlerites stormed through the town and invaded the first-class restaurants and hotels in search of Jews and profiteers. Fortunately there was no bloodshed.

On Friday morning I drove through the town at 9 o'clock with one of Hitler's staff in a requisitioned car, one of many which the new Government had taken over.

The streets were filled with Hitler's men posting up proclamations. The bridges were all heavily guarded, and the town appeared to be at the mercy of the Hitler forces. Some of the posters announced that military tribunals would be established to deal with looting or other crimes. There would only be two verdicts, "not guilty" or "guilty", and only one penalty for the guilty — death.

Eventually we drove to the Bürgerbräu-Keller, where Hitler and Ludendorff had established their headquarters.

Upstairs, in a small, barely furnished room, were Ludendorff, Hitler, and half-a-dozen officers with maps and plans. Hitler received me courteously, but was obviously overworked and dead tired. He scarcely seemed to fill the part — this little man in an old waterproof coat with a revolver at his hip, unshaven and with disordered hair, and so home that he could scarcely speak. Ludendorff also seemed anxious and preoccupied.

During the morning in the safety of Police Headquarters, Herr von Kahr and General von Lossow had had time to reconsider their pledges to Hitler. Posters signed by Herr von Kahr and the Prussian Ludendorff were traitors, that the consent which had been forced from Herr von Kahr at the pistol's point was withdrawn, that the Reichswehr and Landespolei were loyal to the Kahr Government, and that Hitler's forces and all similar organizations of "storm troops" must be dissolved forthwith.

Prince and architect



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BACK FROM GOVAN

The name of the Govan parliamentary constituency derives from the Gaelic for "a little study" — which is just what the result of Thursday's by-election deserves. It is cause for concern to both Mr Kinnock and Mrs Thatcher, but not a reason for either to change their policies towards Scotland.

The victory over Labour by the Scottish Nationalist, Mr Jim Sillars, was flamboyant and decisive, but no more a threat to the United Kingdom than the Nationalist wins at Motherwell (1945), Carmarthen (1966), Hamilton (1967) and Govan itself which in 1973 was won for the SNP by the now Mrs Sillars, then Mrs Margo MacDonald. Each nationalist by-election success has been reversed at a General Election. Govan (1988) need be no exception.

Study of the Govan result should begin with this "by-election factor". Just as the SDP would win handsome numbers of seats if Dr David Owen could stand for all of them, so might the SNP if Mr Sillars, a powerful and experienced performer, were able to multiply his presence.

This year's local by-elections in Scotland do not show nationalism as a rising force. In Glasgow itself Labour has five safer seats than Govan, all of which would fall to the swing to Mr Sillars on Thursday. But that is a wish mouthed into the Scottish mist.

The collapse of the SLD and Conservative vote betrays a large amount of tactical voting. A Nationalist vote is a valuable means of protest for the people of Scotland. Not only does it risk nothing, it tends to bring financial rewards from the "worrieds" of Whitehall and Westminster.

Back in London, Labour can console itself a little with the inevitable impact when an MP voluntarily gives up his seat for what

opponents on the doorstep can call "the lush life of Brussels". The Conservatives can talk of "the tactical vote" and admit to themselves, if not to the voters, that Govan is outside their sphere of influence. But neither of the two main parties' studies of the Govan by-election will make happy reading for them.

Labour's short-term problems are the worse. The SNP success, whatever its reason, will reopen wounds that Mr Kinnock wants to keep closed. Left-wingers — and not just in Scotland — will redouble their calls for an illegal boycott of the community charge. Labour devolutionists will be dusting down their seventies-styled armour.

Mr Kinnock shares with Mrs Thatcher a strong support for an unchanged Union. But, unlike Mrs Thatcher, he must face the fact that Scotland is the base upon which his power lies.

The Prime Minister's attempts since the election to show herself more often north of the border have so far seemed in vain. But Mr Kinnock's 49 Scottish seats constitute 22 per cent of his entire parliamentary strength.

In terms of political quality Mr Kinnock's reliance on Scotland is still greater. Mr John Smith, Mr Gordon Brown, Mr Donald Dewar and Mr Robin Cook all have seats there.

SNP claims of Govan glory ought to be hard pressed in the months to come. The European election campaign will allow plenty of opportunity to probe the concept of "an independent Scotland in Europe".

Nationalism, whatever else its appeal, is not a progressive force for modernizing the economy, breaking down barriers, and building industrial success against world competition. It is backward-looking — and in its new European slogan it appears to look further back than ever. Watch for Mrs Sillars in the role of Mary Queen of Scots.

OUT OF TIME

When the West German Government prepared to commemorate the 50th anniversary of *Kristallnacht*, the State-sponsored pogrom against German Jews, it could hardly have imagined that an act of national contrition and remembrance would have consequences so bitter and so far-reaching. The anniversary was always going to be an occasion of extreme sensitivity. It became a triple misfortune.

It was a personal misfortune for Herr Jenninger, the Speaker of the Bundestag and West Germany's second-ranking political figure, who resigned yesterday. As a respected Christian Democrat of 56, he could have been expected to make a contribution to West German politics for many years to come.

It was a national misfortune for West German society in its striving to accept responsibility for the Nazi past and come to terms with what happened. Above all, it was a misfortune for West Germany abroad in its continuing, and largely successful, effort to restore international respectability.

So far as Herr Jenninger is concerned, no one can accuse him of having hidden a Nazi past. He was only one year old when Hitler came to power; he would have been six on *Kristallnacht*, and 13 at the end of the war. Nor is there any suggestion that he has since harboured Nazi sympathies.

But his relative youth may also have been his undoing. The address he delivered to the Bundestag and which — even in its opening paragraphs — caused such offence that members of the opposition parties walked out, had a cool, analytical and didactic tone which was quite inappropriate to the emotion of the occasion. As long as there are people alive who remember those years, more is called for than analysis.

Herr Jenninger read a historical lecture which tried to explain why Hitler came to power, why he attracted so much support from the German people, and why the elimination of the Jews in their midst met so little resistance. While long on historical reasoning, the Bundestag Speaker's address was short on

sentiment and still shorter on regret and humility. In some, scholarly, circumstances it might have been a valid approach. It was the wrong address for the anniversary of *Kristallnacht*, and a grave political error.

In that respect, Herr Jenninger was right to resign, and his party, the Christian Democrats, was right to ask him to do so. Nothing less would — or should — have satisfied parliamentary and public opinion, in West Germany and abroad.

The content and manner of the speech seemed only to confirm what many Jews still feel, wherever they now live: that a strand of anti-semitism runs through German history and could, given propitious circumstances, emerge again. Nor is the fear limited to Jews. Many others who fought Germany between 1939 and 1945, and those Germans who rejected Hitler, still dread the possibility that a German super-state might be re-established in the centre of Europe.

There is much evidence to the contrary. Germany after the war was divided; its social forms and institutions created again from nothing. The commemorative ceremonies for *Kristallnacht* and other anniversaries are themselves pledges that the consequences of the rise of Hitler and the Third Reich will not be forgotten, even when the witnesses of those events are no longer with us.

The pity is that Herr Jenninger's mistimed essay on German history may postpone the day when the truth that he tried to speak can be spoken in public. That truth is that Hitler's rise to power was not an inexplicable aberration, but was built on the oppressive terms of the Versailles treaty and a number of popular, if shortlived, economic and national successes.

To concede, and even detail, these facts, as Herr Jenninger tried to do is something that many Germans of past and present generations still find impossible. These unpleasant facts have been drowned in a sea of national confession. Some people question whether they need to be recognized at all. They do; but not in the Bundestag on *Kristallnacht*.

SHELVING THE GIRO

At the very best of times, Girobank would have been a difficult institution to sell, and these are not the very best of times. At the moment, it is hard to see why anyone should want to buy.

At the very start of the privatization programme in June, Mr Kenneth Clarke, then Minister for Trade and Industry, ruled out the most likely would-be buyers when he said that bids from the big four clearing banks and the major building societies would not be welcome. He envisaged Girobank being the core of a new force, reinforcing competition in domestic banking and giving the big players a run for their money.

The Government has now changed its tune. In the small hours of yesterday morning it declared that, since nobody else is particularly keen to buy Girobank, the big players would be welcome. The change of attitude shows just how dispensable are high moral attitudes towards competition when the commercial pressure builds up.

But even the main clearing banks and building societies will have to take a very long-term view before committing £200 million or so to the purchase. The bank is not in a good condition for sale. It has no branches and is locked into an agreement with Post Office Counters (which is also being privatized) to provide its face to the customer.

Its major businesses are banking retailers' takings and handing out cash through its five-year contract with the Department of Health

and Social Security. Neither activity brings it into contact with the profitable personal banking sector. Its personal customers tend to be drawn from the lower socio-economic groupings.

A further complication which has emerged is that Girobank has not yet completed an expensive new computer system. Further spending is needed to keep up to date. To cap it all, a few weeks after the proposed sale was announced, Girobank disclosed disappointing profits.

It is not surprising that, one by one, the bidders dropped out. What is surprising is that the Government chose 1988 to attempt the sale and then imposed such tight timing and conditions that would-be buyers took fright.

Rather than extend the time-scale and allow in buyers of which it initially disapproved, the Government would be better served by shelving the idea for a year or more until the new computer system is up and running and some of the benefits of Girobank's push into more profitable markets, such as mortgages, can be shown to buyers.

The Government's overall privatization programme is now well established. One retreat no longer stands to jeopardize confidence in the whole. This sell-off plan was premature. It would be better for the Government to abandon it now rather than face the humiliation of begging buyers to make bids.

Prince and architects

From Mr Andrew Anderson
Sir, I repair lovely buildings of all periods and styles — simple cottages and farm buildings as well as cathedrals. I also live near Norman Foster's Sainsbury Centre — one of the most beautifully detailed spatial enclosures England has seen since the war. All have one distinguishing feature —

consistency. Like the best people, they are the same right through. The thing which concerns me about the present classical revival — not the Raymond Erith school but its cheap imitations — is that the buildings are little more than facades, old bones in new clothes. No one drives around these days in cars looking like stage coaches, rides on planes with Chippendale

chairs or buys a TV with Georgian mouldings. What has the 18th century done to deserve being dragged in to dress up what underneath is still the concrete and steel of the sixties? Yours faithfully, ANDREW ANDERSON, 1 The Close, Norwich, Norfolk.

The poorest who remain deprived

From the Director of the Children's Society

Sir, I was concerned to read Mr Nicholas Scott's dismissive response (report, November 9) to the survey of social-security changes carried out by the National Association of Citizens' Advice Bureaux (Nacab).

Our own survey, albeit also using a "small sample" (40 representative cases, from seven out of 45 projects), reveals very similar findings to those reported by Nacab. In particular, it shows that many potential Social Fund claimants are deterred from applying because they have been led to believe that only loans are on offer and that these will be of little benefit, given that they are already living in poverty.

We have also found indications that claims are decided on a fairly arbitrary basis, with little explanation offered other than people are not "in priority need". For instance, young families moving from bed-and-breakfast to unfurnished council accommodation have been refused what, in our opinion, are perfectly legitimate claims for grants to furnish their new accommodation with the basic necessities of a civilised existence.

We have also found a considerable degree of consumer dissatisfaction with the operation of the Social Fund, and an equal level of concern from advice workers that genuine needs are not being met.

We would argue that our small survey, added to those being carried out by Nacab and many other organisations, begins to demonstrate both the breadth and the depth of need which cannot be met by the Social Fund in its present form. We believe, even at this early stage, that the fund is proving woefully inadequate to meet the needs of many of the poorest in this country.

Yours faithfully, IAN SPARKS, Director, The Children's Society, Edward Rudolf House, Margery Street, WC1, November 10.

Tilting at windmills

From Dr George H. T. Kimble
Sir, If Mr Hugh Arnold (November 1) lived in Los Angeles he would be hard put to it to find support for his strictures on wind-driven electricity generators. The clean energy produced by them is helping to reduce southern California's dependence on air-polluting fossil fuels; and the boost they give to the sluggish air circulation (characteristic of that part of America for several months of the year) does something to reduce the incidence and intensity of its smogs.

To be sure, if the same number of wind turbines were installed offshore they would do a better job on both counts, though doubtless at greater cost. They would have at least two advantages over those we are building on land: they would generate at least one-half more energy (a 20-knot wind over land normally increasing to about 26 knots over sea) and they would be situated beyond sight and sound of those who, like Mr Arnold, find them devoid of charm.

Yours faithfully, G. KIMBLE, 7 Dymocks Manor, Ditching, East Sussex, November 1.

Reform at the FO

From Lord Greenhill of Harrow
Sir, After David Hart's article (November 4), in considering the wisdom of independent foreign affairs advice in 10 Downing Street, it would be prudent to recall the faithful influence of Sir Horace Wilson (from outside the Foreign Office) on Mr Neville Chamberlain in the late 1930s.

Yours, GREENHILL OF HARROW, House of Lords, November 9.

Postal shake-up

From Mr I. A. Page
Sir, In 1680, I understand, there was a penny-post service between some 400 coffee houses and taverns in the City of London which offered hourly collections and four to eight deliveries daily. Nowadays we receive one delivery and on the odd occasion two.

The Post Office guidelines say that our first delivery should arrive at the latest 9.15 am. Only once during October was this achieved. They are on average 86 minutes late, and on one day the post arrived at 2.45 pm, too late to bank cheques totalling over £30,000. In addition, 54 per cent of first-class letters arrived late — some were 16 days overdue.

The Carter report on Post Office efficiency said if the service became much worse it would become impossible to defend the monopoly against those who might offer a better service. Surely now is the time for the Government to act and encourage competition to give the British postal users, business and public, an improved competitive service.

Yours faithfully, I. A. PAGE, Managing Director, C. T. L. Components Limited, 19 Deer Park Road, SW19.

From Mr John Bradley
Sir, We are a user of the Post Office parcel contract service. We expanded, we moved, we advised the Post Office, they sent a

Lord Chancellor and test of faith

From Lord Hailsham of St Marylebone, KG, CH, FRSE

Sir, Whether or not the claim of Mr Donald MacLean (November 9) that the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland is a branch rather than an offshoot, a twig or a withered leaf of the Christian Church, is a matter of opinion, the true answer to which can probably only be given by the Holy Spirit at the end of the present dispensation.

What is beyond argument is that his assertion that the ecumenical movement is "the greatest disaster to affect the Christian Church this century" is in flat contradiction to the Word of God which Mr MacLean recognises as his "supreme standard".

At the night when he was betrayed, the Founder of the Christian religion said:

A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another. As I have loved you that ye also love one another.

This commandment was elaborated at greater length, particularly in the third and fourth chapters of the Johannine epistles, and *passim* in the epistles of St Paul.

No doubt the ecumenical movement has its faults, one of which is its tendency to fudge genuine differences. But one thing is certain. It has re-introduced into the Christian Church the supreme duty of obeying this commandment, and this has done so after centuries of mutual hatred and misunderstanding.

One of the two counts in the indictment against Lord Mackay of Clashfern was that he attended the requiem of the late Lord Russell of Killowen. If I am not mistaken I, too, was at that requiem, and pronounced the eulogy from the pulpit. I would have been ashamed to have declined this office and am proud to think that my words included a reference to the late Lord Russell's sincere devotion to another branch of the Christian Church to which I do not belong and that they must have been listened to by the present Lord Chancellor.

I believe sincerely that in attending that service he was obeying the commandment to which I have referred, and that in condemning him his accusers have been guilty of erecting the man-made Westminster Confession into an idol which they worship in preference to the divine words of Holy Scripture. Yours etc., HAILSHAM OF ST MARYLEBONE, The Corner House, Heathview Gardens, SW15.

From Mr John Cordle
Sir, Everyone will have noticed the dignity with which the Lord Chancellor has conducted himself in his dispute with his Church. However, the letter from the Clerk of the Synod of the Free Presbyterian Church in your November 9 issue shows that he is not the only one who comes out of this dispute with dignity.

A small denomination which Present indicative From Mr Simon J. E. Easton
Sir, On the assumption that Mr Oldfield (November 8) has properly educated his elder daughter in the art of newspaper reading, he has not only shown his fellow readers how unwanted Christmas presents can be avoided, but has also tactfully repelled a stocking full of shaving foam this Christmas.

If any of my teenage children would read *The Times* they would note that I have sufficient socks to see me through until the 21st century. Yours faithfully, S. J. E. EASTON, 18/19 Southampton Place, WC1.

From Mrs Maria Collins
Sir, The Christmas gift I fear receiving is another exquisite pair of gold earrings with minute "butterfly" fastenings which my clumsy fingers fail to manipulate. I loathe leaving these precious ornaments in the presentation case but I am petrified of wearing them for fear of losing them. Yours truly, MARIA COLLINS, 24 St Swithuns Road, Hemsted, Gloucester.

representative, he noted the correct address. We continued to receive invoices, despite several reminders, to the old address.

We received letters exhorting us to use the service, to the old address. We wrote directly to the managing director of the service, yet again pointing out the errors. His deputy replied, apologising for these errors, to the old address.

Perhaps we should move back: then at least the Post Office would be getting it right. Yours sincerely, JOHN BRADLEY, Managing Director, Combined Export Traders Ltd, PO Box 639, Woburn, MK17 9DH.

From Mr Keith Jeffery
Sir, As Miss Copp observes (November 9), the three letter-boxes at the Notting Hill Gate post office are labelled Foreign, First Class, and Newspapers and Packages. It is puzzling, therefore, to know where to post not only second-class letters but also all mail to some 60 countries in the Commonwealth.

That the contents of all three boxes are in the event emptied into the same sack solves the problem. It only remains for the postmistress at Notting Hill Gate to make life simpler for us all by removing the labelling entirely. Yours faithfully, KEITH JEFFERY, 27 Campden Hill Towers, W11.

Better deal for air travellers

From Mr Keith Purdom

Sir, I was delighted with the idea (report, November 8) that delayed airline passengers might be pre-warned; delighted particularly because the pre-advance to clients of a long delay known in advance has for some years been an important aspect of customer service for my company.

During last summer, with the co-operation of airlines and airport handling agents, we were able to contact many clients and advise them of a deferred check-in time.

If we are able to extend the scope of our own pre-advance much urgent work is necessary to co-ordinate the work of air traffic control, airlines, airports and airport handling agents with tour operators, not an easy task when ABTA (Association of British Travel Agents) has several hundred tour-operator members.

But whilst we are willing to commit our own resources to improving the lot of our customers, surely we miss the point. The problem remains in the hands of the air traffic controllers, British and European, and the various governments.

Why should hundreds of thousands of business and holiday travellers have their plans jeopardised in this way? Passengers pay high prices to "Eurocontrol" to provide air traffic control. In a year when there have been substantially fewer charter flights, let us remove this smoke-screen and get Government action now to improve matters for 1989.

Yours faithfully, KEITH PURDOM (Sales and Operations Director), Horizon Holidays Limited, Broadway, Edgbaston Five Ways, Birmingham 15, November 8.

From Sir Bernard Feilden
Sir, When reporting at Heathrow Terminal 4 in good time for flight BA 177, scheduled to leave at 1400 hours on October 27, I was blandly informed that this flight had been cancelled. I was offered alternative flights at 1730 or 1830, either of which would have enabled me to reach New York about midnight; not the best time to search for accommodation.

My American friends were shocked that our national airline should have started the practice of cancelling scheduled flights already booked, especially if they are international.

I trust, for the good reputation of British Airways, that this was an exceptional case.

Yours faithfully, BERNARD FEILDEN, Stiffkey Old Hall, Wells next the Sea, Norfolk, November 4.

Seeing red From Mr Martin Brown
Sir, Alastair Morton (October 28) and Richard Howard-Jones (November 2) will be glad to know that Customs do take US and Canadian dollar notes and travellers' cheques in payment for charges to passengers. We are also about to start an experiment at Gatwick to accept credit card payments.

Yours faithfully, MARTIN BROWN, Customs Directorate, HM Customs and Excise, Dorset House, Stamford Street, SE1, November 4.

From Mr Geoffrey Harriss
Sir, Mr R. Howard-Jones (November 2) asks why customs duties cannot be paid by credit card. It might be possible operationally. But I wonder what the reaction of the Treasury would be if asked to accept revenue abated by whatever charge the credit companies now make for transactions.

The full amount of legally imposed duty and tax has to be paid. Would Mr Howard-Jones be willing to pay the added percentage? Yours faithfully, GEOFFREY HARRISS, 3 Quebec Close, Bexhill-on-Sea, East Sussex.

From Mr Stephen Waley-Cohen
Sir, Going through the red channel this Sunday I encountered, unlike Mr Alastair Morton (October 28), nothing but courtesy — but only after I had queued for 40 minutes to pay £10 because my purchase of gifts in the US totalled about £100.

What an inducement to the dishonesty of the green channel after an overnight flight.

It is surely high time the limit was raised from the present nominal £32 to a more sensible but still token figure, such as £100. Yours faithfully, STEPHEN WALEY-COHEN, 1 Wallingford Avenue, W10, November 7.

Polished off From Mr D. J. Phelps
Sir, Once again the contents of my tin of shoe polish have disintegrated into 15 unmanageable triangular pieces, making the cleaning of my shoes into a somewhat fraught, messy and eventually impossible occupation.

Do you, Sir, or any of your erudite readers, know of any method of retrieving this situation, or must I accept that the manufacturers of shoe polish achieve their profit from what is thrown away, and go over to cream?

Yours hopefully, D. J. PHELPS, 92 Franklin Road, Harrogate, North Yorkshire, November 10.

Letters to the Editor should carry a daytime telephone number. They may be sent to a fax number — (01)782 5046.

SHOPPING

Joining the chain gang

Designers have always been fascinated by bikes. Deyan Sudjic reports from the wheel world

The real star of American *Gigolo* was the highly strung, shimmering silver racing bike that never left the wall of Richard Gere's apartment. It just lay there, next to the other props of the California good life: the praying mantis Tizio, the metallic blinds, the Bert blender. Expensive, FT 30,000, made and suffering 1481.2, conspicuous redun-

FT-SE, a titanium diver's wrist of an 1802.7, a copywriter, ca-Bargain, it never called on 31891.

Mr Stephen Barker, the

executive of Albert Fish's

the old distribution group.

They had a brief stay in

despair, said that to start

a chain of bicycle stores

was less than successful,

and the supply of all but the

most mundane cycling gear

remains in the hands of

enthusiasts of the old school.

Yet the bicycle is an object

that can legitimately be

enjoyed from an aesthetic

and technical viewpoint. It

has always had a curious

fascination for designers. It

was riding his Adler around

the Bauhaus, for example,

that gave Marcel Breuer the

idea of using tubular steel to

make furniture. And in recent

years there have been many

attempts to improve the

configuration of the modern

bicycle, which dates back to

1880s.

Nobody has done better

than Alex Moulton, who was

in some ways the victim of his

own success. The original

Moulton bicycle of the 1960s was visually distinctive and technically innovative. The point of small wheels was to reduce weight, to improve roadholding and to make for an easier ride. Small wheels reduce the inertia of the bike, so you don't have to pedal so hard. Unfortunately, Moulton's many imitators simply went for small wheels. With-

out the benefit of his patented suspension system they gave a rough ride, and gave the whole idea of small wheels a bad name.

Moulton, who licensed the original bike, has started manufacturing again on his own. He works on a small scale, and sets high prices that keep his products out of the mass market. The new bikes, which use an open-space frame, are tailored to specific tasks. There is a new all-terrain model as well as the more conventional Jubilee model.

They have the seductive, polished looks that come from well-resolved engineering and careful manufacturing, as well as superb performance.

Tom Gilbey, the fashion designer, who rides a string of bicycles, including one of his own design, was very impressed by his all-terrain Moulton, a machine with 20-inch wheels, wide section tyres and independent front and rear suspension.

"It feels very sturdy, but it's amazingly light, and it has perfect balance. I sat on it and felt completely at home right away. It's very comfortable, has very definite gears and the suspension is unbelievable."

Gilbey's only complaint is that the Moulton would be too easy to ride. "I'd never get any exercise on it."

Other attempts to produce lightweight bikes that look good have been less successful technically. The Strida is marketed like a fashion accessory.



Cyclist framed: Gill Hudson, editor of Company, sees through the light, folding Strida; £189. (For stockists tel 0285 60333)

its triangular aluminium frame is designed to fold up like a penknife into a pogo stick configuration.

The only grease of the chain has been abolished by using a rubber belt. The makers claim that it takes just seven seconds to open and click the frame into place. But to make the trick possible, they have had to weaken the structure; consequently the brochure contains such disconcerting admonitions as "do not ride over

kerbs or deep potholes" and "do not allow anyone over 16 stone to ride it".

Gill Hudson, editor of Company magazine and an experienced cyclist, was less than impressed. "It's less a designer bike, more a fashion victim. The balance is extraordinary, with the centre of gravity very far back. It makes you feel very unsteady and fragile."

The good things are that it is light, it is easily foldable, and there is no greasy chain;

but it has no gears, and it's not for the serious cyclist."

A more successful attempt at redefining the bicycle comes from Michael Strutt, a former Financial Times journalist who designed the Workson, an attempt to marry good performance with the convenience of folding.

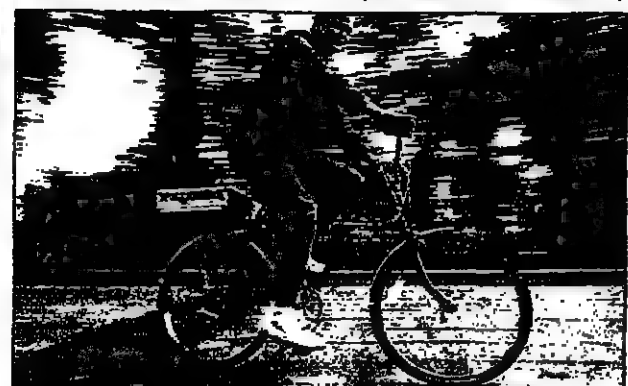
Kevin Stoney, a composer, who has a series of bikes ranging from a folding Dawes to a tandem, was reasonably impressed. "It manoeuvres

well in and out of traffic. It looks like a hybrid mixture of shopping bike, folding bike and mountain bike. It's light, and has a strong frame, with a smooth gear change, but there are only six gears so it's not so good for steep hills."

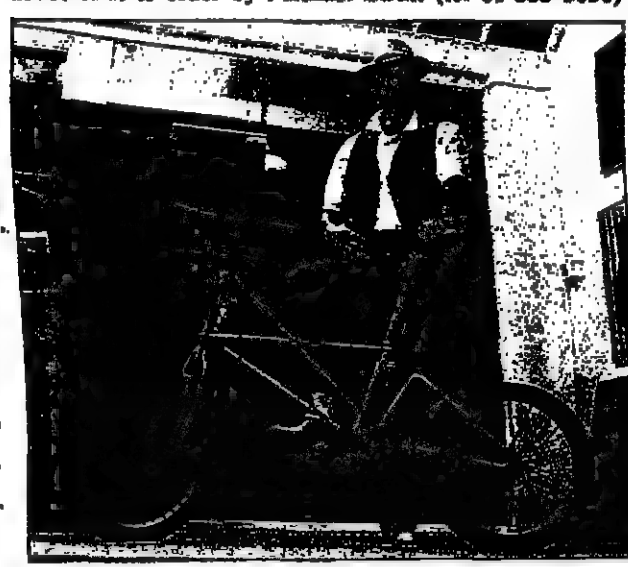
"It's not compact enough or light enough to carry on to a train, which is what a lot of people want a folding bike for. It's geared for the boot of a car, and is perhaps a little expensive for what it is."



Carried away: Floris van den Broecke, RCA professor, covets Moulton's Jubilee; £1,325. (Stockists tel 0221 65895)



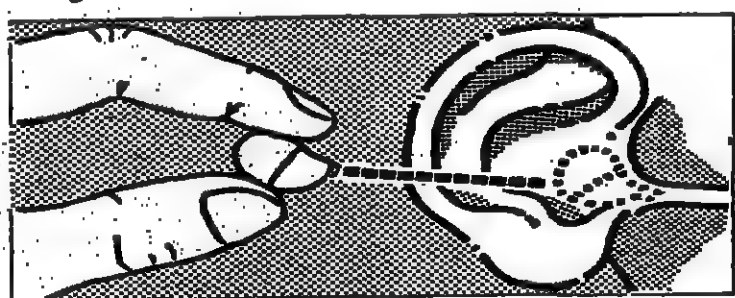
Tuned in: Kevin Stoney, a composer, tries the Workson, £395, built to order by Michael Strutt (tel 01-888 5650)



A perfect fit: Tom Gilbey, of London's Waistcoat Gallery, feels at home on Moulton's new mountain bike; from £1,000

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Once again, a time for remembering at the Cloth Hall at Ypres

Veterans recall the days a lifetime away

By Alan Franks

Three score and ten years, literally a lifetime, after the end of the First World War, a handful of British veterans with an average age of 92 travelled back through the killing fields of their youth to celebrate Armistice Day at Ypres yesterday.

For some it was the first trip back since the "war to end all wars" took the lives of almost one million of their contemporaries, and the emotion was nearly too much to bear.

Their last memory of "Wipers" and the surrounding countryside stretching away towards Passchendaele Ridge was as a quagmire of mud and corpses. By the close of the war hardly a stone remained standing in Ypres and the 20 miles around.

Yesterday they were joined by the Duke of Kent and General Sir Edward Burgess, President of the Royal British Legion, at mass at St George's Church.

They also attended a highly charged Last Post ceremony, held in the vastness of the town's Menin Gate, upon which are the names of 55,000 United Kingdom and Commonwealth soldiers.

The 12 veterans had made the journey by joining one of the War Graves pilgrimages sponsored by the Government and the British Legion.

The veterans who crossed the channel from Dover early on Wednesday ranged in age from 89 to 96; for the most part sound in mind and limb, and with a stock of memories which remain all too vivid, they travelled by coach almost along the 1914 route taken by the British Expeditionary Force.

They seemed to fall into an intense, watchful silence as the

flatlands rolled past but the signpost to Arras sparked a sudden rush of recollections for Mr George Basford, aged 89, who, like many of his comrades, joined up at 15.

"Even when the war was over, I was still too young to join up," he said. "Towards the end, early in 1918, I was sent out on a working party. After that, I don't remember anything - not a thing, except becoming conscious in the King Edward VII hospital in Windsor. It must have been a blast. Although I was devoid of wounds as such, I had two

Mr Basil Farrer, aged 91, believes himself to be the youngest Old Contemptible. Mr Farrer, fiercely independent and robust, bristles if asked about the military strategies of Flanders. "That's not for me to say. It's not for a regular soldier to pass judgement on his commanding officers. He is not in a position. It would be ignorant and impertinent and something I would never do."

broken legs and a smashed pelvis and internal trouble."

Like others of the 12 British Legion veteran pilgrims, he wondered whether it had all really taken place, or been a dream from which he had spent the rest of his life gradually awakening. "And then you think back hard and you know it really happened. But you don't remark on these things to your family. There aren't any words to convey it."

For men like Mr Basford, Flanders today, with its placid agricultural landscape, pierced here and there by the immaculate cemeteries with their unbroken white ranks of headstones, represents the public

greening of a personal hell. Nowhere is this truer than at Vimy Ridge, where in 1917 more than 11,000 Canadian troops perished alongside their British allies. The Ridge, with its notorious Hill 145, has become a 250-acre memorial park.

Standing on the face of a landscape still pocked and tortured by crater shelves but now stubbled in lush grass and spruce tree copes, some of the veterans fell silent again. "I never realized just how close together the British and German trenches were," said one British ex-serviceman, who served in the Second World War and was visiting Flanders to see his grandfather's grave for the first time. "Look at that. It can't be more than 50 yards."

Mr Donald Price, aged 90, who served with the Public School battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, said: "You could say that all this, as far as the eye can see on every side, was just mud with bits of dead horses and arms and sunk equipment, all covered in mustard gas, and that somewhere with a name like Sanctuary Wood was in reality just a few burnt-out stumps."

Not all the veterans on the pilgrimage spent their war years in the trenches. Mr Joseph Armstrong, aged 93, was captured in October 1914. By the end of the war he weighed 5 st 13 lbs and had been sent to a hospital to die. "I was ready for it. Then, on November 12th, a few hours after Armistice, I heard the news and I said to myself 'Joe lad, tho' it's stuck it out a little longer. And I did, didn't I'."

There are now believed to be fewer than 150 "Old Contemptibles."



Sir Frederick Corfield at Ypres yesterday with a brass figure 'one' from the Cloth Hall which his father, the late Brigadier Corfield, retrieved when the building was destroyed. Sir Frederick returned it mounted on a piece of English elm.

Kinnock launches Govan inquiry

Continued from page 1

Upper Nithsdale, Perth and Kinross, and Tayside North. Lack of unity is one of Labour's biggest handicaps in seeing off the nationalist threat and convincing Scottish electors that the Scottish Labour Party in Parliament is an effective force.

Now the Govan defeat has opened up once again the split in Labour ranks about how the party should fight the poll tax and just how nationalist should the party's pitch be.

There were calls yesterday for Labour to sharpen up its act in Scotland as it left seized its opportunity. Mr George Galloway, MP for Glasgow Hillhead, said: "It's a devastating result for us. It's one of the worst by-election defeats in modern times."

Labour, he said, had been given its best mandate ever in Scotland with 550 MPs at the last election and had failed to pick up its mandate. "We're going to have to sharpen up our Scottish act."

He called for Labour to "change direction" on the poll tax and on the question of Scottish devolution and blamed the party leadership.

Mr Denis Galloway (Paisley W) said that Mr Kinnock's inquiry into Govan "should start with its own strategy or lack of one."

Mr Harry Barnes (NE Derbyshire) said: "The Govan result makes it even more urgent that the Labour movement, in Scotland as in the rest of the country, more vigorously fights anti-working class policies like the poll tax. Labour has to become once again the main party of protest."

Mr John Home Robertson dropped from Labour's Benches this week for his support for illegal action against the poll tax, said that Scottish electors saw Labour as hanging back, not prepared to go in for the kill.

The Labour leadership has refused to support a campaign for the non-payment of poll tax which would break the law. Mr Kinnock and the Shadow Cabinet believe it would destroy the party's credibility as a potential party of government.

Royal tribute to French war dead

Continued from page 1

well as a poignant reminder of the dreadful losses suffered by both armies during the two World Wars.

The last time British bearskins had swung past the great monument commemorating Napoleon's 172 victories (not a few of them over the British) was in 1815, when the con-

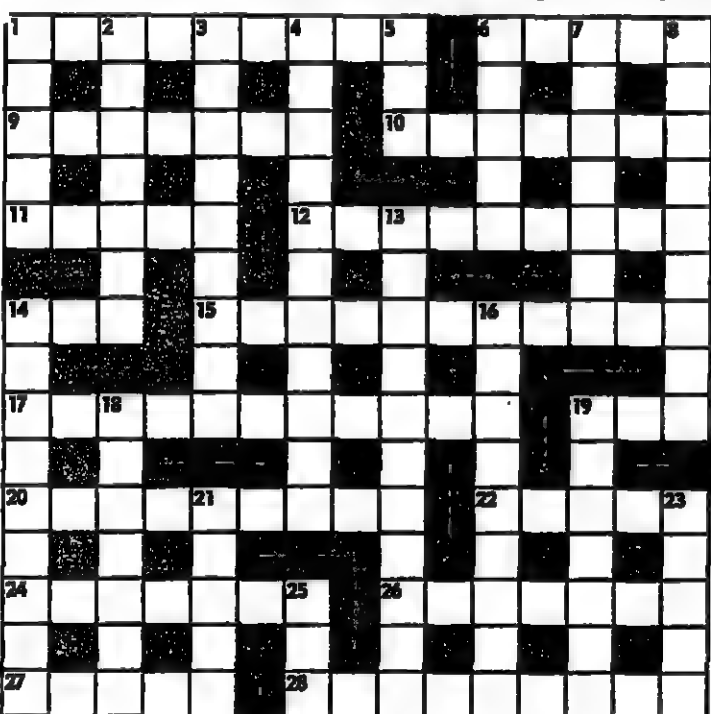
quered French were forced to endure the indignity.

Yesterday, before an Arc shrouded in plastic to conceal repairs, the French stood to attention when the British national anthem preceded La Marseillaise and clapped when the Prince, in the colonel's dress uniform, joined their President in laying

wreaths. Earlier, with the Princess of Wales watching from the reviewing stand, they had circled the Arc de Triomphe standing in the back of an armoured personnel carrier to review the troops.

Later the royal couple attended the Royal British Legion's service of Remembrance in Notre Dame.

THE TIMES CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO 17,825



- ACROSS**
- Divine inspiration of Pook's - they go on a ramble (9).
 - Full Blue grabs the extremities (5).
 - This artisan is slower when he doesn't use his hand (7).
 - Porcelain manufacturer, the first one in a German city (10).
 - Sound of a noisy person starting to backbite (5).
 - You hear this when the booter blows (4-5).
 - One of the damned, according to Churchill (3).
 - Go uphill on skis and get a stitch (7-8).
 - Queen in miniskirt gets unsympathetic treatment (5,6).
 - Idle talk may be natural (3).
 - Kind of boy ruler (9).
 - The prophet's grandma (5).
 - Behave theatrically when rebuffed about religious personification (7).
 - Italian who invented the Tube (7).
 - Grassy tracks round Deva's retreat (5).
 - Tinned meat from first-rate grocer (5,4).

- DOWN**
- Barnacle said to be so firmly fixed (5).
 - A patent wrong - how shocking! (7).
 - Heather's in the picture in David's projector in America (9).
 - Poor printer has a little money in joint venture (11).
 - Blossom on climbing plant here (3).
 - A formal body (5).
 - Military band formation adapted to duets (7).
 - Thickhead's stupidity (9).
 - Flat-finding agency? (6-5).
 - Order a sad piper to fade out (9).
 - Receipts which include all standing charges (4-5).
 - A vent helps the calorific effect (7).
 - Movement Sally heard on the river (7).
 - Sounds like an old woman friend (5).
 - Runner following boat (5).
 - Decline to go out (3).

Concise crossword, page 40

Solution to Puzzle No 17,824

STABLE SALTAWAY
O A S T O E M
M O N T E C A R L O A S P S
T T A A P P R E
P H I L I P P I H O M E R E
E E G O O S
I D E A H O L Y H E A D
T R A K E O N
C M O A E
C O U P L E R E L I E V O S
N E S U H T
L I M A P I A N O F O R T E
A C U R U L E
O N T H E N O P T U D O R S

Solution to Puzzle No 17,819

L A S A G N E B A C K B U T
I E R L I A E H
Q U A K E R I S S R I S E R
U L A P P E E
I D I O T M E B R I D E A N
O O M A N A C O
U N D E R N O U R I S H E D
S S T C R E
T R A N S L I T E R A T O R
C O R P O R A L S A G A P
K P V O I C Y
L O O S E W E S T B O U N D
E R A I L L A
R O T A T O R S C E N E R I A

SHEAFFER. A prize of a distinctive Sheaffer "Targa" Regency Stripe fountain pen with a solid 14-carat gold, inscribed with the first five correct solutions opened next Thursday. Entries should be addressed to: The Times Saturday Crossword Competition, PO Box 486, Virginia Street, London E1 9DD. The winners and solution will be published next Saturday.

Name/Address

WEATHER

Scotland and Northern Ireland will have showers and sunny intervals. Eastern Scotland will have the best of any sunshine. In Northern England and Wales some sun and showers before becoming generally fine. North-east England will be drier and brighter than north-west. Eastern England, the Midlands, south Wales and south-west England will be dry. Sunny intervals in East Angles, southern and south-east England. Reasonably mild. Outlook: Generally fine.

ABROAD

MODA: 10-15; 16-20; 21-25; 26-30; 31-35; 36-40; 41-45; 46-50; 51-55; 56-60; 61-65; 66-70; 71-75; 76-80; 81-85; 86-90; 91-95; 96-100; 101-105; 106-110; 111-115; 116-120; 121-125; 126-130; 131-135; 136-140; 141-145; 146-150; 151-155; 156-160; 161-165; 166-170; 171-175; 176-180; 181-185; 186-190; 191-195; 196-200; 201-205; 206-210; 211-215; 216-220; 221-225; 226-230; 231-235; 236-240; 241-245; 246-250; 251-255; 256-260; 261-265; 266-270; 271-275; 276-280; 281-285; 286-290; 291-295; 296-300; 301-305; 306-310; 311-315; 316-320; 321-325; 326-330; 331-335; 336-340; 341-345; 346-350; 351-355; 356-360; 361-365; 366-370; 371-375; 376-380; 381-385; 386-390; 391-395; 396-400; 401-405; 406-410; 411-415; 416-420; 421-425; 426-430; 431-435; 436-440; 441-445; 446-450; 451-455; 456-460; 461-465; 466-470; 471-475; 476-480; 481-485; 486-490; 491-495; 496-500; 501-505; 506-510; 511-515; 516-520; 521-525; 526-530; 531-535; 536-540; 541-545; 546-550; 551-555; 556-560; 561-565; 566-570; 571-575; 576-580; 581-585; 586-590; 591-595; 596-600; 601-605; 606-610; 611-615; 616-620; 621-625; 626-630; 631-635; 636-640; 641-645; 646-650; 651-655; 656-660; 661-665; 666-670; 671-675; 676-680; 681-685; 686-690; 691-695; 696-700; 701-705; 706-710; 711-715; 716-720; 721-725; 726-730; 731-735; 736-740; 741-745; 746-750; 751-755; 756-760; 761-765; 766-770; 771-775; 776-780; 781-785; 786-790; 791-795; 796-800; 801-805; 806-810; 811-815; 816-820; 821-825; 826-830; 831-835; 836-840; 841-845; 846-850; 851-855; 856-860; 861-865; 866-870; 871-875; 876-880; 881-885; 886-890; 891-895; 896-900; 901-905; 906-910; 911-915; 916-920; 921-925; 926-930; 931-935; 936-940; 941-945; 946-950; 951-955; 956-960; 961-965; 966-970; 971-975; 976-980; 981-985; 986-990; 991-995; 996-1000; 1001-1005; 1006-1010; 1011-1015; 1016-1020; 1021-1025; 1026-1030; 1031-1035; 1036-1040; 1041-1045; 1046-1050; 1051-1055; 1056-1060; 1061-1065; 1066-1070; 1071-1075; 1076-1080; 1081-1085; 1086-1090; 1091-1095; 1096-1100; 1101-1105; 1106-1110; 1111-1115; 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السؤال من المرحله

THE TIMES

MONEY

SECTION 2

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- CLOWES: OMBUDSMAN'S REPORT 23
- TIP SHEETS: UNLISTED SHARES 27

Executive Editor
David Brewerton

THE POUND

US dollar
1.8150 (+0.0220)
W German mark
3.1472 (-0.0067)
Trade-weighted
77.0 (+0.1)

STOCK MARKET

FT 30 Share
1461.2 (-17.6)
FT-SE 100
1802.7 (-23.5)

Bargains:
31891

Fisher chief resigns

Mr Stephen Fisher, the chief executive of the food distribution group, has resigned. A brief statement yesterday said that he was leaving the company to pursue other business interests. Mr Tony Miller, the executive chairman, said there had been no disagreement. "I respect his decision enormously. He wants to do what he did - set out on his own."

STOCK MARKETS

New York
Dow Jones 2889.08 (+25.81)
Tokyo
Nikkei Average 2548.57 (+22.15)
Hong Kong
Hang Seng 3583.74 (+6.73)
Amsterdam Gen 272.8 (-3.7)
Sydney AO 1698.2 (-3.8)
Frankfurt
Commerzbank 1598.2 (-17.4)
Brenntag
Governa 1598.2 (-17.4)
Zurich SBA Gen 804.7 (+13.3)
London
FT-30 Share 1461.2 (-17.6)
FT-100 1802.7 (-23.5)
FT-100-100 1802.7 (-23.5)
Recent Issues Page 27
Closing prices Page 27

MAIN PRICE CHANGES

RISER
Type TV 371.9p (+2.0)
Audio 140.0p (+1.0)
Audio 140.0p (+1.0)
DOT Group 118.0p (+1.0)
G Oliver 52.0p (+1.0)
GT Management 180.0p (+1.0)
FALLS
Sun Life 850.0p (-5.0)
Pearl 441.0p (-5.0)
TI 321.0p (-5.0)
Blue Circle 440.0p (-5.0)
Harrison 190.0p (-5.0)
Tarmac 305.0p (-5.0)
Cable & Wireless 371.9p (-2.0)
Oxford Int 233.0p (-1.0)
Gold Mines 318.0p (-1.0)
Granada 35.0p (-1.0)
Baron Transport 700.0p (-2.0)
40m prices
BSA Volume 705.8m

INTEREST RATES

London: Bank Rate 12%
3-month interbank 12.12%
3-month eligible bill 11.11%
buying rate
US Prime Rate 10%
Federal Funds 7.50%
3-month Treasury Bill 7.50%
30-year bonds 10.11%

CURRENCIES

London: New York
£/\$ 1.8150
£/DM 3.1472
£/Sfr 2.4450
£/FF 6.5596
£/Yen 166.00
£/Indo 77.00
£/RU 80.6528
New York: London
\$/£ 0.5514
DM/£ 0.3178
Sfr/£ 0.4090
FF/£ 0.1525
Yen/£ 0.0060
Indo/£ 0.0129
RU/£ 0.0124

GOLD

London: Gold
AM \$420.75 PM \$420.30
\$420.25 \$420.75 (\$231.50)
New York: Gold
\$419.70 \$419.20

NORTH SEA OIL

Brent (Dec) pm \$13.06 (\$13.00)
Dudman Island (Dec) pm \$13.06 (\$13.00)

THE STOCK WATCH

0898 141 141

● Market news on Stock-watch yesterday included: Abbey Life (01332) gained 7p on reports that shareholders will turn down a deal with Lloyds Bank (01955), which slipped 9p. Press and brokers' comments added 4p to Jaguar (01127) and 3p to Thom EMI (02017). DDT Group (01830) added 10p on speculative demand.
● Recent additions include: Portneirion 03492, Darby Group 03495, Corn-Tek Resources 03496.
● Calls charged 5p for 8 seconds peak, 12 seconds off peak inc. VAT.

Young acts on mergers after Elders' spree

By Cliff Feltham

The Government last night plugged the loophole in the merger rules which allowed Elders IXL, the Australian group, to launch a controversial dawn raid on Scottish & Newcastle Breweries minutes after its bid had been referred to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission.

Lord Young, the Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, put a ban on a predator buying further shares in its quarry once an investigation had been ordered into the bid. He found the action taken by Elders "extremely regrettable" which is likely to be seen as a severe rap on the knuckles for its merchant bank adviser, Conny Nat-West, which masterminded the buying spree.

Lord Young backed the Office of Fair Trading, which has insisted that the Elders solicitor, Freshfields, for the usual undertakings not to carry on buying.

There was no failure in procedures in either the OFT or my Department," said Lord Young. "Elders' advisers were clearly informed by the OFT at the time of the announcement that undertakings not to purchase further shares were being sought. This, of course, has been the normal practice for many years, including the terms of office of the previous Labour government. It is well understood by the City generally and by those who advise on mergers in particular."

"It is therefore extremely regrettable that Elders chose to act as it did," said Lord Young.

In future, when a merger is referred to the MMC and when in the past I would have asked for undertakings in relation to share purchases, voting or other matters, I propose to safeguard the conduct of the merger inquiry by making an appropriate order to come into effect at the time when the reference to the MMC is announced.

Mr John Elliott, head of the Elders group, has insisted he did not act improperly in sending his brokers into the market to pick up nearly 10 per cent of S&N, lifting his stake to 23.64 per cent.

He claims the OFT never ordered him not to buy shares - while the OFT insists Freshfields was told in the normal manner that no further share buying should take place.

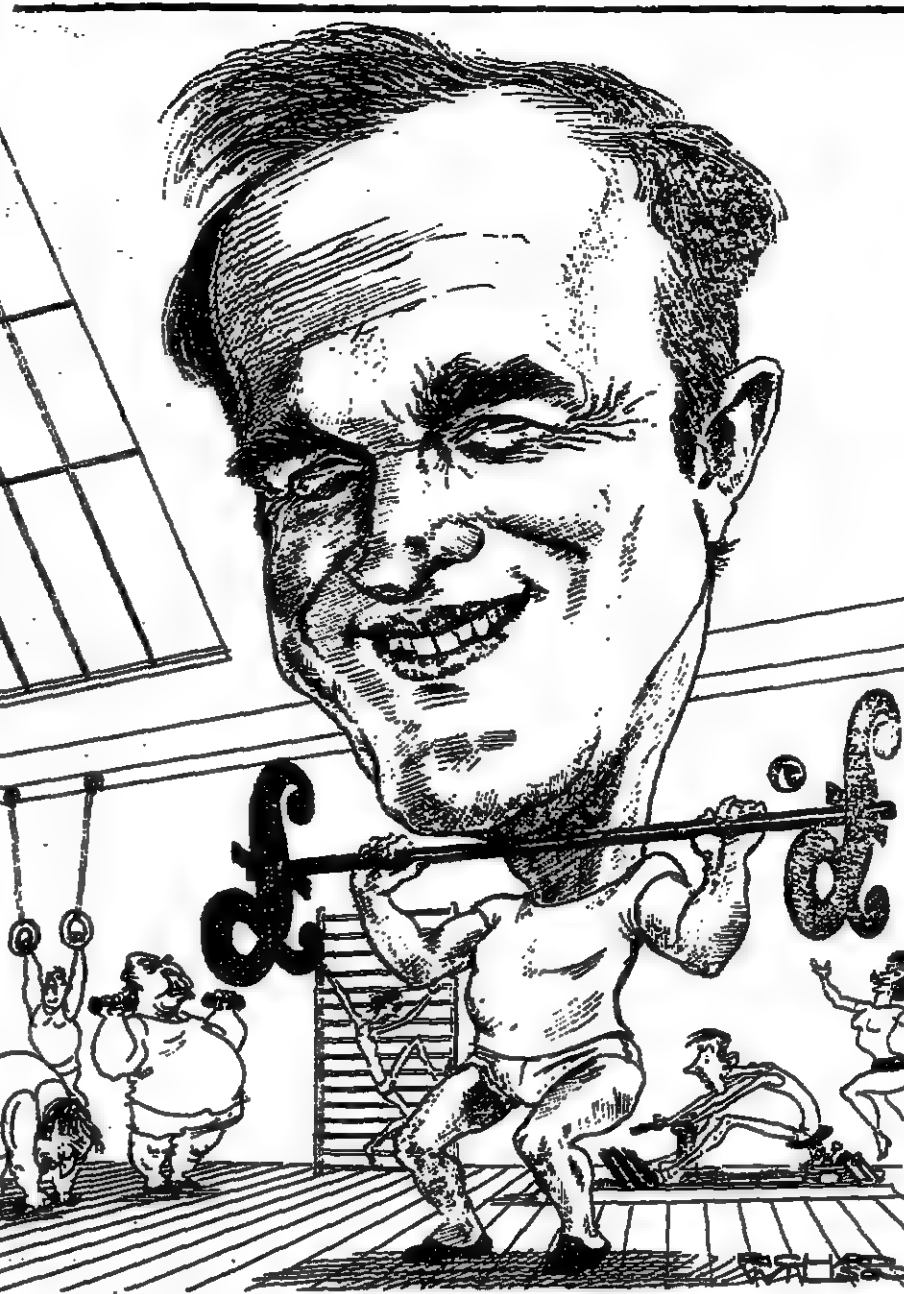
"At no stage, prior to or during this purchase period, was any prohibition or restriction on share purchases imposed on Elders either by the OFT or by the Department of Trade and Industry, and no undertaking was given in this connection by Elders or by any of its professional advisers," said Mr Elliott.

The OFT, however, said Elders knew perfectly well it should not have bought more shares. The OFT said its own mergers secretariat contacted Freshfields shortly before 9am to say the bid was to be referred and to ask its clients not to buy further shares in the company.

At 9.15am, the OFT heard that massive share buying was taking place and immediately called Freshfields about it. The OFT says Freshfields claimed it was unaware of any activity in the stock market.

Mr Hugh Peppiatt, a senior partner at Freshfields, said it had not given any undertakings to the OFT. "We would never give an undertaking. We were not buying the stock. Elders would be buying the stock," he said.

Edmonds bowls along to the Stock Exchange



Leisure group in reverse takeover

By Martin Waller

Mr Phil Edmonds, the former England and Middlesex cricketer, is bringing his hotel and leisure group, Preludeward, to the market next week via a reverse takeover of an Irish shell company, Woodington.

Preludeward's best-known asset is probably Stocks Hotel near Tring, Hertfordshire, if only through its previous owner, Mr Victor Lowndes. The Playboy Bunnies are long gone, although the jacuzzi - which housed 14 people one memorable night - remains.

More to Mr Edmonds' taste is the first-rate cricket field he put in, where players of the calibre of Imran Khan, Dennis Lillee and Wayne Daniel are contracted to play against corporate clients and their guests. Mr Edmonds reckons several league cricketers are willing to take part.

Other assets owned by Preludeward are a country club in Stanmore, north London, a Covent Garden-style shopping centre in Brussels and the Goods Vehicle Licensing Office in Swansea. His next move will be to inject the Berwick Group, his second property and leisure vehicle, into Woodington before Christmas for about £2.5 million. Mr Edmonds plans a number of joint ventures between Berwick and CP Holdings, a private open-cast coal contractor and aggregates group which owns large amounts of land in the South-east.

Meanwhile, the acquisition and development of Preludeward is to be funded by a placing of 11 million new shares at 50p, raising £5.5 million. Another 1.81 million new shares are being issued via a rights issue to bring in a further £958,000.

An extraordinary meeting of shareholders on Monday will consider the proposal, and if cleared the company will be re-listed on the Dublin Stock Exchange the next day - the shares were suspended at 35p - before moving to the London listing within two weeks.

FII loses appeal against bid ruling

By Graham Searjeant

FII-Fyffes, the Dublin fruit importer which owns 20 per cent of Irish Distillers Group, is finally committed to accepting Pernod's bid for IDG.

The Irish Supreme Court rejected FII's appeal against a High Court ruling that a verbal agreement on Saturday September 2 to back Pernod irrevocably was a contract.

FII refused to sign a contract on September 3 after Grand Metropolitan was fired to bid £125.25p per share. But Pernod enforced the agreement in a court action that could cost FII up to £300,000. The Supreme Court ruling also covers Irish Life, whose stake of about 10 per cent in IDG forms the backbone of Pernod's claimed 53 per cent of IDG.

Banks step in as the dollar plunges

By Rodney Lord, Economics Editor

The dollar fell sharply yesterday in foreign exchange markets as dealers waited for further clues to the likely economic policies of Mr George Bush, US President-elect.

The Bank of Japan intervened to support the dollar in the Far East and in Europe the Bank of England bought dollars for yen on its behalf. The Bank of England and the Bundesbank also supported the dollar.

The dollar closed ¥110 below its previous close of ¥122.90 and 1.75 pence down against the mark at DM1.7410. Trading was light with the US market closed for Veterans' Day and some European markets also closed. Sterling finished about 2 cents up on the dollar at \$1.8140.

Since the start of the week the dollar has fallen nearly 5 pence against the mark. Mr Alan Davies of Barclays Bank said: "Markets are testing the bottom end of the ranges set by the Louvre accord."

The dollar was also hit yesterday by comments from Herr Helmut Schlesinger, the Vice President of the Bundesbank, who said Germany should not let inflation rise for the sake of international co-operation.

On the stock markets the FT-SE 100-share index fell 23 points to test the 1,800 level. On Wall Street the Dow Jones industrial average fell 22.23 points to 2,092.46 by mid-session.

Market reports, page 20

Guinness takes control at Buckley's Brewery

By Lawrence Lever

Guinness emerged yesterday as the controlling partner of a 53 per cent stake in Buckley's Brewery, the South Wales brewer which has been caught up in the Barlow Clowes affair.

Guinness, whose chief executive is Mr Anthony Tennant, has agreed to pay 156p a share for the stake, via its Harp Lager Company.

It is also obliged to make an offer for the rest of Buckley's at the same price.

The 156p a share offer values the company at £25 million. This compares with the £29.2 million successful takeover bid made by Mr Peter Clowes, the former chairman of Barlow Clowes, and his erstwhile business partner Mr Guy von Cramer, just before last October's stock market crash. They used an off-the-shelf company called Brodrian for the bid.

The Brodrian 192p a share bid was regarded as extraordinarily generous at the time.

It has since emerged that it was financed by money belonging to Barlow Clowes investors which was diverted from Gibraltar, through the British Virgin Islands and Switzerland.

Mr von Cramer maintains that he was unaware that investors' money was being used.

The Brodrian bid secured 53 per cent of Buckley's.

This was seized, however, by Singer & Friedlander, their merchant banker, since it was security for finance which it had been provided for the bid and which had not been repaid.

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Market reports, page 20

Clowes cash 'by Christmas'

By Our City Staff

The liquidators of Barlow Clowes Gilt Managers, the British arm of the investment group, yesterday received High Court approval for a move which paves the way towards a payment to investors.

The court approved the division of BCGM investors into ten categories. It is now up to the lawyers acting for the categories to agree on how to split the money recovered by the liquidators. If they cannot agree then the whole question of how much each category gets will be put before the court.

The liquidators are still hoping to be able to make a substantial payout to all BCGM investors by Christmas.

One problem is the question of the intermingling of funds between the UK and the offshore ends of Barlow Clowes. Barlow Clowes International, the offshore arm, appears to have lost out as a result of this intermingling to the tune of £6 million.

There is every chance that any payment by BCGM to BCI will not be borne equally among all the BCGM investors.

At the moment it appears that Lloyds Bank, which maintained a custodian trustee arrangement over about £7 million of Barlow Clowes money, believes that this £7 million should be unaffected by any BCI claim.

Clowes cash 'by Christmas'

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mas although this target may well slip.

The liquidators have recovered £51.7 million. This has been put on deposit and is earning interest at £540,000 a month.

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Government's softer line to encourage bids from banks

Talks on Girobank sale to continue

By Richard Thomson

Negotiations over the privatization of Girobank, the banking arm of the Post Office, are still continuing despite the postponement of the sale announced yesterday by Mr Tony Newton, Minister for the Department of Trade and Industry.

The postponement reflects the lack of interest in Girobank among potential buyers because of its commercial unattractiveness.

Mr Newton said the original timetable for the sale - meant to be completed this month - had been too demanding for potential buyers to produce satisfactory bids.

The Government is softening its line on discouraging large banks and building societies from entering the auction. There was no indication yesterday, however, that the big banks were

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WALL STREET

STOCK MARKET

INTEREST RATES ROUND-UP

New York (Reuters) — Wall Street shares fell steeply in early trading yesterday following a slump in the US bond prices with a continuing fall in the dollar.

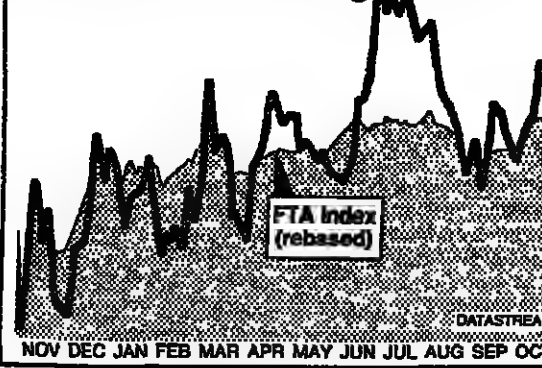
The Dow Jones industrial average lost 12.81 points to 2,101.88 at one stage when the

transport indicator showed a decline of 3.62 to 919.93. Declining issues led advancing shares by almost four to one. Trading was slow.

Brokers said investors feared the Federal Reserve might soon be prompted to tighten credit policy.

Share prices take a tumble on dollar's sharp decline

NORFOLK CAPITAL: chased higher by talk of stakebuilding



The dollar's sharp drop sent share prices tumbling on the London stock market as the two-week trading account drew to a close.

The FTSE 100 share index failed to hold on to an early lead and continued to deteriorate throughout the session. By 3pm it was 19.4 lower at 1,806.8 with dealers fearing it could drop below the 1,800 level before long. The narrower FT 30 share index also fell 15.3 to 1,463.5.

Government securities lost 1/4% at the longer end, worried by the Bank of England's attempts at propping up the dollar and its warnings about high wage demands.

Once again the problems within the US economy continued to dominate sentiment. The market has doubts about the ability of Mr George Bush, the President-elect, to deal with the huge US trade

Sheppard's, the broker, has changed its mind about Michael Peters, the USM-quoted company, following its recent acquisitions. It has raised its forecast of pre-tax profits for the current year from £3 million to £3.1 million and says the current price of 118p, up 2p, is a buy opportunity for investors.

and budget deficits. It will be several weeks before he is sworn into office and in the meantime the speculators will attempt to drive the dollar even lower. Already there are fears about a rise in US interest rates which could have a knock-on effect around the world.

As a result, investors in London are now suffering from a bad case of cold feet and seem content to sit on the sidelines. The last two weeks, which have included the US presidential election, have been one of the duller trading accounts in recent times. The prospects for the new account, starting on Monday, offer little hope for investors.

The next set of US trade figures is due on Wednesday. Analysts are looking for an improvement of at least \$1 billion (£552 million) on the previous month's deficit of \$10.6 billion. Anything less could see another run on share prices in London and in New York.

Sentiment was also hit by a

ahead of Monday's extraordinary general meeting seeking approval for its proposed £1.1 billion merger with Abbey Life.

There is growing speculation that Abbey will fail to obtain the necessary 75 per cent vote to allow the deal to go ahead. A number of its institutional shareholders, including many of its rival insurance and financial services companies, have been complaining that Lloyds has managed to achieve the deal, which will give it 57 per cent of Abbey Life, on the cheap.

But in some cases there appears to be a conflict of interest among those companies who are worried about Abbey Life appearing to shrug aside the worries. It scored an early lead but closed below its best levels with a rise of 1p at 279p.

The transformation at F&H Group, suspended at 21p, continues. Mr Bob Morton, the chairman, has sold three subsidiaries, TR Minto, Amveco and its West German operation. He plans to turn F&H into a computer and communication services group.

Louise, Mr Roland "Tiny" Rowland's international trading group, dipped below the 400p-level as recent intense bid speculation continued to subside. The price finished 6p lower at 397p despite reports that Mr Alan Bond, the Australian broker, had continued adding to his holding. By the close of business a total of 10 million shares had changed hands.

Smith New Court, the broker, and its rival, Merrill Lynch, the New York-based brokerage house, were both bidding for stock.

Scottish & Newcastle Breweries slipped 4p to 386p following the referral of Elders IXL's £1.6 billion bid to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission. Elders said its bid in the wake of the referral, which lifted its holding to 24 per cent, had been carried out properly within the letter of the law.

But dealers now fear that the S&N share price will start to lose ground.

Michael Clark

BANKS	Nominal rate	Compounded at tax rates		Minimum investment £	Notice	Current
		25%	40%			
Ordinary Dep A/C	4.00	4.10	3.28	none/none	7 day	
Fixed Term Depositors						
Barclays	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88
Bank of Scotland	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88
City of London	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88
Lloyds	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88
Midland	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88
Westminster	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88
Yorkshire	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88

HIGH INTEREST CHEQUE ACCOUNTS	Nominal rate	Compounded at tax rates		Minimum investment £	Notice	Current
		25%	40%			
Bank of Scotland	6.13	6.23	7.42	2,500	none/01-08-88	
Barclays	6.13	6.23	7.42	2,500	none/01-08-88	
City of London	6.13	6.23	7.42	2,500	none/01-08-88	
Lloyds	6.13	6.23	7.42	2,500	none/01-08-88	
Midland	6.13	6.23	7.42	2,500	none/01-08-88	
Westminster	6.13	6.23	7.42	2,500	none/01-08-88	
Yorkshire	6.13	6.23	7.42	2,500	none/01-08-88	

BUILDING SOCIETIES	Nominal rate	Compounded at tax rates		Minimum investment £	Notice	Current
		25%	40%			
Ordinary Share	5.50	5.60	4.40	1 mth		
Best buy - largest socs						
Barclays	5.58	5.68	4.48	1 mth		
Bank of Scotland	5.58	5.68	4.48	1 mth		
City of London	5.58	5.68	4.48	1 mth		
Lloyds	5.58	5.68	4.48	1 mth		
Midland	5.58	5.68	4.48	1 mth		
Westminster	5.58	5.68	4.48	1 mth		
Yorkshire	5.58	5.68	4.48	1 mth		

NATIONAL SAVINGS	Nominal rate	Compounded at tax rates		Minimum investment £	Notice	Current
		25%	40%			
Ordinary A/C	4.00	4.10	3.28	none/none	7 day	
Fixed Term Depositors						
Barclays	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88
Bank of Scotland	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88
City of London	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88
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Westminster	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88
Yorkshire	5.13	5.23	6.42	2,500-25,000	1 mth	01-08-88

GUARANTEED INCOME BONDS	Nominal rate	Compounded at tax rates		Minimum investment £	Notice	Current
		25%	40%			
Shield Assurance	9.50	9.60	8.08	2,000 min	1 yr	01-08-88
New Direction Plc	8.75	8.85	7.32	1,000 min	3 yrs	01-08-88
Prudential	8.50	8.60	7.08	2,000 min	3 yrs	01-08-88
American Life	8.25	8.35	6.82	1,000 min	4 yrs	01-08-88
Centenary Life	8.00	8.10	6.58	1,000 min	5 yrs	01-08-88

LARGER LENDERS	Lender	Interest rate	Loan size	Max %	Notes
BUILDING SOCIETIES	Barclays	12.00	over £20,000	90	
	Bank of Scotland	12.45	over £20,000	90	Endowment & Pension only
BANKS	Barclays	12.70	negotiable	90-100	
	Bank of Scotland	12.50	over £20,000	95	

OTHER (FINANCE HOUSE)	Lender	Interest rate	Loan size	Max %	Notes
FINANCE HOUSES	Barclays	12.50	over £20,000	90	Endowment loans only
	Bank of Scotland	12.45	over £20,000	90	Endowment & Pension only

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	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
ATRIA LIFE INSURANCE	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
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	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
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	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	
	Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10		Atria Life	12.50	12.60	+0.10	

Portfolio

Investment

THE PRICES IN THIS SECTION REFER TO THURSDAY'S TRADING

UNREGISTERED SECURITIES: FOREIGN EXCHANGE:

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	464	465	466	467	468	469	470	471	472	473	474	475	476	477	478	479	480	481	482	483	484	485
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FAMILY MONEY

Edited by
Vivien GoldsmithRound one to
the Abbey

It looks like round one to the Abbey National in its scrap with the protest group fighting the Building Society's move to convert to a quoted company. The Building Societies' Ombudsman, Stephen Edell, is set to throw out the appeal by Abbey Members Against Flotation for him to intervene in the dispute over the call for an extraordinary general meeting.

The rebel group wanted the meeting to force a vote on whether they should be given an official voice in the debate leading up to a vote of all Abbey members on whether to support the society's move to abandon its mutual status and convert to a public limited company quoted on the Stock Exchange and operating under the banking laws.

At the end of September a delegation from Amaf presented the Abbey with a petition of 110 signatures from Abbey members plus more than £5,000, calling for the special general meeting.

But the Abbey turned down the request after consulting its own, and outside lawyers. The society believes that the petition for a special general meeting came outside the Abbey's rules. Once Amaf appealed to the Ombudsman to rule that the Abbey was obliged to go ahead and call the meeting, the Abbey's lawyers looked at whether Mr Edell had the power to intervene. They believe that this dispute falls outside his jurisdiction.

His brief is to arbitrate on disputes between individual building society members and



Stephen Edell: Power to intervene.

the conduct of their savings or mortgage business. This sort of dispute was not envisaged when the rules governing the Ombudsman's scope of action were drawn up.

Mr Sandison, in whose name the appeal to the Ombudsman is being made, has written to Mr Edell pointing out that the effective deadline for overturning the Abbey's refusal to call a special meeting is the end of this month.

The Abbey's rules say that a meeting has to be called within three months of the petition — which means by the end of December.

But members must be given 21 days notice of the meeting, so the notices calling any meeting must go out by the first week in December. Any fresh call for a special meeting

would be too late for Amaf's purposes because it would not result in a special meeting to discuss the issues. Under the society's rules it could be held at the same time as the society's normal annual general meeting in April.

The Abbey will be holding a series of roadshows starting in January, to explain the move to abandon its mutual status and, in effect, become a bank.

The Abbey argues it needs to be free of the restraints of the Building Societies Act to develop and survive in a competitive world where building societies are competing against banks that do not have the same restraints on things such as the proportion of business tied up with domestic mortgages.

Vivien Goldsmith

Barlow Clowes:
options for
the Ombudsman

Hundreds of Barlow Clowes investors are scheduled to meet in London today to continue their campaign for the Government to compensate them for losses of up to £100 million which they face because of the collapse of the investment group.

Meanwhile, their campaign received a boost this week as the Parliamentary Ombudsman, Sir Anthony Richard Barrowclough, decided that he will investigate the Government's role in the Barlow Clowes affair.

The beleaguered investors in both the UK and Gibraltar ends of the crashed fund management group are facing losses of up to £100 million. The Ombudsman can recommend that the Government compensate these investors.

It is not just civil servants who should find their behaviour under scrutiny. The Ombudsman is empowered to investigate and criticize decisions taken by ministers personally, according to a leading legal textbook (*Wade on Administrative Law*).

It may have seemed like a forgone conclusion that the Ombudsman would investigate Barlow Clowes. Nothing could be further from the truth. Statistics show that the real hurdle with the Ombudsman is getting him to agree that a case falls within his remit. Of the 719 cases referred to him in 1986, 549 were rejected as outside his jurisdiction.

The really good news for Barlow Clowes investors is that once the Ombudsman takes a case, the statistics show, he nearly always finds the Government has been guilty of "maladministration".

In the 1986 figures, for instance, he found maladministration in 166 of the 168 cases referred to him. This does not mean that he upheld the actual complaint in all 166 cases but that he found something in the Government's behaviour to criticize although he did not necessarily uphold the specific complaint.

There should be plenty in the government's handling of Barlow Clowes for the

finding of maladministration would include the failure of the DTI to advise Barlow Clowes in 1975 that it needed a licence and the decision to renew Barlow Clowes's licence in late 1987 on the basis of unassigned and unmonitored monitoring returns.

The Ombudsman's investigation is likely to take months, rather than weeks or years. He is aware of the dire circumstances of many Barlow Clowes investors who have been deprived of much needed income from their life savings.

Meanwhile, steps were taken in the High Court yesterday to pave the way for a substantial distribution to be made to investors in the UK end of Barlow Clowes.

The court approved the ten different categories of investors in BCGM which have been identified by the liquidators.

The legal representatives of

Suing third
parties can be
a long process

all the categories must now reach agreement on what share of the £51 million or so in the kitty the investors in each category should receive.

The liquidators also want to reserve £5 million to cover the costs of the complicated liquidation and suing any third parties.

The liquidators stress however that suing third parties — such as the auditors of BCGM — would be a very complicated and lengthy process. Moreover, an element of the £5 million reserve is intended to cover the liquidators if they decide to bring a case but then lose and have to pay the other side's costs.

BCGM investors should not be alarmed by this. The liquidators would not bring a claim against third parties unless they thought they have a sound case.

The meeting is at Westminster Theatre, 2.30 pm

Lawrence Lever

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Clients win right to silence

Stockbroking clients have been given the right to silence and privacy by the Securities and Investments Board.

While firms have a duty to discover enough about a client so they can recommend a suitable policy — selling a 10-year-old, for instance, might be considered unprofessional — they can still go ahead and act for clients who refuse to disclose any details about themselves at all.

Many firms have been sending out lengthy and detailed questionnaires. But, SIB points out in the new guidance, this is not necessary. Information about a client can just as well be obtained in the course of a telephone conversation.

This will please clients such as Celia Haynes, who spoke out in *The Times* about the form sent to her by Birmingham broker Albert E. Sharp.

"It smacked," she said, "of a Gestapo interrogation."

But a firm that has taken reasonable steps to obtain information "has complied



Celia Haynes: A Gestapo interrogation.

with the rule even if the customer refuses to answer any of the questions."

Firms ought to log any refusal to disclose information in their own records.

"A salesman who claims that none of his customers are prepared to answer any questions but all want to speculate in futures would run a grave

risk of disciplinary action."

SIB is also coming to the rescue of clients infuriated by lengthy client agreement letters. It has proposed a model letter for all but discretionary clients and those dealing in options, futures and securities which are not easily traded. It runs to just three and a half pages. Though some firms have managed to set out the terms of their business in a shorter space — Barclayshare for instance manages it in two pages — it is a significant improvement on some monster agreements.

The stockbroking firm, Capel Cure Myers, has a 16-page document for dealing-only clients.

Though some brokers have a difficulties in getting clients to sign these letters, CCM had a draw for travel vouchers and got back 90 per cent of the forms sent out.

Lloyds Bank has received 48,000 of the 54,000 letters sent out to clients of the Personal Equity Plan. But that was a remarkably brief single page.

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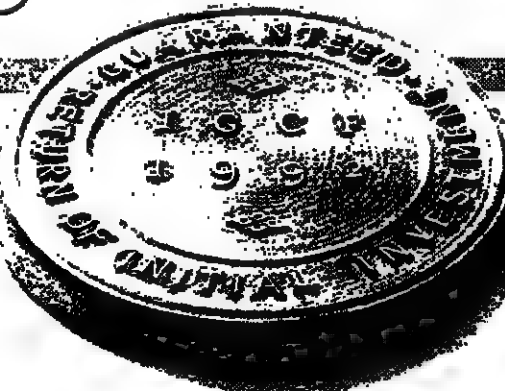
While this element of risk makes commodities appealing to those who find a game of Russian Roulette a relaxing way to pass the time, the rest of us might prefer to invest in something more certain.

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This ensures returns that are consistent and stable, but not devoid of excitement. Since January 1984 funds under their management have shown an audited composite average performance of 50.2% per annum. (Source: Adam, Harding & Lueck Limited).

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FAMILY MONEY

Don't expect a Bush boom

What effect will the new president have on unit trusts? Maria Scott asks the brokers

George Bush may bring a new broom to the White House but he will not sweep away doubts about investing in the US. This was the view of unit trust managers and advisers after the result of the Presidential election became known.

The American market has been the scene of disappointment for UK unit trust investors for some time. The average gain in the five years to the start of this month was only 14.9 per cent, against 116.4 per cent for all unit trusts measured by Opal Statistics. US trusts have also spectacularly underperformed the key market indices. The Standard & Poors 500 index has risen by 75.5 per cent in the last five years against the average US unit trust increase of barely 15 per cent.

Kean Seager of Whitechurch Securities said there have been three problems with US-invested unit trusts. "The market has not been exciting and the weakening dollar has undermined the performance of UK trusts investing in the States," he explained. "But even in periods when the market has been doing well and the currency has been stable, UK fund managers seem to have got it wrong."

According to Mr Seager and others, the arrival of Mr Bush will do little to alter the picture in the foreseeable future.



George Bush: "a negative effect unless he acts in a robust way"

A spokesman for Kleinwort Benson said: "The election was a bit of a non-event from the investment point of view. The markets have been predicting a Bush win and that is contained in the current prices. I think there is a problem over the US economy. There will be a negative effect on the US market unless Mr. Bush acts in a robust way. I cannot see that US funds are going to perform brilliantly in the next six months."

Richard Angus, investment manager at M & G, reflected a common view when he said that though he is not advocating that investors sell their US trusts, they cannot expect spectacular activity. "There is no doubt," he said, "that this is a very tricky market. Brokers seem to want it to go lower or for the dollar to go lower." The US economy would "muddle along".

Mr Seager agreed that US unit trusts should be held but not bought. "If someone came to us with 25 per cent of a portfolio in the US," he said, "we would want to whittle that down."

Brian Toza, head of James Capel's portfolio management service, said that he feels slightly more positive about the US now that the election is finally out of the way, but "I would tend to remain underweight in that market".

James Capel recently recognized the difficulties of succeeding in the US market by launching a unit trust which tracks the Standard & Poors Index. This week it was joined by Morgan Grenfell, which is adding a US index-tracking fund to the UK Tracker fund it launched last month.

Morgan's US Equity Index Tracker Trust will mirror the performance of

the 500 stocks in the Standard & Poors Index. It will not invest in all stocks included in the index but in 350 which managers believe form a representative sample.

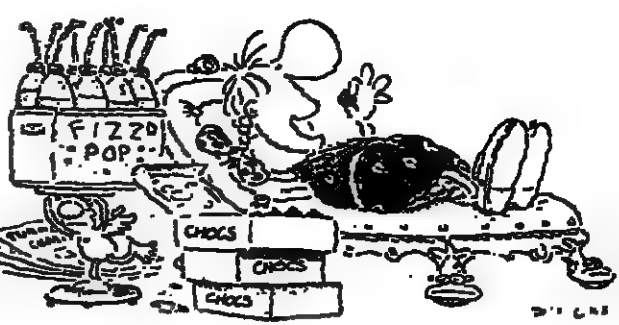
Tony Fraber, managing director of Morgan Grenfell Unit Trust Managers, said the arguments for a US index-tracking fund are even more compelling than for UK funds. "No US growth unit trust has consistently outperformed the S & P index over each of the last 10 years," he added.

He is mildly pessimistic about market prospects in the US in the short term but believes that because Mr Bush will have to face up to fundamental problems in the economy, the longer-term outlook is better. Investors must be prepared to hang on for years rather than months.

The US Equity Index Tracker Trust is being launched at 100p a unit, fixed until November 28, with a minimum subscription of £1,000. Charges are five per cent initially and 0.5 per cent annually.

Though index-tracking funds are the vogue among unit trust groups, they have been marketed in a quieter way by some groups offering offshore funds. Ivory & Sims, for example, already offers investors in its Atlas offshore fund the chance to track the indexes in the main world markets, including the Standard & Poors Index in the US.

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NATIONAL SAVINGS

The US equation that went wrong

Chris Paul, intermediary investment adviser for the M & G Group, admits that he got it wrong when he backed an American unit trust for our unit trust competition. "I was looking for a revival in the US dollar and confidence during the run-up to

the election," he said. "Neither has happened."

His first choice was Mercury American Income (accumulation) and his second, M & G American Recovery. "I wanted an income trust because it would have defensive qualities."

He doubts whether US-invested funds can reduce their losses in the last leg of the year.

Bank of Ireland's World Opportunities fund turned this into £535.50 after taking the initial charge into account. This speculative trust, investing in a variety of world markets, was launched in February, moving from the issue price of 50p. It benefited from sharp increases in the price of a number of shares, including Lloyds and Metal Box.

Second place was held by Marlin International. Its recent successes include Metal Box and British Quaker.

The average value from the L125 fund transferred for the competition was £445.50.

Maria Scott

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FAMILY MONEY

How the mistress misses out

Hugh Thompson looks at the myth of the common law wife and her rights, which can raise questions, particularly when she breaks with her lover

When Michael left Mary and their two small boys last year, after 14 years of living together, she was not too worried.

"I had known for some time that he was carrying on with someone else. Before I confronted him I made sure that he had completely redecorated the house. In many ways I thought I was in a good position - I like to think of myself as quite well organized.

Common law wife sounds very nice but means very little

After all, I had paid for half the house we shared and since Michael was well off, I had every expectation that the children would be looked after and in due course their boarding school fees paid.

For a few months all went well. Michael kept paying the mortgage on the large house in Putney, London, and suggested a very reasonable annual allowance for the boys' welfare. He kept Mary's car on his company's books as well.

"Then suddenly it all changed. He wanted to sell off his half of the house, get rid of the car and declared he would no longer commit himself to paying the boys' school fees. To put it mildly, I was devastated. I went straight round to a solicitor to find out

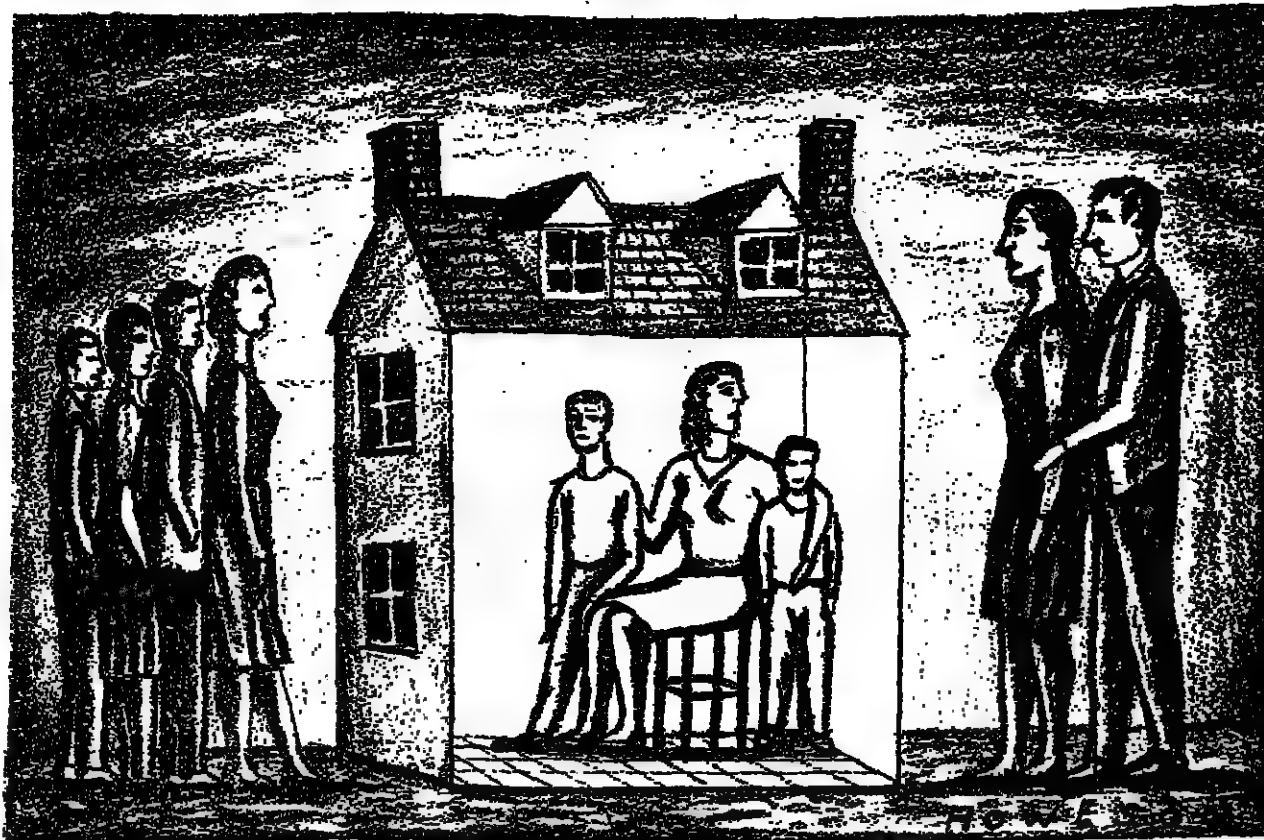
exactly what my position was," says Mary.

It was then that Mary, like countless other common law wives, found how far the popular fallacy concerning unmarried partners having the same rights as married ones is from the legal fact. "I found that I had no right to any part of his estate, in particular the house. I had no right to any maintenance for myself."

But more bad news was to come. This year's Budget took away the tax relief on maintenance, which almost doubled the cost of Michael's payment for the boys. Suddenly he was not being quite so generous. More important, Michael's previous wife, Jane, who had never absolutely been divorced, despite having lived apart for 15 years (bringing up three more of Michael's children) was now throwing the law book at him in an effort to get half of his estate.

"Since this involved half the house I lived in and the business and interests he had built up in his years living with me I was flabbergasted. Not least when I got an official letter from the Land Registry stating that it wanted to include Michael's half of the house in Jane's claim. Michael is, of course, living with someone else who may well marry and then my position could get even worse."

Mary now realizes that despite her reservations about marrying Michael "I never envisaged growing old with him"; that she made a big mistake in hanging on to what she thought was her independence. "For the sake of the boys I should have got married. Common law wife



sounds very nice but means very little. That piece of paper which says you are married means an awful lot."

Diane Parker, partner in Withers, Crossman and Block, solicitors, says: "Basically, cohabiting with a man gives a woman no more rights than if she was sharing a house with a perfect stranger. If a child results from the relationship, then the financial relief resulting is limited to supporting the child, and the child only. My advice to any woman who has a child in a relationship is to marry the other person. Women should be aware that an unmarried man can brush away the woman's dependence in what can seem a totally immoral fashion."

"The term common law wife is totally misleading, it

means absolutely nothing in law. Yet its popularity encourages the idea that the whole bundle of rights which are accorded to a legally recognised wife apply to the common law wife also. Where people do live together, they are well advised to draw up an agreement which sets out the financial circumstances if they separate. Although at one point these agreements were frowned on there is now precedent for them being binding."

A large part of the work of the National Council for One Parent Families is involved in counselling those like Mary, and of course there are many less fortunate, who have been left in the financial lurch. In recent years there has been some movement on the Family Law Reform Act which has

cleared up the legal differences that used to exist between "marital and non-marital children". That is legitimate and illegitimate offspring.

Another of Mary's problems is that Michael has no will. Brian Dodgeon is the National Council's tax expert. He says: "The last budget took away all relief for those paying out to unmarried children but left £1,400 for others. The new tax relief situation means that someone who used, if he was on the top tax band, to pay effectively only £2,000 for a £3,600 allowance now has to pay it all. The drift of the government policy seems to be to encourage marriage but to fact it is women and children who suffer. There is no consideration as in Mary's case of her loss of career and earnings."

Meanwhile Mary hopes that Michael will come out of his expensive court case with Jane with enough intact to support her and the boys. She knows that Michael is busy looking for a flat with his new woman and that his business is flourishing. It all makes her realize that her assumptions on the true nature of the "common law" relationship have been very expensive.

"It's got to the state that if I spend any money I get the shakes, I have lost contact with the life I used to lead. I've had to accept handouts from my parents at the very time I had hoped they would have a stress-free retirement."

● National Council for One Parent Families, 255 Kentish Town Road, NW5 2LX.

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A tax revolution will be taking effect as from April 6, 1990. Husband and wife will then be taxed completely independently on earnings, savings, pensions, other income and capital gains.

This will mean that each partner will have separate personal allowances and capital gains tax exemptions. There will also be the new "married couple's allowance". At current levels, this would be £1,490. This allowance is to go first to the husband and then any unused portion goes to the wife.

At present, the husband is responsible for preparing tax returns, but under the new system, these will be prepared separately by husband and wife. This should mean more privacy for wives.

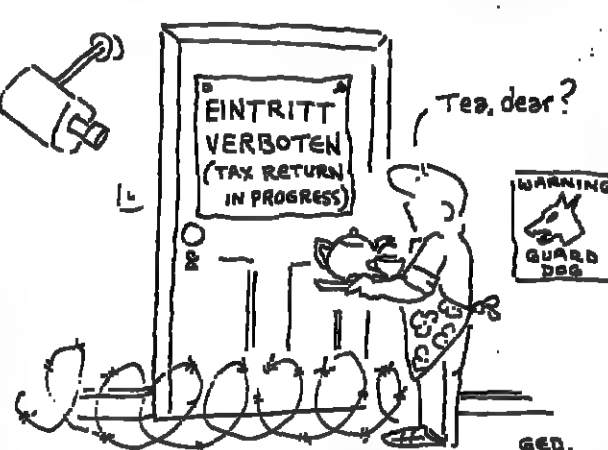
Advantages of the new system Substantial tax savings will result, where both husband and wife have income and/or capital gains. For example, if a wife has no earned income at present, her personal allowance is not used. Now suppose she has £5,000 of investment income on which her husband pays 25 per cent income tax at present. The tax is £1,250.

After April 5, 1990, assuming the tax rates are unchanged, she will be able to offset her £2,605 personal relief and only pay tax on £2,395. Thus, her tax will be £598.75, a saving of £651.25.

The situation is even more striking if the husband is a substantially higher rate taxpayer. The present tax on the wife's investment income of £5,000 would be at 40 per cent, making £2,000. In 1990-91, her tax on £5,000 would be £598.75, saving £1,401.25.

As well as being able to use the full £2,605 personal allowance, the wife will also have a complete £19,300 basic rate band at 25 per cent. This will be available both for income and capital gains.

From April 6, 1990, there will be a separate annual capital gains tax exemption for the wife. Taking the present level of £5,000, this will save up to £2,000 in tax for



a wealthy couple where the wife has gains exceeding £5,000.

Practical points: Because of the advantages to be gained through having the income and gains taxed separately, it makes good sense to start preparing now.

Thus, transfer investments between partners to take advantage of the new rules. Normally, this means that if you have the bigger income, aim to transfer investments to your spouse. In this way, his or her income and potential capital gains will be increased.

Many practical points must be borne in mind: for example, the following matters were raised in queries from readers M.J. Dymond from Bath and Brian Whittingham of Horsham:

A. Where husband and wife jointly own income-producing assets, in general they are to be assessed on the income in equal shares. However, there will be the right to elect to be taxed on the actual shares of the income of a jointly-owned asset, if different. Thus, if one is entitled to three-quarters of the income, on election the taxable income will be split in this way.

B. Normally, there will be no need to transfer jointly-owned assets into the sole ownership of husband or wife. In fact the flexibility of choosing to be taxed on equal shares of the income, or making an election, would be lost.

C. Under the new system, tax repayment claims are

likely to become more common. For example, if shares are transferred into the wife's name and she has no other income, tax will be reclaimable on the dividend income up to the amount of her personal relief.

D. Normally no tax will be repaid on building society or bank deposit interest. Thus, if either partner has only a small income, enough of this to cover that partner's personal relief (£2,605), should be from other investments. Otherwise, tax relief may be lost.

E. Where the family home is jointly owned, in general no changes are needed, to cope with the new rules. This is generally free of capital gains tax.

It is still a long time until April 1990, and the rules may be adjusted. But this tax revolution really does introduce a new dimension into planning and investment. So make sure you are ready to make the most of the new opportunities. Start planning now.

Walter Sinclair

The author is a tax partner in Kidsons, chartered accountants, and author of *The Allied Dunbar Tax Guide 1988-89*.

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COUNCIL OF THE CORPORATION OF FOREIGN BONDHOLDERS

SUBMISSION OF CLAIMS

As announced in the Press on 21st May, 1988 the Council of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders are now taking steps towards the liquidation of the Corporation.

Over the years since their foundation they have, in the course of protecting the interests of bondholders, issued or assumed responsibility for various certificates, and other instruments which establish claims on the Corporation, and in spite of a number of invitations published in the past some of these have never been submitted for redemption or payment.

The Council accordingly issues a FURTHER INVITATION to holders of any such documents which appear to be on the Corporation, and in particular those listed below, to present them to the Council of Foreign Bondholders, 35 High Street, Bromley, Kent BR1 1LE (Telephone 01-484 0305). When documents are sent through the post, these will be at the holder's risk.

DOCUMENTS RECEIVABLE BY THE COUNCIL	TITLE OF LOAN	NATURE OF DOCUMENT	YEAR OF ISSUE
ARGENTINA	4% Bonds 1933	Fractional Scrip Certificates	1889
Buenos Aires Province	Montepio 50000	Certificates of Deposit	1888
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY	4% Gold Renten 1876	Tickets (receipts)	1926
COLOMBIA	Consolidated External Debt 1888 Conversion	Arrear Coupon Certificates	1905
COSTA RICA	Consolidated External Debt 1900	Fractional Certificates	about 1898
ECUADOR	Consolidated External Debt 1911	Fractional Certificates	1897 & 1904
GUATEMALA	4% Bonds 1908	Certificates of Deposit	1911
Guatemala & Cacao Railway Co.	5% 1904 1st Mortgage Bonds	Certificates of Deposit	from 1929
GUATEMALA	4% External Debt of 1895-1913	Fractional Certificates	from 1913
HONDURAS	4% External Debt of 1895-1913	Fractional Certificates	from 1913
HONDURAS	Government 5% Railway Loan 1897	Certificates of Deposit	from 1929
HONDURAS	Government 10% Railway Loan 1897	Certificates of Deposit	1909
HONDURAS	Government 6% Railway Loan 1897	Certificates of Deposit	1909
HONDURAS	Government 10% Railway Loan 1897	Certificates of Deposit	1909
HONDURAS	1895 Conversion	Fractional Certificates	1918-1920
PARAGUAY	1895 Conversion	Fractional Certificates	about 1895
PERU	5% 1904 1st Mortgage Bonds	Arrear Coupon Certificates and Fractions	from 1929
PORTUGAL	5% External Debt 1895-1896	Certificates for unpaid interest	1893

Also, under the Act of 1898 reconstituting the Corporation, there is an outstanding liability to certain holders of Certificates of Permanent Membership issued by the Corporation, or to the Representatives or Assigns of such holders.

FAMILY MONEY

LETTERS

Unpaid debts of war

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer was interviewed on the "Today" programme, he referred to the possibility of some pensioners augmenting their income from invested savings, giving a greater return than the rate of inflation.

In view of this, will he please instruct the Paymaster General to increase the return on War Loan from its present miserly 3.5 per cent to 10 per cent or, alternatively, repay the War Loan so that those of us now retired might reinvest the money to get a better return.

I think it is diabolical that 40 years after the end of the war this money has not been repaid to those who loaned it in a spirit of patriotism.

NORMAN ANDERSON,
Drakes Drive,
Northwood,
Middlesex HA6 2SL

If it has done nothing else, the reported decision to re-examine state benefits for the elderly has focussed attention on their sex discriminatory nature. The Prime Minister, for example, although not yet a state pensioner, can enjoy free National Health prescriptions and reduced rate bus travel, not available to the retired male of the same age on a fraction of her income.

There is a case for some age-related, as opposed to means-tested, benefits — based on respect for age, gratitude for services rendered over many years, and also as an honourarium for voluntary service anticipated from the younger elderly, e.g. further jury service — but no case for gender-different qualifying ages.

DAVID LINDSAY,
36, Orchardcombe,
Whitchurch Hill,
Reading RG8 7QL

Don't let Mr Lawson pull the wool over your eyes. Means testing pensions are already with us. If your wife has earned an occupational pension, your state retirement pension will be cut to that of a single man.

S. M. CRAWSHAW,
Forest Lane,
Kirkclevington,
Cleveland TS15 9NE



Childproof credit limit

My wife has used a credit card for 16 years and the monthly account has always been paid in full, virtually by return of post. She recently exceeded her credit limit for the first time, and received a peremptory letter telling her not to use the card until the excess had been eliminated — i.e. until the next statement. This was clearly inconvenient.

Our schoolboy son, without independent means, also ex-

ceeded his credit limit — not altogether inadvertently one suspects — and he received a letter imposing no restraint, but offering an immediate increase in his credit limit. This seems to add an inverted meaning to the expression: one rule for the rich and one for the poor.

Dr JAMES M. R. BURN,
The Frenches,
Romsey,
Hampshire, SO5 0FE

Standard rudeness

I recently received a letter from a company with which I have a hire purchase agreement informing me that my account was in arrears. This surprised me as instalments are paid by standing order and, as far as I was concerned, had been paid regularly. What annoyed me, however, was the patronising note at the end of the letter urging me to forward future payments "promptly". I replied, but a few days later received a second letter stating that "several" requests had been made and that my "future co-operation" would be appreciated.

The company concerned received an irate telephone call from me. Their excuse for the tone of the letter was that it was "standard". I regard this as a feeble excuse for a basic discourtesy and a lamentable lack of concern for good customer relations. Surely even a standard letter could inquire into the facts and avoid lecturing the customer until it has been established that the customer is at fault.

Ms V. M. BURTON
Chinner
Oxfordshire OX9 4QE

Protected species

Mr Donald Chivers (Letters, Saturday 5 November), is harsh in his judgement that the driver of the car which damaged his own was negligent to have died at such an inconvenient time and place.

He is not alone in the false belief that every mishap is the fault of some other party — or even perhaps oneself.

I should like to bring to his attention the inexpensive remedy available to us all — personal accident insurance, which was, in the happy days before we were all wrapped in state welfare, easily sold by the likes of me to ordinary men-in-the-street.

Visit your broker, Mr Chivers; he will protect you against the next such misfortune.

PETER D. ALLAN,
28 Park Gate,
Somerhill Road,
Hove
East Sussex BN3 1RL

Letters are welcomed, but The Times regrets it cannot give individual replies or advice. No legal responsibility can be accepted for advice or statements in these columns, and independent professional advice should be sought.

Tip sheet that touts unlisted shares

Readers of *Investors World*, probably the best written and most professionally produced of all the numerous tip sheets which peddle shares, might well believe that the eight-page magazine which drops on to their doormat every three weeks is above reproach.

Investors World has even applied for membership of the British watchdog body, Fimbra, the Financial Intermediaries, Managers and Brokers Regulatory Association, because, though the magazine is published from Monaco, it is edited and produced at an address in Ealing, west London.

Two associated businesses, a Luxembourg stockbroker called simply WW, and Tandembay Ltd, a British magazine distribution company owned by *Investors World* editor Anna Francis, have also applied to join Fimbra.

All three applications are being considered by Fimbra officials, but having applied for membership just hours before the February deadline under the Financial Services Act, *Investors World* currently holds interim authorization from the Securities and Investments Board. This means investors are not protected by the compensation fund designed to bail out victims of failed financial advisers or organizations closed by the authorities.

This status could be extremely significant to investors as inquiries by *The Times* this week have shown that:

● Four people behind *Investors World*, including two of its directors, are in jail in Monaco on suspicion of fraud;

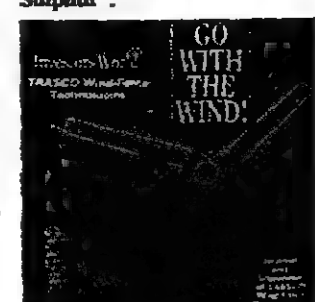
● Readers on the magazine's mailing list are regularly phoned by "advisers" selling obscure shares recommended in *Investors World*;

● And shares have been tipped with the false claim that they can be traded on a recognized stock exchange.

Investors World, in theory, an independent publication. Interviewed recently, before the arrest of her colleagues, editor Anna Francis told *The Times*: "We do not have a telephone sales operation. It is a straightforward publication." *Investors World*, she said, was paid for by reader subscription.

However, readers have this

week denied that they have ever paid for the magazine. A reader in Wales said: "They then asked me for a subscription, and I said no, but it still kept arriving." The same reader has had numerous phone calls from sales people claiming to represent *Investors World* trying "to sell me shares in two companies, Trasco and Rich Coast Sulphur".



Wind-power: Trasco



An American businessman, Bill Wensande, put thousands of dollars into Trasco after being contacted by *Investors World* and WW. This week he complained he had not even been given a share certificate.

"They don't answer the telephone in their Luxembourg office," he said. "I tried to track down Trasco but their telephone has been disconnected in Holland."

Mr Wensande paid \$2.70 each for his Trasco shares, only to see the price tumble to 50c.

Trasco is a Dutch company set up to build windmills to generate electricity. It has received extensive coverage in *Investors World* for more than a year. The company's ownership is obscured by numerous major holdings registered in tax haven states with few or no laws on disclosure.

It is partly owned by a British company, Manio Overseas Limited, but Department of Trade records shed no light at all on Trasco's owners.

Manio has no actual people on its board of directors, but rather two more limited companies — one in Gibraltar and the other in the Isle of Man.

And Manio itself is said to be owned by a Panamanian company called Sardene.

Records in Vancouver, where Trasco has its share quote, show that millions of shares were issued to close associates of the company at 40c each, with options on millions more at prices between 60c and \$1.10. This compares with the \$2 a share stated by in a special Christmas offer in 1987. *The Times* warned then against this offer of a holly-bedecked share certificate, saying there was no trace of any stock market quote for the company.

The editor of *Investors World*, Anna Francis, has denied that her magazine tips unlisted shares. She said: "We never recommend anything that is not listed."

Nevertheless, *Investors World* touted Trasco at least eight months before it was granted a quote by the Vancouver Stock Exchange authorities.

Investors World has worked hard to improve its chances of gaining entry to Fimbra. The company's application was actually drawn up by the former chief investigator of the Ontario Securities Commission, John Leybourne, a man with a reputation for cracking down on "boiler room" share promoters.

Maurice Schelvis, the man behind both *Investors World* and WW, one of the four now in jail, is a former business associate of Al Simon, a Canadian share swindler. Simon is himself sought by the Monaco police after the sudden closure recently of his own Monte Carlo company, Merger and Management. An official in Monaco said this week as well as Schelvis, police had arrested his fellow WW director, Jean Pierre Ivaldi, Schelvis's girlfriend, and his secretary, "investors World was the marketing arm," explained the official. "WW was where the money came in."

Fimbra spokeswoman Fiona Moore confirmed that membership applications from *Investors World*, WW, and Tandembay were still under consideration. She said: "A number of doubts have been expressed to us and these are being explored. We have been informed that a number of people connected with these companies are under arrest and we are investigating this as a matter of urgency."

Tony Hetherington

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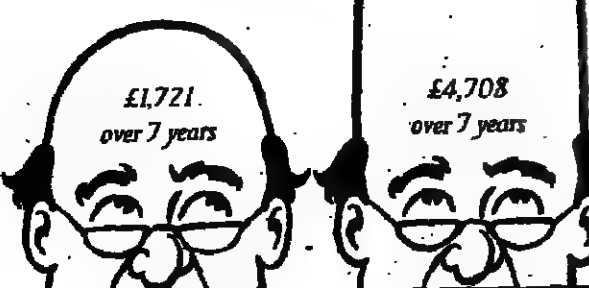
(Even if the difference on a £1,000 investment with net income reinvested over 7 years was £2,987.)

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The average Building Society higher rate account (Source: Account)

The average Fleming Investment Trust (Source: Account)

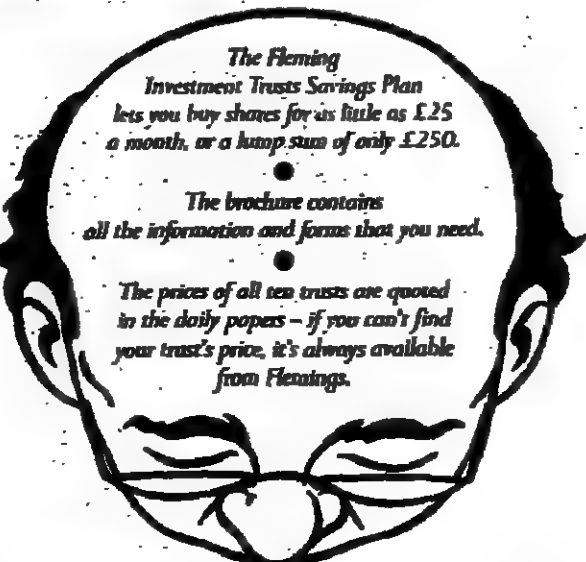
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- TRAVEL
- COOK
- DRINK
- EATING OUT

A f

Jumping for joy

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essential... runs... Up!... a pair... youths... boards... and swoop... virgin... blonde hair... The sight... mixture... depression... seeing... that one... There is a... secret... sport of... us who are... to conceal... whisper it... difficult... in recent... skills... taken much... learning... duce... their... cosset... into gentle... everyone... expert.

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- TRAVEL: BACK TO BALI
- COOK: ITALIAN PASSIONS
- DRINK: SWEET WINES
- EATING OUT: JONATHAN MEADES

REVIEW

SECTION 3

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 12 1988

A flight beyond the frontiers



DIDER GVOIS

Jumping for joy: the hot-blooded young enthusiasts cannot wait to get away from the traffic jams and "wimps" on the piste. The more challenging "new-wave" activities are the result of cross-breeding with sports such as mountaineering and hang-gliding

A strange yodelling call echoed down at me from an Austrian crag while I was taking the essential breather between ski runs last winter. "Ski-urfs Up!" It heralded the arrival of a pair of gaudily-dressed youths standing on single boards like surfers, twitching and swooping down a field of virgin powder snow, long blonde hair flying in the wind. The sight filled me with the mixture of trepidation and depression that comes from seeing something done well that one cannot do at all.

There is a certain gruesome secret connected with the sport of skiing which most of us who are addicted to it tend to conceal. The fact is — whisper it — it needn't be very difficult. We have been spoilt in recent years. New teaching skills, like *ski evolutif*, have taken much of the pain out of learning. Technology has produced skis that will turn of their own accord. Resorts cosset us by battering the snow into gentle pistes that flatter everyone into feeling like an expert.

As a test of nerve and skill, I would rate modern resort-skiing as being only slightly more challenging than ballroom dancing, and about as crowded.

It was not always like this. Skiing began as an activity for highly competitive eccentrics. They'd be up with the dawn, climb a mountain, breakfast off raw onion and beer, then flounder down unmarked routes through indifferent and varied snow. Every run was an exertion, an adventure, and, most probably, a race. Then came 1934, and the invention of the T-bar. Some people say skiing has been going downhill ever since.

The result was predictable. People are looking for something more challenging, particularly the hot-blooded young, for whom the prosaic business of observing the highway code while skiing the pistes with mums, dads and wimps soon loses any tinge of exhilaration or danger. In the sacred name of doing away with lift queues, the resorts have doubled up their carrying capacity, which has moved the traffic jams from the lifts to the pistes.

One solution is to go off-piste. But avalanches like the one that hit Prince Charles's party in Klosters have made resorts more rigorous in controlling the off-piste enthusiasts, insisting on guided parties. And off-piste routes are becoming as populous and worn as the regular runs.

Skiing has become safe and boring for the young bloods. They are zooming over cliffs and into the air to recapture the old excitement and danger.

Pearson Phillips goes in search of skiing's new wave



PHILIPPE ROYER

Plain sailing: *parapente*, using a glorified parachute, is the fastest growing of the new sports

What is there for the individualist and the adventurer, who looks for the same kind of danger and exhilarating adventure in the mountains as the early skiing pioneers?

In recent years a number of "new wave" skiing activities have appeared. They are mostly the results of cross-breeding between sports. We have already seen this hybridisation in other areas. Surfing and sailing came together to produce windsurfing. Surfing

teamed with the urban roller-skating cult to produce skateboarding.

The three hybrids gaining ground in the Alps also include an input from the surfing world, snowboarding. There is also *parapente*, which is a snow-based version of parachuting, and *ski extreme*, a hazardous activity which seems closer to mountaineering than skiing, as the package holidaymaker knows it.

The snowboarder stands on his "deck" with feet facing across it and weight predominantly on the back foot, like a surfer. Skiers find it much more difficult than using a monoski, which can be learnt in a few hours. Snowboarding takes much frustrating time and effort, which is one of its attractions to the young bloods. It is not something the casual one-week holiday-maker is likely to master. Hugh Parsons, of Outdoor Action, near Cardiff, says that for the first three days there

will be a lot of falling over. "But then suddenly you find your 'sweet spot', your point of natural balance, and everything comes together. Once you have made that breakthrough the leap from beginner to expert is comparatively short."

The technology was pioneered by American surfers looking for a way of carrying on their sport in the winter. They started to make boards derived from the ones they used on the beach. Early models even had a thin aluminium fin under the bow for stability. The feet were free to move about the flat "deck" on a studded surface.

The first snowboards, known as "wintersticks", were brought to Britain in the late Seventies from America. Since then they have become more like skis, with fixed bindings and metal edges, making it possible to use them on piste as well as on soft, deep snow. The clothing manufacturers, sensing a new craze, are offering products aimed at the extreme, hot-coloured, youthful taste of the snowsurfers. There are even clothes for "après surfing".

Some go-ahead French resorts willing to welcome anything new and testing, like Les Arcs, La Plagne and Chamonix, encouraged the "surfers". But there was some resistance from more staid resorts. It is unnerving for skiers who find the whole business frightening enough at the best of times to have their gentle traverse interrupted by the snarling scrape-scrape of a flock of fast-moving, gaily-coloured snowboarders, shooting out banks of ice crystals at each turn.

Snowboarders still in the middle of their learning curve may not be entirely in control of their boards. Some people still fear that the Alps may suffer the fate of stretches of urban concrete, and be taken over by crowds of youthful skateboarders. But more resorts are accepting what they now see as the inevitable. *Telecabines* are being provided with extra-wide racks to take snowboards. And even a far-coated, aloof and expensive resort like Zurs has accepted snowboarders for a championship meeting.

They now compete against each other in different classes, including a snowboard speciality called the "half-pipe", performed on an artificial 150-metre track banked at the sides into the shape of a half cylinder. Competitors per-

form their serial loops, their handstands or their handplants, which involves pivoting round on a hand stretched down on the snow.

John Adams, a surfer and film producer, introduced British surfing champion Steve MacNicol to the sport in Austria, and filmed the result. "In four or five days he was skiing powder in a way which would take someone four or five years of skiing to

achieve," he says. "It appeals to a new type of dynamic, energetic European youth; all young and all determined to go anywhere they want in the mountains. It is the best possible way to enjoy the mystic experience of flying through powder."

But for the mystical experience of flying through the air, soaring aloof from the multitudes on the piste, there is nothing to beat skiing over the

edge of a precipice and sailing down to the valley floor with the help of a glorified parachute. *Parapente* is now the fastest growing of the new-wave ski sports. Hang-gliders have been on offer to adventurous holiday skiers for years, particularly in French resorts. The *parapente* is a "soft hang-glider", an aerodynamically efficient

Continued overleaf

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A FLIGHT BEYOND THE FRONTIERS

POULEY MEDIALP

Continued from previous page

parachute canopy which provides lift and steering control. With skilful use of thermals and ridge lift, flights can be prolonged for hours - 40-mile flights have been achieved. The fact that the journey is performed underneath an already open parachute is comforting.

It was French parachutists who took their *parapentes* to the Alps in search of high launching grounds. *Parapente* schools are springing up in all the big French ski resorts. Skiing is a minimal part of the affair. The skis are used simply for building up speed on take-off and taking the strain on landing.

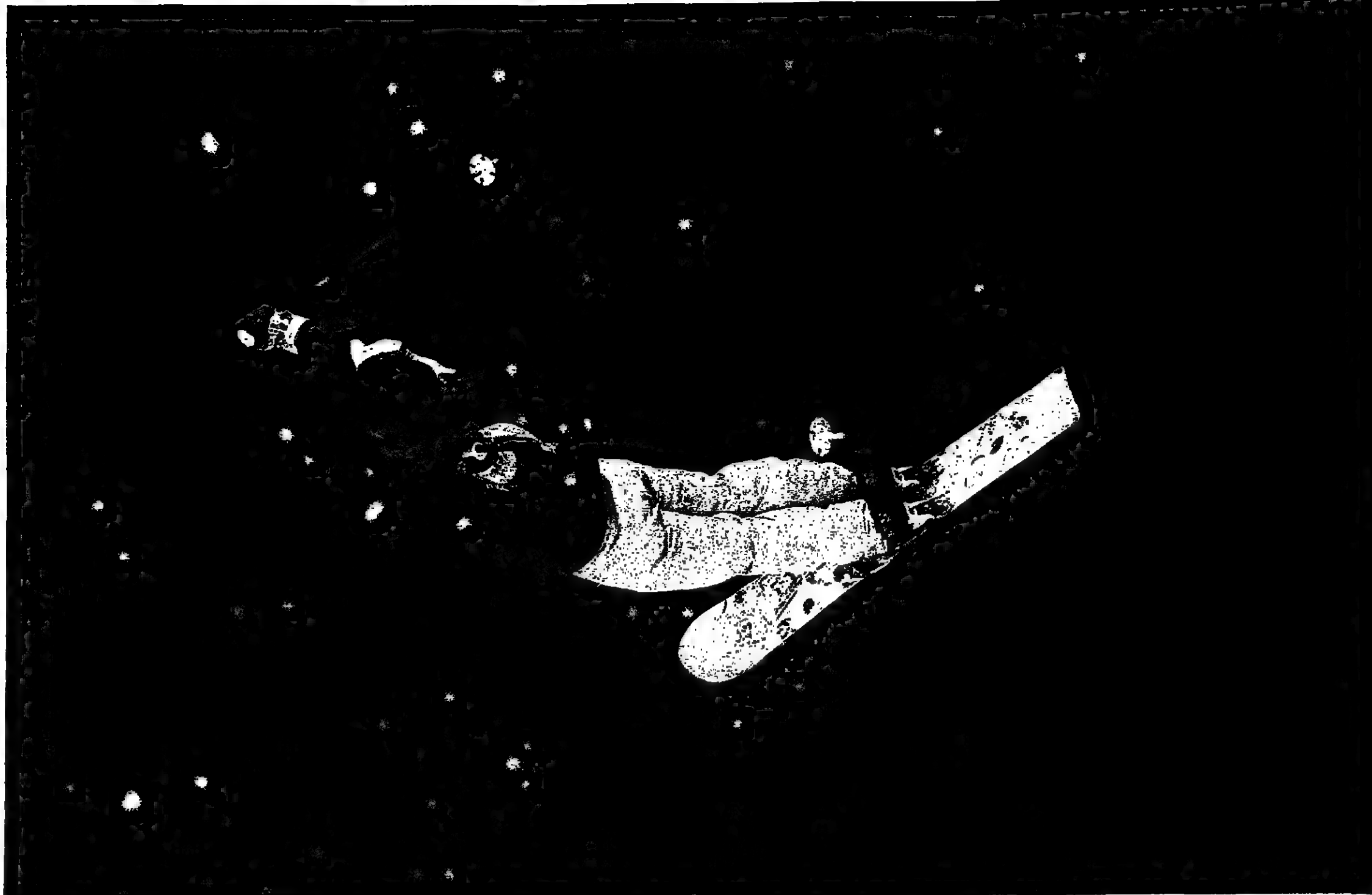
'One fall there and it is the end for the skier'

The advantage of the *parapente* over the hang-glider, which requires time-consuming rigging, is that it can be quickly folded into a rucksack and taken up a lift. It takes only a minute to stretch out a *parapente* canopy and attach the harness.

The disadvantage of doing it in the Alps in winter is that the snow-covered landscape does not offer any thermal lift, and wind around the peaks may produce awkward, even dangerous, turbulence. But in ideal conditions a drop of 3,000ft can last seven or eight minutes.

Finally, there is *ski extreme*. This brings together the advantages of modern equipment with the boldness and daring of the old-time ski heroes. The nearest most people will get to a *ski extreme* specialist is when, from a chairlift, they glimpse a lone pair of ski tracks snaking down a near-vertical stretch of snow between two rock faces. How on earth did they get there? Some *ski extreme* enthusiasts was unable to resist the challenge of unmarked snow.

They are more mountain-



Aerial view: the sky is the limit for the new-wave skier, who has to be part acrobat, part parachutist, part mountain-climber. In fact, skiing is sometimes a minimal part of the activity, used simply for building up speed

ers than skiers. They enjoy collecting "first descents" just as mountaineers relish "first ascents". Their delight is to climb a severe peak (or take a helicopter) and ski down it the hard, fast way. A fall for a *piste* skier, or even a skier off-piste, will normally entail little more than making a hole in a pile of snow. But a faller doing a steep and icy *ski extreme* route will probably end up many

hundreds of metres below, and possibly over a precipice. One notorious spot is the snowfield above the north face of the Elger. One fall there and it is the end. And remember, these are not manicured *pistes*. Wind will have removed stretches of snow, revealing ice. There will be hard crust, like cake icing, which breaks and makes turning almost impossible.

The guru of the sport is a Frenchman from Chamonix called Patrick Vallencant. Throughout the Seventies he spent his time conquering peaks and skiing down them, from the Alps to the Andes. From his base in Chamonix he made regular assaults on the Mont Blanc Massif, conquering all the *coulloirs*. A good steep *coulloir*, or corridor, between vertical

faces is what brings the light of devilment into the eyes of a *ski extreme* exponent.

Vallencant's exploits, and the films he made of them, created a taste for the activity. He has founded a school in Chamonix, Skiez Hors Piste, where the basic techniques can be learnt. The school grades its classes to small groups of equal ability, but everyone has to be competent, not to say fearless, before attempting the Mont Blanc *coulloirs*. "We are looking," says Vallencant, "for skiers who want to ski on snow which does not bear any human traces." The risks are worth it, as he lyrically explains: "The ice-cold wind under a blazing sun goes to your head and intoxicates you. It is the magic balance between passion and wisdom."

In pursuit of that ideal the school organizes expeditions to the Dolomites and the Himalayas. There is also a French ski resort called La Grave. This place has gone soft enough to build a chain of lifts. But it must be unique among resorts in that it has no *pistes*. "The management is anxious to resist the obvious pressures to widen the resort's appeal," comments the *Good Skiing Guide*.

Piste-less skiing packages could be the coming thing.



Leading edge: *ski extreme* seems closer to mountaineering than to skiing. A fall can be fatal

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BEST SNOW CONDITIONS

Both monoskis and snowboards perform on *piste* - packed snow - but their stability, banked-turn effect and speed come into their own in any kind of soft snow - powder, spring snow and chopped up "crud". The deep, heavy snow of late spring and summer can be ideal - single boards do not get bogged down in these conditions.

BEST PLACES

Open terrain is obviously best. Avoid resorts with most of their skiing below the treeline (below 2,000 metres/7,000 feet). The best places are those with big, wide powder slopes and glacier skiing. They tend to have rental shops with the latest gear.

In Switzerland: Verbier, Zermatt, Saas Fee. France: Val d'Isère, Tignes, Chamonix (Argentière), Les Deux Alpes, Val Thorens. Austria: Kaprun, Hinter Tux, Sölden, Lech, St Anton. Italy: Cervinia, Courmayeur. Less strongly recommended is Les Arcs in France, which has a section of its ski school devoted to "nouvelle sensations" - monoskiing and snowboarding.

SNOWBOARD EQUIPMENT

The snowboard should not be confused with the monoski, which pre-dated it. There is one crucial difference. On a monoski the skier stands facing forward with booted feet fixed in ski-type bindings. The technique resembles normal skiing. Good skiers can hire a monoski and get good results on soft snow in a matter of hours.

Boards have become more technically refined, with metal edges and a similar, flexible specification to skis. Whereas ankles were once unrestricted and feet free or held only by elastic straps, the manufacturers are now offering special snowboard boots that provide ankle support and plate bindings screwed into the deck. But developing a safety binding that will release in a fall is proving a problem. The main danger is that in a high speed wipe-out the "deck" may whirl around and strike the skier.

WHERE TO FIND THE BEST GEAR - AND TRY IT OUT

Decks are changing shape and are much more like wide skis, since they have steel edges.

The K2 Gyrator deck is the current "buzz" among snowboarders. Elan and Rossignol also make snowboard decks. Price range: £150 to £250.

● Burton is a specialist manufacturer of decks, boots, bindings, accessories and clothing. Distributors: Second Level Sport, Clockhouse Lane, Bedford, Feltham, Middlesex TW14 8QA (tel: 0784 251000).

● Specialist snowboard boots (hybrids of ski mountaineering boots) have started to appear. The best are made by Raichle and Koflach (around £200 a pair).

Releaseable bindings are not yet on the market. Burton and Emery make screw-on plate bindings to hold the boots to the deck. The Emery is around £75. Since a snowboard does not have a brake, a leash should also be worn, linking your ankle to the binding.

Good retailers: Activ, 557-561 Battersea Park Road, London SW11. Outdoor Action, 12 Wyverne Road, Cathays, Cardiff (tel: 0222 22892).

MONOSKI EQUIPMENT

Most large ski manufacturers are now making monoskis, but the French (Dynastar and Rossignol) are probably the best since they have had most research devoted to them. Strong bindings are recommended. Look and Ess make special toughened models. Good retailers: Snow and Rock, 188 Kensington High Street, London W8 (tel: 01 837 0872) or Priory House, Queensway, Birmingham B4 6BS (tel: 021 236 8280).

PARAPENTE/PARAGLIDING

Many resorts offer dual flights to give novices a taste of the sport. (Two people will sink at around 600ft a minute, compared with 400ft a minute for one person). Michel Carrel, who runs a school for paragliders (another name for them) in the South Downs around Brighton, says it takes an average of four days' tuition for someone to master the techniques of turning, landing and soaring.

One other advantage over hang-gliding is that it is less strenuous. Even 10-year-olds and their grandfathers can do it.

The cost, for hang gliding, is relatively modest. Between £700 and £800 will provide the canopy and harness for a *parapente* expedition. Such refinements as cross-country wrist compasses and "Go Fly a Kite" T-shirts are extra.

● Lessons can be taken either in the UK (without skis) or in the Alps. Mountain Dynamics run courses in both UK and mountain locations. Address: 264k Berecroft, Harlow, Essex, CM18 7SQ (tel: 0279 415743). Equipment costs £800 to £1,400. Retailer: Outdoor Action (as above). In the Alps, good courses are available in the larger Swiss and French resorts, such as Val d'Isère, Verbier, Les Arcs and Chamonix.

COURSES

The Ski Club of Great Britain has a "new sensations" party to La Clusaz from January 28 to February 4, including monoskiing, snowboarding, and *parapente*. It costs £250 including half-board and lift pass. Details: 01 245 1033.

Snowboarding course: Just Ski is organizing one in Serre Chevalier from January 13 to 22. Details 0502 89187.

Parapente courses: Michel Carrel, Sky Systems, Knoll Business Centre, Bellingham Crescent, Old Shoreham Road, Hove, Brighton BN3 7GS (0273 423650).

Sky Systems also take parties to the Alps.

Ski extreme: Tuition is available from Skiez Hors Piste, Chamonix (010 33 50540511).

CLUBS

Scottish Association of Snowboarding, c/o Marywell Gas, Stonehaven Road, Aberdeen (enclose in SAE for details).

British Association of Parascending Clubs, 18 Talbot Lane, Leicester, LE1 4LR. This organization oversees *parapente*/paragliding in the UK.

● THE SKI SHOW opens today at Earls Court, London, and runs until Sunday, November 20.

GASTRONOMY

Sufficiently fixed in the sticks

The most famous chefs in the world gathered in Buckinghamshire this week to create a meal worthy of the French Culinary Academy.

Byron Rogers did it justice

There was a fish in Japan, began my neighbour, which was one of the most exquisite delicacies on earth. It had just one drawback: the river was poisonous. And not your "What foot's moved the bicarb?" poisonous, but the real "Hello, ancestors!" variety.

The only thing was, he dabbed solemnly at his moustache with a napkin, the nearer you got to the liver the more exquisite the fish got. Forty Japs a year, he said, went one culter too far.

They must have been there in spirit this week, or staring approvingly out of that crowded heaven they share with Henry VIII ("it was death to him to be dieted"), the Emperor Vitellius who dined four times a day, every day, and Louis XVI who, according to folklore, stopped for a picnic on the flight to Varennes.

On Tuesday night, at the Bell in Aston Clinton, 200 people sat down to consume what must be considered one of the ultimate meals in the history of mankind's brief stagger between the nipple and the drip-feed. It cost them £200 a head.

When details were first announced the organizers had 50 reservations within the first two days — in the middle of a postal strike. The reservations were fixed through or delivered by hand; in the case of the latter each came accompanied by a cheque.

There was, of course, an excuse for this fix in the sticks. There has to be now, with all those safari-suited chaps in refugee camps talking out of every TV set in the country. The occasion was an opportunity to display the missionary zeal of the British chapter of the French Culinary Academy in its attempt to found a university of gastronomy in this country.

And Lord Young was there. Wild mushrooms, said my neighbour suddenly, his eyes moist with the remembrances of lunches past. Plucked just an hour before, in the woods of Savoy. There were five different varieties of wild mushroom, and he had had them all.

Out of the corner of one eye I saw a man with a video camera filming the course he was about to eat. Beyond him there was an American in a white tuxedo who looked as though he could not remember a time when he did not have to come through a door sideways; he had flown in on Concorde for this, oblivious to such trivia as the presidential election.

There were young French career women with their terrible bare shoulders (one informed me that she was there to represent chocolate). There was the film-star Michael Caine, returned to claim his British birthright (which includes £200 meals). There were French chefs, five feet tall, four feet round the middle, festooned with wild stars and sashes like the last representatives of some goblin aristocracy.

And Nigel Dempster was there.

Did I dream all this? Was there really such a meal and a gathering of such improbable figures? In Buckinghamshire? It seems there was, for this is the morning after and I am

moving like a deep-sea diver. From the start there was the feeling that it was some beano of the Old World. A line of young men stood in the night, holding flaming torches aloft in white-gloved hands, and the Bell could have been a winter palace, with the muttering proletariat elsewhere. All the waiters wore white gloves as well. It was because the plates were hot, my neighbour was told.

The French Culinary Academy dates from 1883, but its members go back long before that, to a chap called Tirel in 1370. Like all great chefs he would have been unaware that the Hundred Years War was going on at the time. The legendary Carême cooked for Napoleon but must have stuck his head out of the kitchen at some point and noticed Napoleon was no longer around, for he then started cooking for the Tsar and the Prince Regent.

But then the hierarchies of the world are shadows beside those of the Academy, with its senior members, affiliate members, meritorious members, and honorary and associate members. The president of the British chapter is Michel Boudin of the Connaught.

He was there on Tuesday night, congratulating the gastronomes on coming, with Albert Roux, who must be on his way to becoming the most famous man on earth. Open a colour magazine, switch on a television set, and there he is looking at you over his glasses. Switch on a television set and he is whisking something in a bowl. It is getting to the point where a man dares not open a cupboard in his own house in case Roux should be inside.

For the night the champagne house of Moët et Chandon had also flown over five of the most famous chefs in France in its company jet, amongst them Paul Bocuse at Lyons, by common acknowledgement of his peers the king of them all.

These, with five chefs flanked by the home side, were responsible for the meal, two men sharing each course between them. Or rather, as the toastmaster, the great Ivor Spencer delicately put it, each course was created by the two



chefs and then "realized in the kitchen" by two more.

The guests arrived, had as much champagne as they could take poured into them, and moved painlessly into Wonderland. "9.00. Lobster Speech. 9.05. Service of Lobster. 9.30. Partridge Speech. 9.35. Service of Partridge." Each course came prefaced by a speech by one of the chefs and was then described by the toastmaster ("Rich jelly of gamey pot au feu, just set. Served with chicken jelly and beetroot cream with grated fresh horse-radish and beluga caviare"). Only then, and reverently, could you move in on it. These were my notes:

I am sitting next to the organizing lady, who has discovered she is a vegetarian. I eat her first course, which I enjoy. My neighbour, he of the Japanese fish, pronounces it rather bland ("The horse-radish was like a little firework going up in otherwise unoccupied space"). I look across eagerly but his plate is empty. We are served a Chablis St Martin 1987, which I discover

is the finest wine I have ever drunk. I am informed that by eating two helpings I have already consumed £20 worth of caviare. I am further informed that at £200 a head the Academy has barely covered its own costs.

A roast lobster, which I enjoy. The organizing lady toys with hers, and my neighbour, with awe in his voice, declares that she must have the gift of abstinence.

They bring a Chateau Dubart-Milon-Rothschild 1983, which I discover is the finest wine I have ever drunk. My neighbour agrees, murmuring that it is almost solid Cabernet Sauvignon. How lovely the bare backs of the women look.

I am enjoying the partridge now. My neighbour, who has noticed me scribbling in a notebook every time he opens his mouth, asks what I am up to, but like jesting Pilate does not stay for an answer. He is smelling the good wine. And then the cheese. Warm cow's cheese blended with Roquefort. My neighbour says this is the first course which has made him sit up and say "Wow". I do not like it very much.

I read that it contains something described as a "pine liqueur". Could that be a misprint for a fine liqueur? He instructs me to be careful for we are at a gastronomic summit here, and there are men around us with palates as fine as a hummingbird's.

The pudding is "Chocolate genoise set together with confiture au Cointreau, filled with bitter Barry chocolate mousse, in which is hidden a morsel of Cointreau macerated genoise..." Or something like that. The pudding is so rich a man could vanish in it and get preserved, as in one of those bog burials. They serve the sweet champagne, which I realize is the finest wine I have ever drunk.

But I look around curiously for I am six feet three, weigh 15 stone, and I cannot finish my pudding. On other tables they have finished their puddings. I begin to appreciate that I am among Titans here.

It is midnight, outside the long windows the fireworks are going off and I talk to the French chocolate lady who tells me that her firm has been in French ownership since 1848. But wasn't there a Revolution going on in France then? Ah yes, she says vaguely.

She talks about cocoa processing and I talk about her shoulders. And dress. French fashions, I say knowingly. Laura Ashley, she says.

The chefs appear and are

toasted, and there are 40 of them. Good God, I count them again and there really are 40 chefs. And then it is over.

Homeward, through sleeping Bucks. My neighbour, unable to find a hotel room anywhere in the area, has told me that he intends finding some lay-by where for a few hours he can unroll his sleeping-bag. At home everyone is in bed and I attempt to tell the dalmation about Japanese fish. She ignores me.

Sitting, from left: Jean Fleury, chef de cuisine of the Lyons restaurant of Paul Bocuse (absent from the picture); Michel Roux, of the Waterside Inn, Bray; Pierre Troisgros, of Hotel Pierre Troisgros in Roanne, near Lyons; Alain Chapel, of Restaurant Alain Chapel, Mionnay, near Lyons; Joel Robuchon, of Le Jamin, Paris; Michael Nadell, of the Nadell Patisserie, London; Michel Boudin, chef de cuisine of the Connaught.

Standing, from left: Raymond Blanc, of Le Quat' Saisons, Great Milton, Oxfordshire; Richard Shepherd, chef partner in Langan's Restaurants and Chairman of the Academie; Bernard Neveu, Gaston Lenotre's chef patissier; Gaston Lenotre; Albert Roux, of Le Gavroche



Busy in the back room: preparing for the night of the long feed

Was there really such a meal, and such an improbable gathering?



Returning to claim his heritage: Michael Caine with his wife Shakira, under the discreet observation of (right) Nigel Dempster



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TELEVISION

The long tanned arm of the law

Nearly two years later, and around five minutes short, Keith Waterhouse's funny, if at times heavy-handed, play, *Slip Up*, finally hit the small screen. The reactions of the retired train robber Ronnie Biggs (played here, as in the feature film *Buster*, by lantern-jawed Larry Lamb — the actor, not the former tabloid editor) are unknown. The delay in transmission is due to the objections of retired Detective Chief Superintendent Jack Slipper to his portrayal as a bungling ploy who got his man and then lost him to the small print of Brazilian justice. "No police officer," the end roller was careful to say, "could have got him back".

It would still be difficult to imagine a less flattering performance than that of the estimable Jeremy Kemp as an old school Knacker of the Yard: humourless, moralistic, self-important, less than brilliant, and perpetually whingeing about the heat of Rio and its natives' reluctance to speak the Queen's English. The missing five minutes must have been wonderful indeed.

As the title change implies, this was less an account of the law's long arm losing its grip than of the Street of Shame's finest minds stitching one another up left, right and centre — a sort of moveable feast of dirty tricks and well observed clichés. Even the (atypically scrupulous) journalist who first cottoned to Biggs's whereabouts was seen in the end succumbing to prevailing standards as he interviewed the girlfriend in a smart restaurant. "My mother," she supplied, "was a washer woman". "Marvellous!" he drooled. "More lobster!"

There was, as one of the backs pointed out in a moment of rare inspiration, an awful lot of copy in Brazil. And there is commensurate mileage to be had from the spectacle of the great British press baying after a hot story in foreign parts. The most illuminating treatment of this theme is still *Scop*, which — however transparent its "real" setting — remains a work of fiction. One wonders what contractual obligation prevented Waterhouse concocting a drama about "a detective" pursuing "a fugitive criminal" in "a foreign country". Remember *Tumbledown*.

Martin Cropper



The actor and the playwright: Ian McKellen (left) and Alan Ayckbourn, with McKellen, Jane Asher and Michael Simkins in a scene from Ayckbourn's latest play, *Henceforward*, about a composer of electronic music

Who should pay the player?

AYCKBOURN: I joined the National Theatre because they asked me to lead a group of actors, just as I do at our Library Theatre in Scarborough. It is very difficult to bond together a total of about 120 actors, half of whom don't know the other half's names. Some, especially those in the middle ranks, lack a sense of identity.

McKELLEN: In our group, Edward Petherbridge and I were trying to reduce the impact of the place at the level which counts, which is getting the play on. When you are working there, you seldom even see the work of your fellow actors, because you're never off when they're on. I never managed to see your play, *A Small Family Business*, though I heard it over the Tannoy.

AYCKBOURN: You imagine from outside that the National Theatre is a homogenous group of people all meeting together in the joint pursuit of excellence, but it's not like that. Although our time there overlapped, Ian and I only waved at each other across crowded rooms. Commercial theatre seems quite cosy afterwards.

McKELLEN: The joy of it is that day by day we get to know each other and the play better. I look forward to six months of discovering the delights of the play with no fear of boredom — but that's because it's a very good play.

AYCKBOURN: On the other hand it is the first play of mine for several years which is practical for a commercial management to put on. The National extended me as a writer by giving me a bigger canvas to work on, casts of 13 or 16, without having to glance nervously over my shoulder at the box office.

People think of me as a commercial theatre playwright but I owe my progress as a dramatist entirely to the subsidized sector. My plays have always first been done at Scarborough. *The Norman Conquests* would never have been put on commercially — indeed managements turned it down. So I put it away in a drawer until a subsidized theatre, at Greenwich, stuck its neck out.

McKELLEN: All the shows I've done in the West End except one have been transfers from the subsidized theatre. Nowadays, the

commercial theatre couldn't survive without them. But don't forget that every play you see in a subsidized theatre is also being subsidized by the actors and stage staff who are doing it for much less than the market rate.

AYCKBOURN: When I engage actors at Scarborough, most of them say they can only afford to stay there for six months. Afterwards they say: "Thank you, I really felt like an actor this summer, but now I've got to get back." And off they go to do television bits and bobs which pay much better. To my surprise, when I got to the National they were still saying they couldn't afford to work there for more than six months. And even in the West

End there's a reluctance to commit themselves to more.

McKELLEN: We're lucky that we can earn enough commercially to be able to afford to go back to work in the subsidized theatre.

AYCKBOURN: If it's still there. The funding problem gets worse and worse. At Scarborough we're told to help ourselves by getting local sponsorship but what can we offer? We have 300 seats and a show runs for four weeks. There's no national publicity in it. I spend a lot of time getting local firms to give us money but they won't commit themselves beyond this year. Next year, they may think it's time they supported the cricket club.

McKELLEN: It's no answer to say

that there isn't enough money raised from private sources. There's never going to be! What is this moral responsibility that big firms have for the arts? They pay their taxes. The responsibility is the nation's. It's an ignorant assumption that if theatre is good, it will pay for itself. This is historically untrue. The most famous Englishman who ever lived wrote plays and acted in them in a company patronized and subsidized by the Court.

AYCKBOURN: The other assumption I object to is that theatres are inefficiently run. We always deliver the product on time, which is more than you can say for much of British industry.

McKELLEN: If you look at America, you find they haven't the funds to run theatres which can train actors, writers and technicians.

AYCKBOURN: Relying on sponsorship also means choosing the sort of plays that attract sponsorship.

We couldn't get anyone to back *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* at the National to save our lives. Whereas the Arts Council

wouldn't dream of saying, you ought not to do this or that. If we don't do the classics, people won't know what they are.

McKELLEN: And actors won't know how to perform there. Young actors are arriving at Stratford woefully untrained in Shakespeare because the Reps can't afford to do any.

AYCKBOURN: There are actors nowadays who don't know what an iambic pentameter is. The classical training isn't there. They come out of drama schools and the nearest work available is improvised work on the fringe of grunts, ums and ers on TV.

AYCKBOURN: I'm not optimistic about the long-term future of places like Scarborough, which have to rely on three or four sponsors.

McKELLEN: The reason that theatre in our lifetime has been good is the system of subsidy and the Arts Council, with all its faults, which is the envy of theatre people throughout the world. That is the system which is now being altered, and not by people who have spent their lives in the theatre and know what they're talking about.

moving, as her wits unshackle she acquires a sort of mad, wild beauty.

Though it is little to wonder what plays he might have written had he remained in Ireland after 1928 (the year Years rejected *The Silver Tassie* and O'Casey departed for England), it is appalling that we seldom or never see the plays he did write in the following three decades. The man's ideas, stagecraft, inventions and, yes, eventual crankiness, give him the right to be studied, even if only as a season of rehearsed readings in the Cottesloe or the Pit.

Jeremy Kingston

Richness in the Easter revolt

THEATRE

The Plough and the Stars

Lyric Theatre, Belfast

reverse, a development subtly traced in Sheila McGibbon's performance.

The Polish director, Helena Kant-Hawson gives her cast the

duty of rearranging scenery between acts. In the opening tableau, armed members of the Citizen's Army watch from behind a corner of the scenery while women stare from steps and windows.

Giving the actors who play Clithero, Flinther, even the consumptive Mollser, the job of carrying in the chairs, moving walls and lighting the coffin candles, brings an extraordinary sense of a whole community existing behind and around the

events foregrounded by O'Casey. By the time we reach the last act, British Tommy's have largely taken their place, for they are occupying the streets outside, and it is two of them who are left alone on stage at the fluently ironic end, joining in the chorus of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" while the flames from the GPO turn the window behind them red.

The play is also, of course, gorgeously funny, rocking back and forth between the absurd

antics of the civilian onlookers — Flinther, Young Covey, old Peter in his ostrich plumes — and the gasps of men dying on the same spot a few moments after.

The richness of this gallery of characters is lovingly brought out by the acting team, notably Mark Mulholland, Dan Gordon and John Hewitt playing the above named. The moment when Eleanor Methven's Nora can barely speak above a husky whisper for the anguish rising in her is most

Miming for the radio

The extension of silent pantomime into movement theatre that also accommodates speech has lately been winning new audiences for what used to be a cult entertainment.

As practised by the Complicité troupe in their season at the Almeida, it successfully combines precise physical skills with wider content in a richly enjoyable stylistic breakthrough. In the hands of their visitors — the Mime Theatre Project — it appears rather as a pretext for doing everything badly.

The joint creation of its three performers (Andrew Dawson, Oona Beeson, and Jozef Houben), *What is all the Dancing?* is a tongue-in-cheek melodrama whose ramshackle narrative and

What is all this Dancing?

technical ineptitude make you doubt their credentials in transatlantic ballet and French pantomime.

The central story, of a triangular love chase coming to sticky end in a station bar, is framed between two scenes in a radio studio.

It is typical of this mindless exercise that it should pick a radio play as the target for visual satire. Even so, the studio scenes, making fun of the kind of primitive sound effects that went out with TLO, are better value than the sight of the

two men battling for possession of the girl with mops and a toy pistol.

As directed by Gavin Robertson, their energy goes mainly into achieving a homogenized spectacle of dance, movement, and spasmodic utterance. It seems a purposeless enterprise, as it obliterates narrative focus without offering any separate stylistic pleasures. Work of this kind lives or dies by precision: when, as here, it is never better than approximate, the performance comes over as an infantile game.

Irving Wardle

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COLLECTING

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SALE SELECTION

ICONS AND RUSSIAN PICTURES: Highlights include a 15th-century Cretan icon of the Virgin (estimate £40,000-£60,000) and some marvellous 19th-century oils on an epic scale, such as Nevrev's "Marina Brought Face to Face with the Second False Dmitry" (estimate £5,000-£8,000). A bronze bust of Ivan the Terrible is expected to sell around the £500 mark. Sotheby's, 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1 (01-493 8080), Mon, 10.30am and 2.30pm.

SOOTHEBY'S IN SUSSEX: Charming but inexpensive English oils, prints and watercolours are offered here at the saleroom's leafy rural outpost. Sotheby's, Summers Place, Basingstoke, West Sussex (040381 3833), Mon: oils and prints 11am-5pm; watercolours 2pm-5pm; antique and decorative furniture 10.30am-11am; scientific instruments and mechanical music 2pm.

MODERN BRITISH PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE: A host of turn-of-the-century minor masterpieces, including several by Dame Laura Knight. Her striking portrait of Jane, Lady Kelly, in blue and orange will fetch around £20,000-£40,000. Rural scenes by Sir Alfred Munnings also into five figures; several works of the matchstick school by Lowry. Phillips, 7 Blenheim Street, New Bond Street, London W1 (01-493 6602), Tues, 11am.

CERAMICS AND GLASS: English and Continental pieces, dating from the mid-17th century, including Royal Worcester figures (estimate up to £500), Doullon stoneware vases (estimate £500-£700 for a pair), and in the afternoon session, some elaborate Berlin painted plaques (up to £7,000). Sotheby's, 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1 (01-493 8080), Tues, 10am and 2.30pm.

VALUABLE PRINTED BOOKS: Scientific and medical tomes are the specialty of this sale, with a two-part work by the French 18th-century medic Jacques Fabien, including 20 life-size colour plates, as the expected top lot at £15,000-20,000. A few works of English literature are thrown in too: an American first edition of *After the World* at £2,000-£3,000; Christie's, 6 King Street, London SW1 (01-493 3080), Wed, 10.30am.

BRITISH PAINTINGS 1500-1850: Important works and hefty prizes. Van Dyck's magnificent portrait of the 4th Earl of Pembroke is expected to realise £200,000-£300,000; a fine family group by Gainsborough, £300,000-£500,000. A Reynolds of a Mrs Mathew and dog upwards of £200,000. Sotheby's, 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1 (01-493 8080), Wed, 11am.

SPINK COIN AUCTION: English and Scottish gold and silver coins, the Deben collection of farthings, and the Welton Collection of 17th-century tokens are the run-up to the star item: a gold Elizabeth I medal struck to celebrate the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Cavendish Hotel, Jermyn Street, London SW1 (01-930 2111), Wed, 10.30am.

MUSIC AND MANUSCRIPTS: Beethoven's autograph sketch-leaf for the "Archduke" piano trio is among the top prizes here (estimate £20,000-£30,000). Also autograph scores and letters from Beethoven, Brahms, Britten, Brecht. Top lot of all is likely to be the scrawled MS of Kafka's *The Trial*. Sotheby's, 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1 (01-493 8080), Thurs, 11am and 2.30pm; Fri, 11am.

IMPORTANT ENGLISH FURNITURE: A feast of Georgian giltwood, rosewood and mahogany. Christie's, as above, Thurs, 11am; Fri, 11am.

MOTORING AND AERONAUTICAL: Car mascots and badges, posters, prints and photos, classic car magazines; anything and everything for the motorist. Christie's, South Kensington, 85, Old Brompton Road, London SW7 (01-581 7611), Thurs, 10.30am.

"I can imagine," said the owner, "what you'll say about this — that it's an altered piece, because the drawer-front has been hinged at the bottom to make it into a writing leaf. And no doubt the shelves with their funny little brass bits holding them up have been added. But I don't care. I happen to like it."

"And so you should," said the valuer. "It's a very good Regency rosewood *bonheur-du-jour*, made about 1810, and it hasn't been altered in any way. There was one very like it in a Christie's sale last year that sold for £8,200."

"Really? Aunt Eulalie must be spinning in her grave from sheer euphoria. She used to call it her French what-not. Claimed it had something to do with Dame Margot Fonteyn and a chap called Percy."

"Perhaps she meant Perrier and Fontaine, the designers who invented the term 'interior decoration' and created the Empire style for Napoleon. Many Regency pieces resemble it, and your *bonheur-du-jour*, though unmistakably English, is a little like some of the furniture they dreamed up for the Empress Josephine at Malmaison."

"*Bonheur-du-jour* means 'luck of the day', doesn't it? Eight thousand pounds! Certainly it's my lucky day. But if it's English, why give it a French name?"

"French cabinet-makers first introduced it in the 1760s as a small writing table with shelves, and it immediately became highly fashionable, which was lucky for them. They adapted it to suit the succeeding changes of style, and the English took it up with equal success."

"But why did we have to borrow from the French in 1810, when we were at war with Napoleon? Didn't we have any designers in England?"

"Plenty. Sheraton's later designs included quite a few in the Regency version of the neo-classical style, though some of them are a bit odd — he was going *ga-ga* at the time. Thomas Hope, an antiquarian and amateur architect, published designs in 1807 based on what was then known about Egyptian, Greek and Roman furniture. George Smith, a cabinet-maker, issued his collected designs — some classical, some Gothic Revival, some Chinese — in 1808. In 1809, Ackermann...

"Quite so. But it all sounds rather cosmopolitan. Hardly patriotic."

"On the contrary, the Gothic style was called 'British', and sphinx heads, already in limited use on both French and English furniture before Napoleon's conquest of the Nile stimulated the fashion, appeared on a lot more English pieces after he was kicked out of Egypt. As a compliment to our navy, tables were carved with dolphin-shaped legs, based on the Greek *kissmos*, had horizontal bars in the backs representing ships' ropes. A London firm that made them re-named its factory in honour of Nelson's final victory, and that type of chair is still known as Trafalgar."

"Oh, good. I must tell Hugo. He can't bear too much French influence. Doesn't mind claret, so long as you don't call it Bordeaux, but wouldn't touch a Golden Delicious if it was handed to him personally by Eve. Tell me — what's the most concerning brass inlay? I always thought it was de rigueur for Regency furniture, but there doesn't seem to be much on your *bonheur-du-jour*, unless you count those straight lines. Nothing French about them, I trust?"

"Only a trace. They're an example of the technique at its simplest — using brass strips to emphasize the line. Boulle inlaid metal into veneers of wood and tortoiseshell during the reign of Louis XIV, and it never went totally out of fashion until the Revolution. Refugee craftsmen — notably Louis Le

Regency furniture makers were a cosmopolitan lot. The secrets of the Nile may lurk in English-made French what-not

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Gaigneur — revived the craft in London, inlaying brass into rosewood and mahogany rather than shell. But about 1815, elaborate fretted patterns were appearing on cabinet doors and table tops — the sort of thing that now brings high prices."

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"I think I'd rather wait for another aunt to remember me kindly."

Peter Philip

Christmas Gift Guide

FOR EVERYONE

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BOOKS

Food for Bunter's fans

Byron Rogers
tucks into
the life of the
genius of
Greyfriars,
Frank Richards

With any luck this will be 1,000 words long. Machine-guns, when Frank Richards was a boy, fired 75 shots a minute, something he never quite managed on his Remington, not even in his pomp when he was averaging 50 words a minute. I would have taken him all of 20 minutes to write this review. The 80,000 words a day if not. He was the most prolific writer there has ever been, turning out the equivalent of 1,000 novels, so that the Guinness Book of Records was started out of superlatives to make a joke: "He enjoyed the advantages of the use of electric light rather than candle-light, and of being unmarried."

This book is not a biography. Mary Cadogan calls it "a celebration of his life and works", only the life is over and done with in perhaps 5,000 words, an hour and a half to Frank on a good day. But then there was no life. The man wrote. And wrote and wrote and wrote. He wrote from nine o'clock to one, from three to six. When he had finished writing he read Horace in the original. Day after day, week after week, decade after decade, and the events of the 20th century were somewhere else, rising and falling like the keys of an automatic piano.

All that is known for certain about him is that he was born (in a tenanted house in Ealing), grew up (at least physically) and went bald, owned several houses, loved gambling, wore indoor shoes in a skull cap and a purple dressing gown all day long, smoked a pipe and had a cat. It is thought he may have been engaged to a girl called Agnes, but briefly. Mary Cadogan does not mention that his father, a journalist, described himself as "a carpenter" on the boy's birth certificate. Evasion



and fantasy ran in the family. Charles Hamilton (Frank Richards was one of 20 aliases) wrote an autobiography but in the third person (and as Frank Richards). He forgot to mention his childhood in this, though on another occasion he claimed it had been spent in Canada.

You may remember the kerfuffle at his death in 1961 when the press tried to establish where he had been educated, this man with more boarding schools in his books than Gabbitts and Turing. His sister, I think it was, said she wasn't sure but wherever it was it had been "a very good school". Mary Cadogan writes of various private schools in Ealing and Chiswick, while E. S. Turner in the DNB mentions church schools.

It was council school boys who read him, as Orwell noted, and as I read him, costly at home, far from that lunatic world of bachelor schoolmasters and prefects and codes of honour. That was part of

FRANK RICHARDS
By Mary Cadogan
Viking, £14.95

the joy of it. The rest was Bunter. Take Bunter out of the stories and there is not much left, as there is not much in *Henry IV* without Falstaff. Who cares what happens to Harry Wharton or Prince Hal, winners both? Bunter was on such a scale that as soon as he appeared, this bleggert, coward, snob, liar, and glutton, everyone around him sank into a freeze of gentility. Except for Vernon-Smith perhaps, the Boulder, who smoked, drank (he came smashed out of his skull to Greyfriars), but was basically sound, unlike the monster Bunter. But, like him, on the outside of all that honour, Frank, having not done too well with his investments, made him a stockbroker's son. But you tend to remember the Boulder.

This is why Mary Cadogan's book is so fascinating, for it is a celebration of the works, allowing you to meet old friends in their strange beginnings (Bunter, she reveals, was just stupid to begin with), and in adventures you have never read. This amazing woman seems to have read the lot, and apologizes to the publishers for her delay in producing this book. All Frank's comic foreigners are here, to whom Orwell objected, prompting Frank to reply that foreigners WERE comic; they had no sense of humour. On a train Figgins of St Jim's meets an elderly Frenchman and is disgusted because the man is so immaculately dressed. But then he moves and Figgins hears a distinct creak. THE MAN IS WEARING CORSETS.

When real life intrudes into this world it is rather like a space probe. A boy called Skimpole, the school idiot (the wears specs), becomes "a real, giddy, red-hot

Socialist". Gussy, he of the monocle and the top hat, turns "swagman" but is beaten up by the real suffragettes. Women in Frank Richards, while able to bring out the best in a chap, are also capable of anything. Real life seems to have been like a space probe in his own life as well. Ambling round Austria with his sister (but still posting home the 80,000 weekly words) he was overtaken by the First World War. An armed sentry was put outside his hotel door while Frank inside wrote about Greyfriars.

Of course the books are repetitive. As Mary Cadogan says, water is very important in them, for out of rivers boys can be rescued, heroic deeds accomplished, bullies reconciled. The working class intrudes about as rarely as in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* and, again as in Malory, is violent and slightly absurd.

But I loved them at the time. They were funny, predictable (very important that), and almost as important, had food in them. Oddly enough the classical imagery and similes, which I ignored then, do seem to have stayed irritatingly with me. What name did bloody Achilles take among the women? At the end of this book you ask yourself, how did he do it? How could he do it? In one of his rare comments Frank in old age said he had never experienced any strain in writing ("Sometimes it almost feels like writing to dictation"). So he was happy, bliss him. He was also without doubts. "Joyce told a man once that he had made good progress that afternoon: he had written one sentence. After that it hardly needs a glance at his work to see that it is worthless."

Mary Cadogan calls him a phenomenon, this strange little man who wrote about a way of life he had never experienced and places he had never seen, and leaves it at that. There is some suggestion that, like many writers, he obscurely hoped for a rescue of some kind, but he had a trade, was good at it, and got on with it. He was a lucky man. In the year of his death, aged 85, he wrote a Bunter story in Latin for the TES ("cachinnat Bunterus"). He was ill for a few days and died in his sleep. It was, of course, Christmas Eve.

A latter-day female Philby

THRILLERS
Tim Heald

SPY BOOK
By Len Deighton
Hutchinson, £11.95

The new Deighton takes over, more or less, where the old trilogy, "Game, Set and Match" left off. As one particularly obnoxious hoodlum observes, "We wonder what's happening to you, Bernard baby." And we do, we do. For Bernie Samson is so vulnerable, so bloody-minded, and above all, so accident prone, that you can't help worrying about him.

The main accident and the one which gets this multi-volume juggernaut on the road is the defection of Bernie's high-flying wife from our side to theirs. Fiona is a latter-day Kim Philby. I have to admit that I find her preposterous because I can't envisage anyone called Fiona being a high-powered double — or is she a treble? — agent. But then you think of real life as evidenced by Blunt, Philby and gang and you have to ask who is being the more absurd — Deighton or God?

The action weaves around from London to Berlin, where I have to confess that old Frank with his Duke Ellington and his Scotch and his fastidiousness over dirty bath water in the drawing room is beginning to grow on me, too.

All in all I enjoyed this more than any Deighton in years. It seemed cleaner and less convoluted than some of the recent books. If I have a quibble it would be that what pundits call "the Reichenbach stratagem" is dangerously close to a cop-out and should never be used more than once per book. But I must say no more or I'll give too much away. The Crime Writers' Association award their Gold Dagger next month. Deighton has yet to win one, unlike Ambler and Le Carré. This year, once more, he's failed to make the short list. Shame.

A Prospect of Vengeance, by Anthony Price (Gollancz, £11.95). Anthony Price HAS won the Gold Dagger in the past, and is an extremely superior thriller writer and back, being the recently retired editor of the *Oxford Times*. His running character is Dr David Audley, an ex-rugger-playing archaeologist and spook, and although he makes a peculiarly delayed appearance in this latest book his presence is pervasive from the moment our heroine asks, in italics, "Have you ever heard of a man named Audley?"

Regular readers have, of course,

heard of Audley. He is a complex character and this is a complex book. Investigative journalists start worrying away at the 10-year-old mystery death of another spook by the name of Masson. He was supposed to have drowned at sea, but he is accidentally exhumed on dry land by some children indulging in some amateur archaeological excavation. It all ties in, sort of, with the gunning down of an IRA terrorist called "Mad Dog" O'Leary. Superior stuff, as always, but you do have to be on your best Times crossword puzzling form to catch all the references and nuances.

The Bearpit, by Brian Freemantle (Constable, £11.95). Freemantle's usual running character is Charlie Muffin, but I couldn't find him here unless he's defected to the KGB and started calling himself Vassil or Alexander. As you would expect from this accomplished ex-Fleet Street pro this is a high veneer, if ultimately unsurprising, KGB-CIA adventure involving bed, booze, broads, hit-and-run accidents, and astonishingly sensitive outdoor bugging devices.

Koko, by Peter Straub (Viking, £12.95). Very long, quite absorbing tale of Vietnam vets, one of whose number flips and starts murdering people in Singapore. The corpses are mutilated and left with playing cards in their mouths. This is an authentic hardback nasty complete with what I think are drooling accounts of torture and snuff-sessions.

A Twist in the Tale, by Jeffrey Archer (Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95). The Literary Editor has drawn my attention to this collection of short stories which seem to me a characteristic addition to the Archer oeuvre, and certain to delight his many fans. There are 12 of them — the short stories, I mean.

Role call for princely virtues

Alan Hamilton tells us that the Prince of Wales has become "withdrawn, to the extent that he will no longer agree to interviews with authors attempting a serious appraisal of his work". None of these authors was therefore granted any special help, though interestingly all three have approached the Prince and his work responsibly and sympathetically. Anthony Holden declares that he is "glad of the consequent freedom to be objective". His involvement with the Prince of Wales's story is more than a decade old, and it must not be forgotten that he was the author who first revealed the Prince as a solitary, thinking man (in his 1979 biography).

This widely held view that Holden is some kind of friend, and even confidant, of the Prince (one that Holden consistently denies) has nevertheless put him in an excellent position to receive important information from friends, colleagues and advisers. His new book is a work of considerable confidence and at the same time more outspoken than his earlier one. I am willingly convinced that this is as near the truth as we are

ever likely to hear it. Holden has already covered the first 30 years succinctly in his previous book. Thus these are only lightly reviewed here. Interestingly neither of his rivals has come up with anything new or contradictory on that score. An accepted line has been agreed and having read three versions in one week I hope I don't have to read any more. For example, Prince Charles did not drink cherry brandy as an indication of incipient alcoholism, but to escape the Press; he worshipped Lord Mountbatten; found his father an admirable role model but not an easy man; and so on.

It is Holden's belief that the Prince has decided he would rather be remembered as an innovative Prince of Wales, since as King he will be hampered by constitutional restrictions. The Queen had already been on the throne for 15 years by the age of 40, so most of his active years will be as Prince. Then there is the example of the Duke of Windsor saying "Something must be done", and disappearing.

Prince Charles is determined to see results. His recent fluent

Hugo Vickers

CHARLES
A Biography
By Anthony Holden
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £12.95
CHARLES
By Alan Hamilton
Collins, £10.95
PRINCE CHARLES
A Study in Development
By Peter Lane
Robert Hale, £12.95

appearance on the television has done his image a considerable amount of good. His dry sense of humour (seemingly dormant of late) was once again in evidence. Holden has done him a great service by explaining his involvement with the youth business schemes, the inner cities and the world of architecture. Above all the Prince is depicted not as a loony naturalist wandering aimlessly in the Kalahari desert, but as a man who has found his role and is busily putting his ideals into practice.

The sad feature of the narrative is how little support the Prince has received from his marriage. Lady Diana Spencer was a bride so perfect that it seemed impossible to have dreamed her up. But since the wedding some credence has been given to the cynical view that the Prince was the only man in

London not in love with her. Holden presents a strong case for believing that the Princess has fallen in love with her camera image and cannot resist upstaging her husband at every opportunity. He now makes a point of leaving her behind if he has anything important to say lest his words are lost in a Press post-mortem about her hemline. I hope that she is more privately supportive of him than we are led to believe.

Holden decries the Press handling of the Waleses and certainly they would save themselves a lot of unnecessary innuendo if they occasionally appeared in the kind of loving photos that Prince and Princess Michael of Kent submitted to at Wimbledon after an ugly week of rumours in 1985. Holden leaves the Prince on an upward cycle, after a bad 1987 and the Klosters tragedy of earlier this year.

Holden's rivals are also thoughtful, well-meaning, and by and large well informed. Alan Hamilton's occasionally bemused style is most engaging and he adds eye-witness accounts of the Prince on tour from his travels as this paper's "estimable, court correspondent" (Holden's words). Peter Lane's account, again thorough, is unfortunately let down by a number of howlers, the worst being the recurring mistaken identity of Mrs Parker-Bowles, who he believes was Lady Camilla Fanc.

The Literary Editor's selection of interesting books published this week:

FICTION

Blackeyes, by Dennis Potter (Faber, £3.95) *Clever roman noir cum literary thriller*, in which elderly, has-been author steals his beautiful, fashion-model niece's life, embroiling it with his own quirky insights into a runaway best-seller.

Chatterton, by Peter Ackroyd (Abacus, £3.95) *Shortlisted for last year's Booker*, brilliant, funny, and intricate interweaving of lives and works of Thomas Chatterton, 18th-century wonderboy forger, the Victorian Henry Wallis who painted his suicide, and comic modern literary eccentrics on the trail.

Cuckoo, by Linda Anderson (Brandon, £3.95) *Clever woman grows up*, comes to terms with her sexuality, and makes sense of the bigotry and death of her bloody Ulster adolescence.

Fiddle City, by Dan Kavanagh (Penguin, £2.50) *Runawaywise insider's sly and funny thriller* set in Thelthrow (Heathrow) with customs men hot on trail of airport villains, and Duffy, a bisexual sleuth with a fridge called Golditz and a passion for Tupperware.

Masterworks of the French Cinema, introduced by John Weightman (Faber, £7.95) *Screenplays of The Italian Straw Hat, La Grande Illusion, La Ronde, & The Wages of Fear*. The best films are French.

The Campbell Companion, edited & introduced by Ulick O'Connor (Fontana, £3.50) *Selection of best pieces* by Patrick Campbell, the clown-stammering humorist's humorist.

The Cornelius Chronicles, 1

The Final Programme & A Cure for

QUICK GUIDE

Cancer, 2 the English Assassin & The Condition of Muzak, by Michael Moorcock (Fontana, £4.95 each) *Scott saga of a modern myth character living in a fantasy world*, a new Messiah who doesn't let himself be ruled by inevitability.

The Model, by Robert Ackman (Robinson, £2.95) *Symbolic fantasy of young girl's journey across* *Czarist Russia in hope of becoming a ballerina*, guided only by dreams and promises, and crossing a landscape filled with extraordinary characters and creatures.

More Home Life, by Alice Thomas Ellis (Hutchinson, £3.95) *Domestic goings-on and the vicissitudes of everyday life* seen by the blearest eyes and

recorded by the witliest, witchiest pen in weekly journalism.

A Dictionary of True Etymologies, by Adrian Room (Routledge, £8.95) *Does salmonella come from eating tinned fish? What is the connection between Jerusalem and artichokes? Sound and witty wordsmith gives the true derivations of interesting words.*

Critique of Cynical Reason, by Peter Sloterdijk, translated by Michael Eldred (Verso, £14.95) *Cut classic of contemporary* *German pessimism and Angst*, striking a chord with the young, published two centuries after Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*.

Hostage in Peking, by Anthony Grey (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £5.95) *Harrowing and sensible account of 26 months of the occupational hazard of our foul age*, life as a hostage.

Journey from Obscurity, by Harold Owen, abridged by Hilary Gornall, introduced by John Wain (Oxford, £5.95) *Younger brother of Wilfred Owen* writes autobiographical trilogy, family portrait valuable for its view of the future poet as elder brother.

Lost Diaries & Dead Letters, by Maurice Baring (Alan Sutton, £4.95) *Dated (but lovely) pages from the Dead Letter Office* reveal such matters as Queen Guinevere's agonies over the quest list for jousts, and Hamlet living it up at Balliol as the Varsity fencing match approaches.

The Enigmatic Edwardian, by James Lees-Milne (Sidgwick & Jackson, £8.95) *The life of* *Reginald Brett*, 2nd Viscount Esher, half a soldier, half a politician, half a diplomatist, half a man of letters, half a man of taste, all a man of enormous background influence.

NON-FICTION

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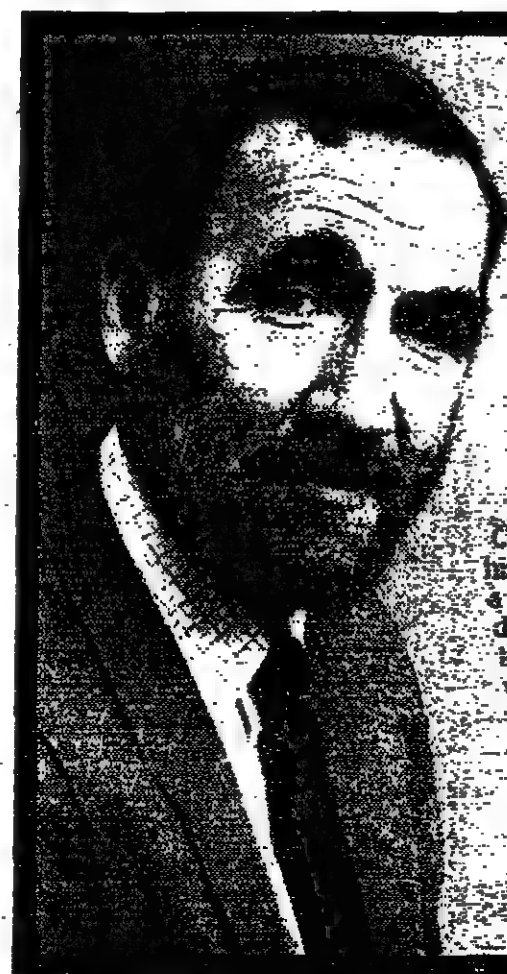
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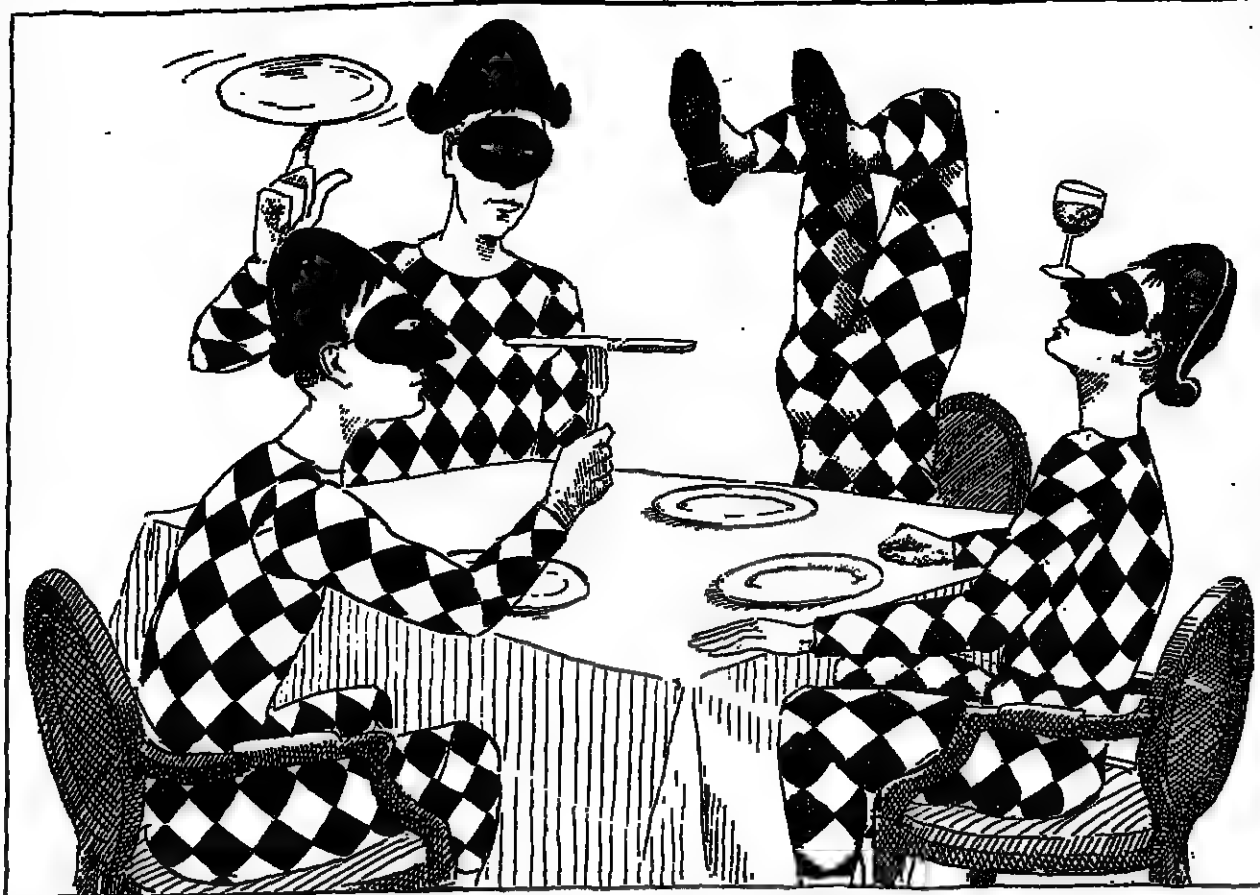
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EATING OUT

Starry eyed in Battersea

Jonathan Meades revisits L'Arlequin, home of the king pin of chefs who has recently been elevated to the highest league of gastronomy

FRANCIS MOSLEY



It is a mischievous rumour, with no foundation in philological fact, that the words *egon ronay* mean "remedial writing" in Magyar. It would, of course, be small wonder if they did mean that, but they don't and that's all there is to it. Well, just about all, for the annual guides that bear this name do give the unerring impression that they have been wrought as some sort of exercise by very slow learners — which wouldn't, I suppose, much matter if those slow learners, doughty under-achievers at that fingo lark, displayed some sort of taste in gastronomic affairs, or even a comprehensible consistency in their lack of taste. As it is there's no steadfast gauge, a failing which extends to their restaurant-of-the-year selections. These often appear to have been made by a blindfolded person with a pin. This year the pin has pricked the mint-green Battersea restaurant called L'Arlequin, so for the next 12 months its chef and owner, Christian Deltell, is king to the slow learners.

In view of what I've just said it must seem likely that I'm going to essay a regicide. Far from it, for the pin has by some happy fortuity pricked the right guy: this is a formidably talented cook, who has in the last couple of years allied a real taste to his already manifest technique.

Deltell is, evidently enough, a Frenchman, and from the south-west. *Chou* means many things in argot, most of them approbatory, affectionate — *mon petit chou* and so on. There is not much correspondence with unhappy English demotic uses of *cabbage*. This is a veg that has got a spot of respect in France, where no one ever had to suffer that terrible ammoniacal smell the stuff emits after two hours' cooking.

It's not just the English that had to suffer this malodour — it's still assaulting noses all across central and eastern Europe. There's a gag that goes like this: What do you call really good German cooking? You call it Alsatian cooking. The point being that Alsatis can take culinary formulae from across the Rhine and turn them into something special. And by that token, the

further you go west across France the better such dishes will become. I don't know if Deltell's stuffed cabbage is founded in the eastern European and thus Alsatian tradition, or whether it's a version of some old Auvergnat or Quercy dish; either way he acknowledges that it comes from somewhere or sometime by billing it as *à l'ancienne*. He raises the mere stuffed cabbage to undreamed-of heights — he uses a small Savoy, interleafs it with what is probably calf liver and pork (it is markedly, but sweetly and unaggressively, hepatic) and serves it with a tomato sauce thinned by good stock and peppered up by chives.

I've eaten this twice this year and I reckon — I know — that it's one of the finest confectations in London. The fact that one can start a meal

at L'Arlequin with a dish of such brilliance and continue it with no sense of disappointment suggests that this place is now something very special indeed. There are vestiges of the former stiffness — the (very good) bread is still served with fork and spoon, the wine waiter still treats you as though you're a student of *egon ronay* and assumes you have a problem with reading as well as with writing.

You: "Côte Rôtie."
Him: "It's red."
You: "I know. I know it's red. It says so even — *rouge*."
Him: "Yeah. Red."
This may have been prompted by his knowledge that I was going to eat fish and should thus obey the law — which makes more chromatic than gustatory sense — which deems that white wine "goes with" fish. But, against that, across the table we had

ordered lamb; Deltell cooks fish with red wine sauces; at a lunch to celebrate his *Egon Ronay* award — I'm biting the hand that fed — he served a red Graves with lobster.

Deltell's utter professionalism is evinced by not only what is on the plate but his absence from the dining room. He is a chef. He does not play the chef. I guess that were he a footballer, Brian or Jim would say that he talks with his feet. I'll say that he talks with his stove.

His stove speaks oaths. What I mean is that this is very gutsy cooking, very potent, flavoured, very confident; it eschews the timidity and rule-book reserve it used to have. You get the feeling that Deltell has at last rid himself of the idea that someone is looking over his shoulder and that he can let himself go. He serves fresh, fried foie

gras in massive portions with salad leaves bathed in walnut oil, a poached quail egg, diced tomato and slices of smoked goose ham whose fat infuses the salad and flavours the entire dish the way a goose is always happy to do.

Sea bass is given a strong and subtle coriander sauce and comes with buttery spinach — Deltell seems to have actually thought about palatal dissonance, he has allied brain and tongue and come up with the conclusion that the flesh of bass can cope with a strongly flavoured sauce provided that sauce is not jammy. I guess that this discovery might be attributed to the ubiquitous "oriental influence", but there is nothing overtly oriental about this dish, indeed it indicates the ability that truly gifted (ie mostly French) cooks have for assimilating alien notions.

There used here to be a dish of lamb cooked in a "salt crust": the crust was broken at the table with a rather fussy ceremony. That rite of spring-lamb has now disappeared but the meat, which may or may not be cooked by the same means, is better than ever. It is served with a "tian" of trompettes de mort, chanterelles, spinach and tomatoes. Its sauce, like all Deltell's sauces, is thin, strong yet gentle — he is no fan of the Bovril school.

Cheeses represent a victory for cow over goat: the latter were not quite at their peak. The bread they are served with is starred with walnuts and lightly toasted, it's every grain as fine as the bread which is served throughout the meal. Deltell is happily saddled with the reputation of making the best sorbets in London; he also turns out a pretty neat honey ice-cream and the most marvellous creation called a nougat place, which is a must for any devotee of candied fruit and angelica.

All this comes at a highish price — at lunchtime there is a bargain set menu at £14.50, which means that two will probably spend just over £40 if they drink modestly. In the evening you are liable to more than double that figure. With two aperitifs, no digestifs and a bottle of Chateau de Blonde, the bill was £109.

With the exception of the wine waiter's performance in the early part of the evening — he also delivered a wrong order and shruggingly refused to believe that he'd made a mistake — it is difficult to find any fault. Even he cheered up later. I suppose that one might adversely criticize the prissy little plates of vegetables, but for the rest all one can do is congratulate the place on its pinchbeck award and state with no equivocation that L'Arlequin is now in the very highest league of British restaurants.

L'ARLEQUIN
★★★★★
123 Queensdown Road
London SW8 (01-622 0555).
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This is a selection of restaurants that will be open for lunch and/or dinner on Christmas Day. The dishes described are included to give an indication of the cooking but many will be serving a special menu at a set price. Stars — up to a maximum of 10 — are for cooking rather than swags and chandeliers. Prices quoted are for a three-course meal with drinks for two. It is advisable to reserve your table well in advance as the restaurants are likely to be fully-booked. J.M.

Four Seasons
Inn on the Park, Hamilton Place, London W1 (01-493 0888)
★★★★★
First-floor dining room with panoramic views of cars dicing down Park Lane. Cooking of a high standard and in the restaurant is close to France than many French restaurants in London. Waiters wear a sort of British Rail uniform and are forever trying to sell you something. £85.

The Oak Room
Le Meridien, Piccadilly, London W1 (01-734 8000)
★★★★★
Fascinatingly opulent Edwardian baroque dining room with brilliant French cooking by David Chambers — trestles of turkey and salmon with lobster sauce, sea bass with a moussé of foie gras and salmon, beef with lactarian mushrooms and spinach. There are rarely mistakes of either taste or technique, but portions tend to the miserly and mark-ups on the impressive wines are greedy. Nevertheless, the finest of London's grand hotel restaurants and an unmitigated treat — if you are not paying. £120.

Le Soufflé
Inter-Continental Hotel, 1 Hamilton Place, London W1 (01-493 3131)
★★★★★
Less formulaic than that of most grand hotels, the cooking here is individual and highly accomplished and of course the soufflés are not bad at all though they do strive for novelty such as cheese soufflé with walnuts and a compote of pears and shallots. Veal with kidney, noodles and grain mustard sauce is first rate and the puddings are fine. Clientele is flash, and at odds with the elephantine good taste of the décor. Good natured service. £90.

L'Auberge de Provence
St James's Court Hotel, 41 Buckingham Gate, London SW1 (01-821 1899)
★★★★★
Seriouly overpriced hotel restaurant which is run in consultation with L'Oustau de Baumond near Arles. The cooking is more authentically Provencal than the rather ornate décor which is not saying much. Most dishes are a touch too overelaborate really to work. The wines are greatly priced, the service is very friendly and rather chequic. £110.

Dukes Hotel
St James's Place, London SW1 (01-491 4840)
★★★★★
Elegant intimate hotel whose restaurant serves ancien régime grub of more interest to the student of the British Way of Life than the gastronomic. Horrible prices: £110 (at least).

Connaught Hotel Restaurant
Carlos Place, London W1 (01-493 7070)
★★★★★
This reputation is one thing the actually another. The reputation is self-perpetuating and scarce punters into missing the old-Grand activity for something grand; the endlessly showy service conspires to achieve this end. The cooking is no more than mediocre: lamb in a soggy pastry crust, bulging mushroom duxelles, ice-cream that tastes like Mr Whippy creations; crummy petits fours. £126.

Ritz
150 Piccadilly, London W1 (01-493 8181)
★★★★★
Beautiful restaurant of the fashionable and Jean Collins. It's worth patronising in spite of the kitchen which rarely rises above the ordinary; watery maitre d' sweetly; drizzly chicken liver with leaden salmon mousse. Puddings are rather better — such as bread and butter pudding, and lemon tart. £90.

The Kingfisher
Halcyon Hotel, 81 Holland Park Avenue, London W1 (01-727 7268)
★★★★★
Pratentious, genteel, technically sound cooking in the airy restaurant of a two hotel force gras with pear and grapes; duck, buried by Chinese five spice powder and apples and tangerines. Octonouches are good; salt cod breaded as a garnish to turkey, most sweets, the cheeses. Fairly expensive wines of some note. £110.

Capitol Hotel
22 Basil Street, London SW3 (01-589 5171)
★★★★★
Small Knightsbridge private restaurant with swish elegant dining room and mostly congenial service. Philip Britten, sometime number two to Nico Ladens, cooks some very good food. Excellent sweetbread with tomato, basil and olives, good scallop, cauliflower. Justly reputed winner of the well heated. £100.

Number 12
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, London SW1 (01-330 1489/1919)
★★★★★
Jean Louis Taillebourg, one of London's star chefs of the early 80s, returns to his adopted city. On this performance he is unlikely to enhance his reputation. The cooking is over-ambitious, inaccurately breaded and far too expensive. £80.

Dolphin Square
Dolphin Square, Chichester Street, London SW1 (01-822 3207/630 6231)
★★★★★
High camp décor in the marine style, designed by Glynn Boyd. There is a professional cocktail bar and the place is altogether soigné. The cooking is unimpressive apart from the sweets. Eccentric wine list. £88.

RESTAURANT GUIDE

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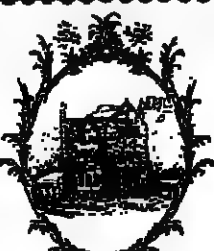
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Clove, Apple and Honey Sauce

★★★
Rissole Potatoes/Mashed New Potatoes
Seasonal Vegetables

★★★
Christmas Pudding
Brandy Sauce or Fresh Cream
Beverage of choice

★★★
Mince Pies

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Coffee

★★★
Traditional Fruit Bowl

★★★★★
£27.95

Christmas Party Menu

Billy Boy Soup

★★★
St. James Cap, Assorted Seasonal Fruits, Chilled

★★★
Sea Food Shell

★★★
Fillet of Sole Steamed £1.25 extra

★★★
Roast Kentish Turkey

★★★
Chipolatas, Cranberry Sauce & Stuffing

★★★
Stuffed with Crab & Lobster Sauce,
Seasonal Vegetables

★★★
Christmas Pudding & Brandy Sauce

★★★
Chocolate Fudge Gâteaux

★★★
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★★★
Mince Pies

★★★
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FOOD

Boxed in a pretty pickle

Jars of chutney and pickled walnuts are making a comeback

ANDREW BOURNE



Traditional tastes: flavours from English Provender

Pickles have just become the first form of food to have their own national network television show. *The Perfect Pickle Programme*, presented by Davilla David and David Mabey, started on BBC2 on Wednesday, and there are five more helpings to come. Why should pickles be so honoured? There has been no *Pie Programme*, *Sausage Show*, or *Fish and Chipper*.

The answer could be that pickles are central to cultures the world over — and a cornerstone of our national culinary tradition of which we can be especially proud. In fact, though, it would be truer to say that it is because pickles have been a private passion of the producer, David Collinson, for years. The more such passions are indulged, the better television will be.

An accompanying book (BBC Enterprises, £3.95) provides 150 recipes for those who want to pickle at home, but the truth, which the programmes joyously celebrate, is that there is already a renaissance in the art of pickling and a growing number of cottage industrialists willing to undertake the work for you.

Mass-produced commercial pickles vary from harsh to horrible. Extraordinarily, they are preserves to which preservatives have to be added. Manufactured in minutes on a scale which demands the use of emulsifiers to keep the machinery moving, the makers feel unable to rely on the preservative power of vinegar (or, in some cases, non-brewed condiment or industrial spirit vinegar), salt or sugar to keep the product properly. Hence the E numbers, indicating additives on the ingredients list, the sell-by dates, and the deterioration sometimes apparent in jars that have been left too long on shelves or warehouses.

Go to Elstone's green-grocers at 38, Princess Street, Knutsford, Cheshire, and you will find that Mrs Sheila Elstone can sell her piccalilli and banana chutney and her pickled eggs, red cabbage, and onions with the boast that "the only E is in Elstone". Mrs Elstone began her bottling to use up the shop's glut of fruit and vegetables. Now they have become a staple of the business.

Disconcertingly, Mrs Elstone says she would like to have a recipe for something like Branston, the commercial

brand leader. For all that the Princess of Wales is claimed to be unable to imagine a pie without it, and British film stars in Hollywood are said to send home for it, Branston seems mediocre stuff when compared to home-made. If Mrs Elstone produced a Branston it would, quite simply, be a much better product. Carole Evans makes at the Roebuck, Brimfield, Hereford & Worcester, bear no relation to the soft, black imitations widely sold elsewhere.

Clare Benson, of Rendcomb near Cirencester in Wiltshire, makes 41 different jams, preserves and pickles in redundant dairy buildings on her husband's farm. Under her Clare's Kitchen label she supplies 45 shops in London and 40 in the West Country, mostly in the wholefood trade. Cranks use her delicious apricot and ginger chutney (made with apple juice, not vinegar) in their sandwiches and she eats it herself with a baked

potato at lunchtime. She also makes organic chutneys of apple, carrot, and tomato and marrow, using no salt in the first two and organic cider vinegar in place of malt. With two full-time helpers and several part-timers, she manages 60,000 jars a year, which means hand-bottling at a rate of 68 jars an hour, and, for lack of extra workers out in the countryside, she can scarcely keep up with demand.

Outside Brighton Mrs Wendy Brandon uses no salt or sugar in any of her pickles and chutneys. A former school-teacher who lived for a while in the West Indies, her six varieties are Jamaican mango, date, ginger and fig, apricot, Kashmiri apple, and aubergine and sweet pepper. They sell in Harrods as well as health food shops, at about £1.40 to £1.60 a half pound, and the recipe leaflet she distributes includes ideas for quickly brightening up home cookery — for instance by baking whitefish in foil with a

little oil and a dab of mango chutney.

Some of the pickle and chutney makers have passed from the cottage industry into the factory age. Cartwright & Butler started from seven jars of chutney which Marion Butler made when she tired of throwing pots and playing the piano. Now the business occupies a factory at Wells-next-the-Sea with 40 employees, and exports more preserves than it sells in Britain. About a fifth of the multi-million pound production is in pickles, such as sweet cucumber and a range of 10 chutneys among which a favourite is apple and tomato filled with nuts, raisins and spices.

Rapidly growing is the English Provender Company, operating from a converted barn at Aldreth, Cambridgeshire, and now enjoying the financial backing of the Curwin Group. It is based on the savoury recipes of Mrs Anne Parker, and already produces three ranges — Country Diary Provisions (packaged in designs from Edith Holden's best-selling *Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady*), New English Provender in smart square jars, and Great British Eccentrics, a "gentlemen's" range.

Though the English Provender Company does use malt vinegar for the English market it is already making bespoke chutneys with Beaumont, Chablis and Chardonnay, for the United States.

Mrs Parker's revivals include sherry sauce (a pickle, since it is sherry with chilies steeped in it), which stood on Edwardian sideboards to be splashed on to sausages and steaks, and spiced plum chutney (to go with pork). One of her inventions is Very Lazy Garlic, a chopped and pickled garlic, which has been so successful as a cooking aid that it may lead to a whole Very Lazy range.

The pickle revival may be related to the renewed interest in traditional British cookery, and has come about because people are fed up with the lack of variety and quality in the mass-produced market. But now English Provender, for instance, is getting into regional supermarkets such as Morrison's in the north and E.H. Booth in the north-west, and convenience stores like Cullen's in the south-east.

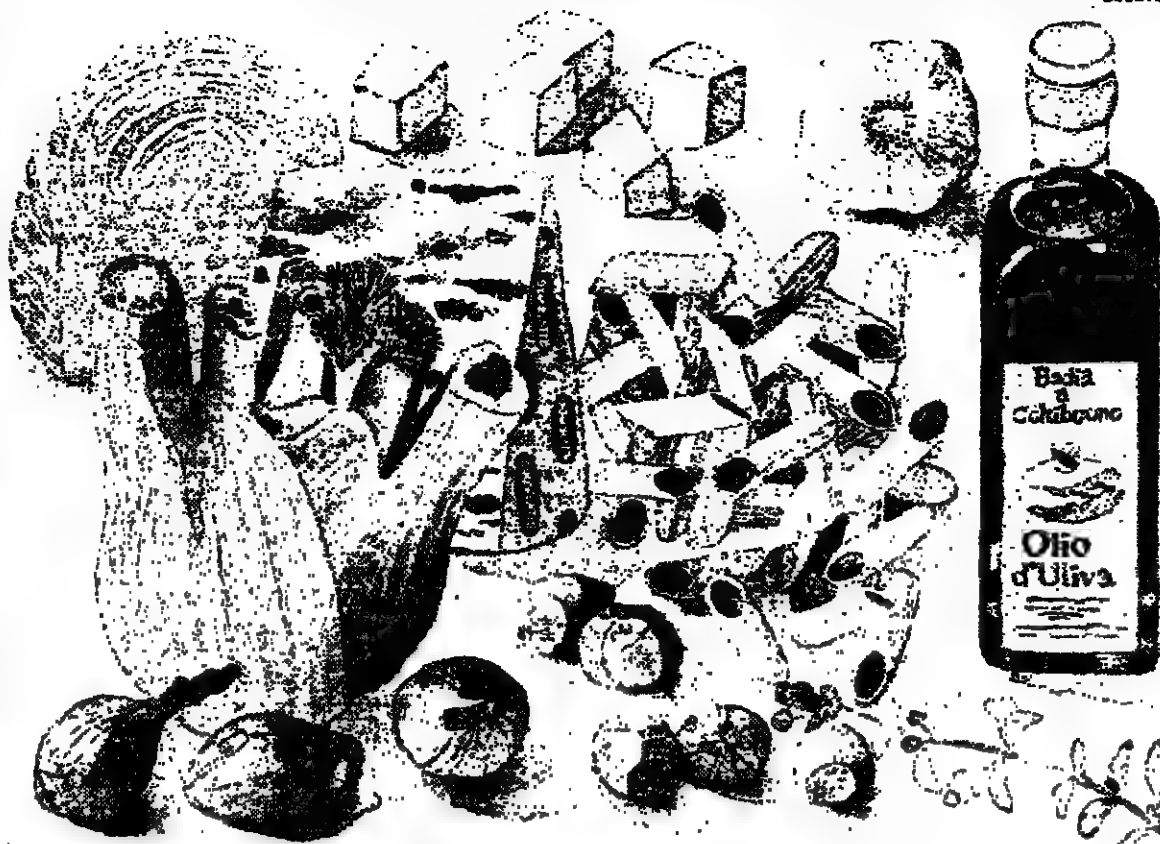
Robin Young

THE TIMES COOK

Italian ways with the language of kitchens

Frances Bissell checks the books for instructions on new ways to cook the homely, but heavenly, staples of *la cucina italiana*

DIANA LEADBETTER



As it has been nearly six months since I have written about Italian food, I feel that I can indulge in it once more without the risk of anyone complaining of a surfeit of *la cucina italiana*. Hardly a week goes by without us having at least two pastas and a risotto, for we never tire of this food. Judging from the number of new Italian cookery books about, we are not alone in this passion. Gino Santini's book on *La Cucina Venetiana* (Ebury Press, £14.95) with handsome and evocative photographs of the Veneto by Anthony Blake is part cookbook, part travelogue and part autobiography. His discourse on risotto is admirably clear to the point that a good risotto is within everyone's reach. And I love the chapter on vegetables, which gives the vegetable its rightful place in a meal — that of a dish in its own right, rather than a supporting role. Four pages are devoted to the making of polenta, one of the cornerstones of Venetian cooking but far too good, I feel, just to restrict to a Venetian meal.

Italy's *The Beautiful Cookbook* by Lorenza de Medici (Merrell Press, £19.95), contains descriptions of the richly varied regional cooking of Italy, combined with a structure that takes you through the various components of an Italian meal. Its glossy appearance should not hide the fact that its recipes are easily achievable at home, provided that you have good fresh produce. However, measuring 10in by 14in and weighing 5lb, *Italy The Beautiful Cookbook* is for large, smart coffee tables, not for a cosy read in bed.

Fortunately Antonio Carluccio's award-winning book, *An Invitation to Italian Cooking*, has been published in paperback by Pan for £8.95. It is impossible to read anything by Antonio and not want to put on the apron and sharpen the knives after a quick trip to Lina Stores in Soho or your equivalent local shop. In paperback his book is kitchen-size and practical, as well as a good bedtime read.

Here are some Italian dishes that I have enjoyed cooking recently. Fennel is one of my favourite vegetables which I use raw in salads, cooked in soups, and as a vegetable. This recipe is not based on any dish I have ever come across in Italy, but the inspiration certainly comes from the Italian way with vegetables, they are treated as an important part of any meal.

Fennel with cheese sauce
Serves 4
2 large round fennel bulbs, 12oz/340g each
salt
1/2oz/15g butter
2 shallots, peeled and finely chopped
1/2pt/70ml full cream milk
2oz/50g Gorgonzola or Dolcelatte cheese
2oz/50g Fontina or Caciotta cheese
2oz/50g ricotta

Trim the feathery tops from

the fennel and, if in good condition, keep about 2 tablespoons in reserve for decoration. Remove any bruised or broken leaves. Bring a large pan of lightly salted water to the boil. Cut the fennel bulbs in half down the middle and put them in the boiling water. Bring back to the boil and simmer for 10-20 minutes until just tender. The length of cooking time will depend on how fresh and juicy the fennel was to begin with. When the fennel is cooked, drain it. Remove the leaves in the centre, taking great care not to break them. Leave one complete layer of leaves so that a small bowl is formed in which to pour melted cheese. The leaves you have removed will serve as scoops to eat the cheese. Some of the broader ones can be cut in half down the middle. Put these to one side, covered in a colander set over hot water to keep them warm.

In a small saucepan melt the butter, and gently fry the shallots until soft. Pour on a little of the milk. Crumble in the blue cheese, cut the Fontina or Caciotta into small cubes, and put these in the pan together with the ricotta. Stir together, heating gently until melted, adding more milk if required, to make it a homogenous, creamy consistency. Pour into the fennel "bowls", and finish under a hot grill so that the cheese just begins to brown and bubble. Put on

individual serving plates, garnish with sprigs of fennel tops and serve with the reserved fennel leaves.

The following recipe is based on a dish cooked by Antonio Fiori, the young chef at La Sepia in London's Mount Street. I first met Antonio in the kitchens of the Inter-Continental Hotel in London, and he is now in charge of his own team, cooking light and interesting fish dishes and excellent pastas.

He readily admits to having adapted his recipe for hazelnut sauce for pasta from the current favourite in Italy, walnut sauce. Any of the short, chunky pastas will work well, particularly the penne (penne quilla) and rigatoni (ridged pasta tubes), but you could also try it with fresh tagliatelle. Hazelnut oil, available from well-stocked delicatessens and some supermarkets, is expensive, but a little goes a long way. It makes fine dressings for salads and is very good with fish.

Hazelnut sauce for pasta
Enough for 4 servings
3oz/85g shelled skinned hazelnuts
1oz/30g shelled unskinned hazelnuts
1 clove garlic
1 tsp salt
freshly ground white pepper
freshly grated nutmeg

3-4tbsp melted butter or sunflower oil
1tbsp hazelnut oil
If you have a food processor, all the ingredients can be put in it together and processed until smooth. For a coarser texture, do not leave the motor on continuously but switch on in short bursts until it achieves the texture you require. Otherwise, crush the hazelnuts by putting them in a sturdy paper or polythene bag and rolling or smashing them with a rolling pin until finely ground, and then mixing with the rest of the ingredients. Heat the sauce gently in a small saucepan and then stir it into freshly cooked pasta. For a more liquid sauce, add extra melted butter or oil.

One of the most succulent cuts of meat when carefully cooked is the chopped skirt of beef or veal, which contains the rich buttery marrow to give the meat flavour and the sauce an unctuous texture. Veal is used to make the classic Italian osso-buco, a warming, slow-cooked dish flavoured also with wine or stock and the indispensable "soffritto" of onion, carrot, celery and garlic which is the basis of many Italian dishes, and which has no exact translation in English, although the term comes from the verb to "underfry" or "fry gently". The richness of the dish is offset by "gremolata", which is a mixture of garlic, parsley and lemon sprinkled

over the meat. It is far more than just a garnish and plays an important part in the overall composition of a dish. In my version I leave out the tomatoes. If you prefer to use them, reduce the amount of stock or wine accordingly, and add them at the same time as the liquid.

Ossobuco
Serves 4
1/2oz/10g butter
1tbsp olive oil
1 onion, peeled and finely chopped
1 carrot, peeled and finely chopped
1 celery stalk, peeled and finely chopped
1 clove garlic, peeled and finely chopped
4 to 6 pieces of shin veal each about 1/2lb/225g
1-2 tbsp flour
sprig of thyme or marjoram
up to 1/2pt/420ml stock or white wine
salt
pepper

Use a frying pan or a sauté pan wide enough to hold the pieces of meat in a single layer. Heat the butter and oil, and in it gently fry the vegetables until soft. Meanwhile, tie the

pieces of veal with string to keep their shape and dust slightly with the flour, shaking off any surplus. Push the vegetables to one side of the pan, and fry the veal on both sides until browned. Add the herbs or wine, bring to simmering point for 2 minutes, cover the pan, and cook gently until the meat is tender, carefully turning the pieces over and adding a little more stock from time to time to keep the meat moist but not swimming in liquid. The meat will take anything from an hour to almost two hours to cook, depending on the thickness of the pieces. When the meat is almost ready, season it to taste, and then prepare the gremolata, which is made by mixing the garlic, parsley and lemon zest together. Transfer the meat when it is cooked to a heated serving plate and remove the string. Add any remaining stock or wine to the pan, boil it up and reduce until you have 1 to 2 tablespoons of sauce per serving. Pour it over the meat, and sprinkle the gremolata on top. Serve immediately.

When cooled completely, these hard biscuits, full of almonds, keep very well in an airtight tin, and it is worth making them in the quantities given, which produces about four dozen cantucci. In Tuscany they are served with a glass of Vin Santo into which you dip them. Port does just as well.

Cantucci (almond dipping biscuits)
1lb/450g whole unblanched almonds
10oz/280g golden granulated (unrefined) sugar
8oz/230g plain flour
1 tsp ground cinnamon, optional
2 tsp baking powder
3tbsp melted butter
2 size 3 eggs, lightly beaten
Glaze
1 egg yolk and 4 tablespoons milk, beaten together

Place the almonds in a shallow roasting pan and toast them in the oven. Grind a quarter of the almonds with a quarter of the sugar, and put into a large bowl. Stir in the flour, all the remaining sugar, the cinnamon and baking powder. Mix well, then stir in the remaining almonds, half coarsely chopped and the rest whole. Add the melted butter and beaten eggs, and knead lightly until the dough is thoroughly combined. Divide the dough into four pieces and with your hands roll out each piece like a log. Flatten to about 1/2in/2cm thickness. Carefully transfer to a buttered floured baking sheet and brush with the glaze. Bake in the top of a pre-heated oven, gas mark 5, 190°C, 375°F, for 20 to 25 minutes until golden brown and a skewer inserted in the middle comes out clean. Cut into diagonal slices about 1/4in/2cm wide. Switch off the oven, and let the biscuits stand in the bottom of the oven for 15 minutes. Transfer the slices to a rack, allow them to get completely cold and store in an airtight container.

DRINK

Sweet talking on the tongue

The British don't like sweet wines. By rights life in our cold northern climate should be improved by a comforting shot of the sweet stuff, but so far this winter I cannot remember anyone offering me a sweet glass of anything either before, during, or after a meal. Across the Channel, no such silly anti-sweet prejudices exist. The French happily knock back a bottle of bottle of tawny port as an aperitif, and they are not at all worried about serving sweet white wines with strong blue cheeses such as Roquefort, a taste-bud-tingling combination that works well. In Germany, the country's finer quality wines in both the Spätlese (softly sweet) or Auslese (sensuously sweet) categories are served with rich meat and game dishes with cream sauces.

The French, even in the hot south-west of France, are eager to drink their sweet fortified *vins doux naturels*, with labels such as Muscat de Rivesaltes and Muscat de Frontignan, as an aperitif whatever the weather.

The mostly simple, sweet, honeyed charms of Muscat de Beaumes de Venise, a VDN from the Rhône, were even fashionable here during the early Seventies. Imaginative wine bars used to sell both pudding and, even more adventurously, slices of rich pâtés and terrines complete with a glass of the delicious VDN.

Today the only Muscat de Beaumes de Venise I would offer is the complex, peachy-honeyed Domaine de Coyeux '86. (Adams Southwold, half-bottle £4.03) or the more delicate, floral Domaine de Durban (Robin Yapp, Mere, Wiltshire, £7.75).

Another good French aperitif is Lillet. This intriguing golden-yellow wine-based aperitif, first produced in the Bordeaux area in 1887, and much admired by Bright Young Things in the Twenties and Thirties, has only recently

started to find favour again. I love its invigorating, citron and aniseed-like taste, which is best served straight with ice and a sliver of lemon peel (Majestic Wine Warehouses, £4.99).

Anyone who is frightened of serving sweet wines with food should start by purchasing half bottles. Sainsbury's waxy 1984 Chateau de la Charneuse (£4.65) would go well, for instance, with coquilles St Jacques, while the cheaper, but rather more elegant, 1986 Chateau Bastor-Lamontagne Sauternes (£3.75 a half-bottle from Waitrose, £3.99 at Oddbins) would be perfect with turbot accompanied by a mousseline and possibly even a richer hollandaise sauce.

I would also be happy to drink it with sole veronique but the grape garnish here would be better partnered by Robert Mondavi's softly sweet '87 Moscato d'Oro (Majestic Wine Warehouses, £5.99). Adventurous types might even like to try partnering it with a sweet white wine.

Try partnering a rich winter pâté with a chilled glass of a good white wine. If Sauternes is beyond your budget, choose the excellent 1986 Clos St Georges, Graves Supérieures, £4.50 a bottle from Sainsbury's, with its soft, peachy-pineapple taste. I still feel that red meat is too robust with sweet white wine, but one inexpensive, marmalade-like wine that could cope with lamb is accompanied by a fruit stuffing is the Muscat Cuvée José Sala (Majestic Wine Warehouses, £2.69).

The Germans are fond of the and the Friedrich Wilhelm Gymnasium's splendid 1983 Graacher Himmelreich Riesling Auslese (Waitrose, £6.85), has enough sweetness and acidity to cut through this meat's fat. With veal in a cream and mushroom sauce, say, try the 1986 Mayne des Carnes (Oddbins, £8.49).

Jane MacQuitty

WINE BUYS

● Escobes Light. Down from £2.79 to £1.69 due to the reduced duty rates on low alcohol wines. This 2.5 per cent white wine enjoys a fresh lemony scent and grapey-flavoured palate, and is the best French low alcohol wine so far. Tesco, £1.69.

● 1985 Lacoste-Borie, Pauillac. This forward, big, luscious grassy-fruity claret is the second wine from important Pauillac property, Chateau Grand-Puy-Lacoste, and is part of M & S's Con-

noisseur's Collection. Major branches only. Marks and Spencer, £7.99.

● Geoffrey Roberts Australian Red and Australian White. Blessed with a fresh, green, zippy taste for the white and a soft roasts-and-plums character for the red, this new, reasonably priced GR duo currently has the edge on its California cousins. Les Amis du Vin, 51 Chiltern Street, London W1 and The Winery, 4 Clifton Road, London W9, £2.99.

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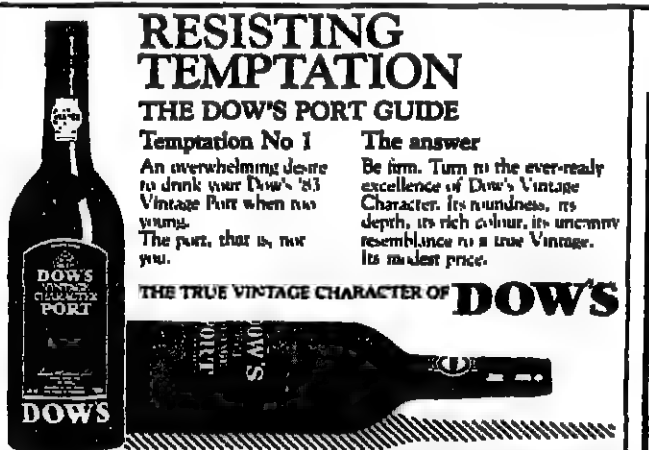
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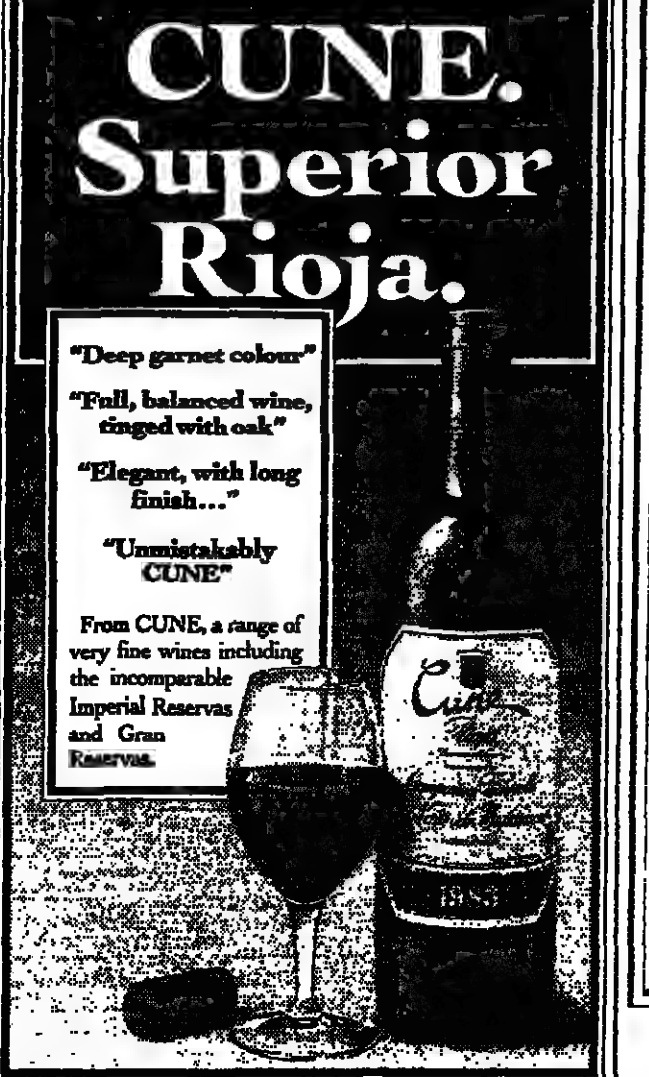
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THE WEEK AHEAD

THEATRE
LONDON

BLACK HEROES IN THE HALL OF FAME: Return of the popular but critically mauled black musical revue/pageant. Shaw, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (01-388 1394). Opens Wed.

THE CONQUEST OF THE SOUTH POLE: Mantred Karge's acclaimed play in the Edinburgh Traverse production, directed by Stephen Urwin. Royal Court (01-730 1745). Previews from Thurs. Opens Nov 22.

CYBERSPACE II - DEADLY THOUGHTS: Caravan of Dreams (Texas) in a multi-media performance piece. Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1 (01-930 3647). Opens Tues.

DAGS: British premiere of an Australian comedy, by Debra Oswald. Albany Empire Studio, Douglas Way, SE6 (01-691 3333). Opens Wed.

HENCEFORTH: New Alan Ayckbourn play, about an unrecognized and lonely composer. The author directs Ian McKellen and Jane Asher, with Serena Evans, Michael Smikins and Emma Chambers. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (01-836 9887/5645). Previews from Wed. Opens Nov 21.

LINE: British premiere of New York success, a 75-minute one-act play by Israel Horowitz. The Orange Tree, Kew Road, Richmond (01-840 3633). Previews Thurs. Opens Fri.

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT: Eleanor Bron, Celia Imrie, Philip Franks and Jeffrey Chiswick appear in the Giraudoux social comedy classic, adapted by Maurice Valency. Lilian Baylis, Sadler's Wells (01-278 8916). Previews from Thurs. Opens Nov 21.

NEW IRISH WRITING: Rehearsed readings of Irish work previously unperformed in England. Solio Poly, 16 Riding House Street, W1 (01-636 9500). Today, 11am-4.30pm.

THE SELFISH SHELLFISH/ DINOSAURS AND ALL THAT RUBBISH: Whirring Theatre present David Wood's 1983 ecology play for children plus a new work by Wood and Peter Pontzen, based on a book by

Michael Foreman. With Peter Duncan. Sadler's Wells (01-278 8916). Shellfish Tues-Nov 19, various matinees; Dinosaurs Thurs-Nov 19, morning shows.

OUT OF TOWN

BATH: Orpheus Descending: Sir Peter Hall directs Vanessa Redgrave, Julie Covington, Jean Marc Barr, Paul Freeman and Miriam Margolyes in a Tennessee Williams play, en route for the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Theatre Royal (0225 65065). Preview Tues. Opens Wed.

CONCERTS

KNOWLEDGE OF KNEIGHT: In the ever-onward "Plus Beethoven" series the Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields, under Sir Neville Marriner, plays Justin Knecht's symphony *Le Portrait Musical de la Nature* (c1784) for 15 instruments, whose printed programme interestingly anticipates that of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony (No 6). But the Academy instead goes on to perform Ludwig's Symphony No 4. Royal Festival Hall, Mon, 7.30pm.

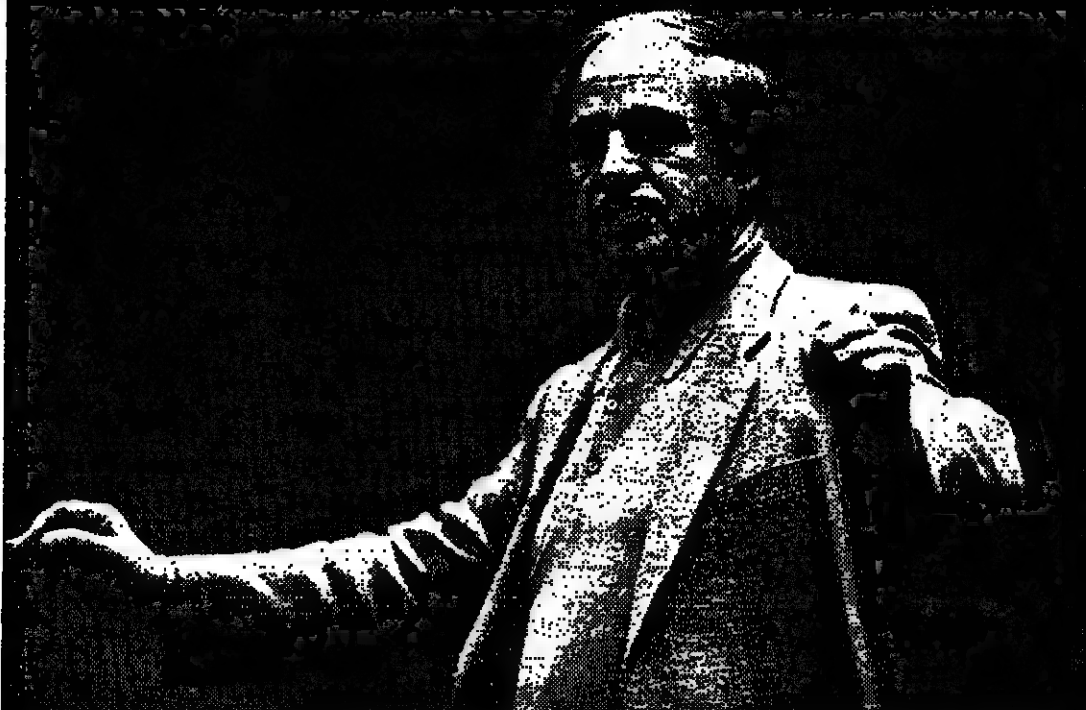
STILL IN FLAMES: Yet another series, "Shostakovich: Music from the Flames," reaches his Symphony No 5, entrusted to the LSO under Rostropovich. This is preceded by Shostakovich's Violin Concerto No 2 (Dmitri Sitkovetsky, soloist) and the rather dull Festival Overture. Barbican Centre, Silk St, London EC2 (01-638 8891). Tues, 7.45pm.

MENDELSSOHNIAN DREAM: In still another series, the won't quit "Schubert and Mendelssohn: The Classical Romantics," Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* receives a semi-staged performance with Mendelssohn's complete incidental music and using projections of the original quite spectacular sets for Charles Keen's 1856 London production. Jane Glover conducts the London Mozart Players and various singers. Barbican Centre, Wed, 7.45pm.

JAZZ

ABDULLAH ISRAHIM: His return coincides with the release of two Kaz Aking recordings - *Blues For A Hip King* and *Tintiniana*. Town & Country Club, London NW5 (01-284 0303), Mon.

A pioneer performer



Revolutionary: Pierre Boulez conducts works by Schoenberg and his contemporaries at the Festival Hall

This weekend Pierre Boulez takes charge of a special segment of "The Reluctant Revolutionary", the South Bank Centre's vast concert series devoted to Schoenberg, his contemporaries and successors. Besides being a major composer of our time, Boulez is a pioneer performer of much of this music and some particularly authoritative performances should be on offer today and tomorrow. L'Orchestre de Paris and a group Boulez founded himself, the Ensemble Intercontemporain, will both be heard at the Festival Hall this evening. The orchestra will play Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*, a major, if by now rather obvious, 20th-century landmark; the Ensemble will

JAN GARBAREK: First dates of an extensive tour by the ECM saxophonist, with a quartet including percussionist Nana Vasconcelos. Greenwich Borough Hall, London SE10 (01-317 8887). Fri: Gardner Arts Centre, Brighton (0273 685861), Sat 19: Old Vic Theatre, Bristol (0272 250250), Sun 20.

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: Mon at 7pm sees the first night of new production of Massenet's

Manon by John Cox: Leontina Vaduva and David Rendall lead the cast, and Michel Plasson conducts. Covent Garden, London WC2 (01-240 1066).

GLYNEDBOURNE TOURING OPERA: Last week of their tour, with *La Traviata* on Tues and Thurs, and *Die Entführung* on Wed and Sat, Nov 19, both starting at 7pm; and with one performance of *Katya Kabanova* on Fri at 7.30pm. Theatre Royal, Norwich (0603 626225).

ROCK

TANITA TIKARAM: "Twist in My Sobriety" wunderkind. Tonight, Brighton Dome (0273 674357); tomorrow, Bristol Hippodrome (0272 299444); Mon, Civic Hall, Guildford (0483 67314); Tues, Exeter University (0392 263528); Thurs, Guildhall, Portsmouth (0705 824355); Fri, Hawth Centre, Crawley, Sussex (0293 552941).

RICHARD THOMSON: Estimate folk-rock guitarist. Fri, Astoria, Leeds (0532 490 382).

GALLERIES

PAT STEIR: Prints since 1976 by an American painter who reinterprets works by Old Masters such as Leonardo and Turner. Tate Gallery, London SW1 (01-821 1313). From Mon.

ANNE-MARIE QUINN: Richly textured autobiographical collages and prints by an impressive Scottish artist who has recently completed a year-long residency at the gallery. Turnpike Gallery, Leigh (0942 679407). From Today.

HENRYK GOTLIB (1890-1966): Expressionistic figure paintings, drawings and watercolours by a Polish exile who settled in Britain. Boundary Gallery, London NW8 (01-624 1126). From Tues.

PHOTOGRAPHY

HELMUT NEWTON: Fashion and portrait photographer steeped in the tradition of Penn and Avedon, yet whose work is electric with the aura of the modern world with all its problems and sexual mores. Newton Portraits, National Portrait Gallery, 2 St Martin's Place, London, WC2 (01-950 1552); Newton Nudes, Hamiltons Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, London, W1 (01-499 9493).

TELEVISION

THE TRAIN NOW DEPARTING: A six-part celebration of the last years of British Rail steam starts on the threatened Settle to Carlisle line. BBC2, Tues, 8-8.30pm.

CHRISTABEL: Danna Fottler's dramatization of the story of Christabel Bielenberg, an English girl propelled into the horrors of Nazi Germany. BBC2, Wed, 9.25-10.30pm.

CHILDREN IN NEED: The annual charity appeal hosted as always by Terry Wogan, Sue Cook and Joanna Lumley. BBC1, Fri, 7pm-1.20am.

RADIO

BLOCKADE: A 40th anniversary documentary on the Allied effort in Berlin presented by Ann and John Tusa. Radio 4, Wed, 8.45-9.45pm.

AFTER AGINCOURT: Bob Hoskins as Pistol in a 50-minute monologue by Peter Motley giving a common

soldier's view of the great battle. Radio 3, Tues, 9.55-10.45pm.

FILMS ON TV

CAT PEOPLE (1942): Simone Simon getting her claws into Val Lewton's RKO horror classic; the first of a Lewton season. BBC2, Tues, 11.20pm-12.35am.

REMERBRANT (1936): A moving portrait by Charles Laughton in Alexander Korda's compelling film of the painter's declining years. BBC2, Thurs, 6-7.20pm.

HUMAN DESIRE (1954): Glenn Ford and Gloria Grahame in Fritz Lang's little seen version of the Emile Zola story of love and murder. La Bête Humaine. BBC2, Fri, 12.05-1.45am.

FILMS

TUCKER (PG): Francis Coppola's gleaming, optimistic celebration of the life and hard times of Preston Tucker, a revolutionary car designer who fought the industry establishment and lost. Odeon Haymarket (01-839 7697), from Fri.



THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE (15): Maggie Smith (above) and Bob Hoskins star in this intelligent version of Brian Moore's novel about an impoverished woman whose romantic dreams turn sour. Directed by Jack Clayton. Cannon Shaftesbury Avenue (01-836 6279), from Fri.

Theatre: Tony Patrick: Films: Geoff Brown; Cinema: Max Harrison; Opera: Hilary Frick; Radio: David Sinclair; Jazz: Chris Davies; Dance: John Percival; Galleries: David Lee; Photography: Mike Young; Television, Radio and Films on TV: Peter Waymark.

BRIDGE

Trapped in the spider web

Pairs. Love All. Dealer East.

W N E S			
A 7	Q 8 7 3	K 8	Q 8 7 3
Q 10 5 4 3 2	K 8	Q 8 7 3	A 7
K 10 7 6	Q 8 7 3	A 7	K 10 7 6

Opening lead 07

Declarer captured East's ♠Q with the ♠A, and crossed to dummy with the ♠A. He then led the ♠9, losing to West's ♠Q. Fearful that a black suit return would concede a trick, West weakly returned a heart, allowing declarer to make an easy 11 tricks.

Although it appears that a spade "gives" a trick, it is an illusion, because declarer can always ruff his losing spade in dummy. In practice the spade return sets a lethal trap. Declarer may well try to return to dummy with the ♠A which West would ruff. A spade continuation then allows East to score the ♠K, and nothing can prevent West making his ♠K.

Spiders and daddy-longlegs are harmless, except in the mind.

Jeremy Flint

GARDENING

The beauty of berries

The famous explorer-gardener Francis Kingdon Ward managed to fill a whole book on the joys of shrubs which produce berries, his *Berried Treasure* an inspiration to many a gardener.

It is a subject which needs a careful approach: the eye soon tires of the cliché of red-bobbed Cotoneaster herring-boning its way over a wall, the ever-present orange brilliantia of *Pyracantha* or exotic Berberis in urban borders. Snow berry (*Symphoricarpos*) decked with its polystyrene-like balls is one of the few plants I disliked enough to banish from my garden.

The berries I like aesthetically are nearly all ones I can eat. Not only the domestic kitchen garden bushes but their wild counterparts and recalcitrant associates such as the acerbic, native Berberis with its scarlet oblong berries or the tart, round berries of sea buckthorn or the pendant watery-almond, elderberries.

Would I love the foliage of the wild service tree (*Sorbus torminalis*), glorious in its autumn colours, if its falling did not also reveal the sweet, munchy berries. The golden rose, a shrub I unreservedly admire all through the year, has beautiful glistening berries like large redcurrants which make you sick eaten raw (though cooked they make a savoury jelly).

The spindle tree (*Euonymus europaeus*) is native to Britain but it has several cultivars, notably Red Cascade, good for autumn colour and brilliant carmine fruits which open to reveal orange seeds, a bizarre but vividly effective colour scheme. The spindle is naturally a plant of the chalk, but will grow tolerantly in almost any garden soil. Equally bright

Francesca Greenoak

WEEKEND TIPS

- Clear away stamps and support sticks of vegetables which have finished cropping, disinfect bamboo and store in a dry place.
- Plant heathers, setting them well down in the soil.
- Ventilate lettuce growing in frames and under cloches to reduce the danger of rot.
- Make leaf mould of large quantities of leaves, add small amounts to compost heaps; resist bonfires, which are a health hazard and a waste to neighbours.
- Begin regular feeding of birds.
- Insulate outdoor tubs and bring perennial hanging baskets into shelter.

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CHESS

Blazing a trail for youth

If chess is, as Goethe put it, truly the "touchstone of the intellect", then Judit Polgar, the 12-year-old Hungarian, must be one of the brainiest girls on the planet. In the final round of the Duncan Lawrie Mixed Challenge, Judit, facing the veteran Israeli Grandmaster Yair Kraidman, drew her game clinching first prize, a full point ahead of the rest of the field. She thus became the first pre-teenager in the history of chess to win an international-level tournament, where recognized Grandmasters were competing.

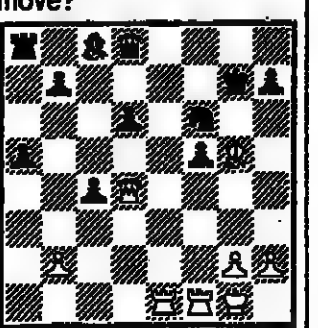
Judit, the youngest in a remarkable trio of chess-playing sisters from Budapest, is widely acknowledged as the world's most outstanding chess prodigy. Of international Master status at an unprecedentedly early age, she is likely to achieve an amazing World Chess Federation ranking of 2500 in the New Year list.

The Duncan Lawrie Challenge was conceived and organized by Stewart Reuben, of the British Chess Federation, as a training event for the England Women's team. The English women are due to compete in the Chess Olympics in Greece starting this week. The invited field included some prominent male Grandmasters, former champions of Finland (Heikki Westerinen) and of Israel (Kraidman). It is a sign of the awe in which Judit is held by the chess pundits that she was regarded as the favourite to win, even before a pawn had been pushed.

Judit and her two sisters, Zsuzsa (13) and Zsuzsa (19), are taking the chess world, traditionally a male bastion, by storm. They have all concentrated on chess since the age of four, their talent being fostered by their father Laszlo. He was convinced that conventional educational methods could not bring out

WINNING MOVE

In the diagram White, to move, has a spectacular win. What is White's winning move?



To enter The Times Winning Move competition, send your answer on a postcard with your name and address to: The Times Winning Move Competition, The Times, 1, Victoria Street, London E1 6BN. The first three correct answers drawn on Thursday next week will win a £100 prize. The first winner will also receive a £100 prize. The first winner will also receive a £100 prize. The first winner will also receive a £100 prize.

proceeds to interpret it in a somewhat convoluted way. 13 Rxf7 Rxf7 14 Rxf7 Rxf7 15 Rxf7 Rxf7 16 Rxf7 Rxf7 17 Rxf7 Rxf7 18 Rxf7 Rxf7 19 Rxf7 Rxf7 20 Rxf7 Rxf7 21 Rxf7 Rxf7 22 Rxf7 Rxf7 23 Rxf7 Rxf7 24 Rxf7 Rxf7 25 Rxf7 Rxf7 26 Rxf7 Rxf7 27 Rxf7 Rxf7 28 Rxf7 Rxf7 29 Rxf7 Rxf7 30 Rxf7 Rxf7 31 Rxf7 Rxf7 32 Rxf7 Rxf7 33 Rxf7 Rxf7 34 Rxf7 Rxf7 35 Rxf7 Rxf7 36 Rxf7 Rxf7 37 Rxf7 Rxf7 38 Rxf7 Rxf7 39 Rxf7 Rxf7 40 Rxf7 Rxf7 41 Rxf7 Rxf7 42 Rxf7 Rxf7 43 Rxf7 Rxf7 44 Rxf7 Rxf7 45 Rxf7 Rxf7 46 Rxf7 Rxf7 47 Rxf7 Rxf7 48 Rxf7 Rxf7 49 Rxf7 Rxf7 50 Rxf7 Rxf7 51 Rxf7 Rxf7 52 Rxf7 Rxf7 53 Rxf7 Rxf7 54 Rxf7 Rxf7 55 Rxf7 Rxf7 56 Rxf7 Rxf7 57 Rxf7 Rxf7 58 Rxf7 Rxf7 59 Rxf7 Rxf7 60 Rxf7 Rxf7 61 Rxf7 Rxf7 62 Rxf7 Rxf7 63 Rxf7 Rxf7 64 Rxf7 Rxf7 65 Rxf7 Rxf7 66 Rxf7 Rxf7 67 Rxf7 Rxf7 68 Rxf7 Rxf7 69 Rxf7 Rxf7 70 Rxf7 Rxf7 71 Rxf7 Rxf7 72 Rxf7 Rxf7 73 Rxf7 Rxf7 74 Rxf7 Rxf7 75 Rxf7 Rxf7 76 Rxf7 Rxf7 77 Rxf7 Rxf7 78 Rxf7 Rxf7 79 Rxf7 Rxf7 80 Rxf7 Rxf7 81 Rxf7 Rxf7 82 Rxf7 Rxf7 83 Rxf7 Rxf7 84 Rxf7 Rxf7 85 Rxf7 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TRAVEL

At peace in Flanders

We tend to think of tourism as a relaxing, fashionable affair. But it wasn't always like that. In 1920 came the first boom in mass-tourism: the single third-class fare from London to Ypres was £1 12s 6d. A four-day package — travel, accommodation, meals and "sight-seeing" — sold for £3 17s 6d. Cross-Channel steamers to Ostend were packed. These tourists were mostly women. Occasionally they were accompanied by a daughter or a sister — because their brothers, husbands and sons had gone ahead of them and not made it back to Blighty. An entire generation had stayed on, buried in the Flanders mud: Ypres had claimed 400,000 Allied casualties; 54,896 bodies were never found. In spring and autumn ploughs still turn up their bones. The Germans, better trained and equipped, referred to it as *Kinderland*, the slaughter of the innocents.

The innocents, "Our Boys", had a few weeks previously been polishing their buttons, learning to form fours and to salute their officers. The staccato bark of drill-sergeants ricocheted across village greens and school playgrounds from Whitechapel to Cape Wrath. They were clerks, miners, parsons' sons; a few, reared on G.A. Henty, longed to "have a go at Jerry"; many simply went because their pals had gone. They went to the line with scarcely enough rifles, fighting with picks and shovels, retrieving firearms from fallen comrades. A handful of officers, believing it was

Thousands fell in that terrible quagmire, but Michael Watkins found no ghosts

ungentlemanly to bear arms, rallied their troops with walking-sticks or hunting-horns. Some never got as far as the front line. Blasted by shells from the approach duck-boards, they drowned in a quagmire — for the water table in Flanders is very near ground level.

The butchery became associated with one word along the Ypres salient: Passchendaele. Later it was said: "We died in Hell — They called it Passchendaele". With the passage of time — as crops grew again and poppies, bright as the blood of the New Testament, flowered — Passchendaele symbolized the futility of war. But it didn't stop there, for tales of heroism and sacrifice came back down the line with survivors; so that in the end the futility was glorified. Not that semantics were uppermost in the minds of the bereaved crossing the Channel in 1920.

It is hard to imagine what ancient force, what primitive message impelled these women to Flanders. They hadn't come to reclaim their loved ones' remains; they hadn't come to bury the dead or even to place wreaths upon their graves. The Commonwealth

War Graves Commission had yet to lay out its immaculately maintained cemeteries. With the breadwinner gone, £3 17s 6d was a lot of money. But came they did; they had their reasons. Or perhaps reasons were not required.

Today Passchendaele is different of course — life goes on. Even the spelling is different: a less complicated "Passendale" has been adopted on road signs and maps, by common consent. From the look of things, the village — more a small town, really — is like anywhere else, doing rather well for itself with bright bricked villas, busy Lizzies and Mercedes Benz in drive-ways. There is a speed limit; attractive mortgages are offered by Sparbanks; a brave new supermarket is about to open. I doubt if the good people of Passendale are disturbed in the night by the undying echoes of a ghost army on the move.

I passed in Passendale on my way between Hill 62 and Tyne Cot. Just before the Canadian Memorial at Hill 62 is a café. A notice next to the bubble-gum dispensers and girly postcards reads: "You can pay with all sorts of money." When you have drunk your Stella Artois you can, for a fee, examine their collection of memorabilia. What-the-butcher-slash-machines present views of the battle: a headless soldier, a shattered torso crucified on barbed wire, Grand Guignol in miniature. Behind the café, stretches of authentic trenches are preserved; and the only



Quiet remembrance: a shrine beside the road to Ypres, in the fields near St Omer, commemorating the fallen of the First World War

justification I can see for this exploitation of the dead is that we, the living, promised that at the going down of the sun and in the morning we would remember them.

Tyne Cot is the largest British war cemetery in the world and here, at random, I stood above a grave in row 1B. A dog barked nearby, an aeroplane passed lazily overhead. Life went on, quite excluding Private S.A. Homer of the Hertfordshire Regiment, killed on July 31, 1917, aged 19. Not far away, in the same battle, a 25-year-old company runner in the 16th Bavarian Reserves was spared. His name was Adolf Hitler.

Flanders provides a landscape conducive to running. It is so flat, so featureless that you could watch a rabbit run for miles. It is given over to sugar beet, sweet corn and crows, dedicated to a creamy contented-cat disposition. The food is marvellous, truly marvellous; local dishes include such delicacies as potjevlees, Beauvoorde cheese, vlaaien. Indeed, Belgians are fearless eaters, accounting possibly for a national convexity of form. Even roundness is an art form in itself, as you can observe in the opulent paintings of Peter Paul Rubens, in the grandiose architecture of Bruges.

Attend, as I did, the Wednesday market in Veurne, a mere 30 minutes' drive from Ypres. Held in Grote Markt — enclosed by masterpieces from the Middle Ages, St Walburga's and St Nicholas's churches — it is a voluptuary's joy, a monument to hedonism. Shoppers display almost carnal lust for foodstuffs; erotic seems their craving for the succulent, the juicy, the fleshy. How luscious the fruit: strawberries the size of tomatoes, tomatoes the size of pumpkins. How exotic the cheeses sound: Begijnemooies, Echte Loo, Vache Loo.

I wine, dined and put my head down for the night in room eight at the Hotel 'Belfort' overlooking the market place. They cooked so well, serving solicitously, so generously, that I felt as heavy as a hippopotamus. I drank more of their wine than was prudent; I felt I needed it. Before dinner I'd driven to Ypres to listen to the buglers sound "Last Post" at the Menin Gate. This is their way of remembering. At eight each evening traffic is stopped, reducing this part of the city to a silence in which clear notes call out to the fallen. There was a considerable gathering, mostly elderly. It was a brief ceremony. Cars re-started their engines. People glanced at their watches, wondering where to eat.

It is odd how chill coincidence intrudes: before turning out the light, I read a few pages of Alan Pryce-Jones's memoirs. I'd just got to his Oxford days in the 1920s. "We felt ourselves so bottled up by our elders," I read, "and bored to extremity by their tales of Passchendaele."

TRAVEL NOTES

I travelled by P&O European Ferries from Felixstowe to Zeebrugge. In Veurne I stayed at the Hotel 'Belfort', Grote Markt 26, 8480 Veurne (058 311153). All arrangements were made by Inntertravel, Hovingham, York, Y05 4JZ (055 382741). A weekend trip of the sort described, including car ferry, cabin, hotel, breakfast and dinner costs £118.50 per person.

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• "About £25, that is 10 per cent of the cost of an average package holiday, pays for airport, air traffic control and landing charges. I don't think the holidaymaker is getting anything like a fair deal for it." Charles Newbold, managing director, Thomson Holidays.

For weeks, Stevens and his companions — a triathlete, a long fa expert and a six-foot female rower — rarely took off their coats even to sleep. In the biting cold of a Chinese winter they travelled by train, bus, donkey cart, truck and bicycle, living at times on nothing more palatable than lamb fat and cold noodles.

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Travel Editor: Shona Crawford Poole

Green dreams of roses

TRAVEL NEWS

have been used for over three decades." A bucolic idyll indeed. A new full-colour brochure is just out.

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Costs can now check out of a London hotel without rising from bed. The first fully-integrated computer check-out system in Europe is up and running at Inter-Continental's Britannia Hotel in Grosvenor Square. The system, called Dataview, allows guests to review and pay their bills, order breakfast and collect messages in three languages. Marriott, Hilton and Penta Hotels have also ordered it.

Shona Crawford Poole

TRAVEL BOOKS

• Copycat literary journeys may make for good travelling if not invariably for good reading. The author must shine if he is not to be seen as plodding in the footsteps of a better man. Living up to Peter Fleming's much loved *News From Tartary* takes style, and Stuart Stevens has enough of it to survive the comparison he invites in *Night Train to Turin* (Macmillan, £12.95).

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THE TIMES

SPORT & LEISURE

SECTION 4

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 12 1988

Fancy meeting you here



On the way up: John Docherty (left), giving Millwall their first taste of life at the top after a career as a winger spent feeding off scraps, and Dave Stringer, six points clear of the rest, a local boy making more good as a manager than he did as a player

Ten years ago Dave Stringer captained third division Cambridge United, then managed by John Docherty. Now they are together again — as managers of two small clubs challenging the giants

By Andrew Longmore

John Docherty tells a good story about the most memorable week of his playing career. On one Saturday, he scored the equalising goal for Sheffield United in a 2-2 draw against the mighty Tottenham Hotspur — on the following Tuesday he scored the two goals which beat Al Rovers' Ipswich Town and put Sheffield United two points clear at the top of the first division; on the next Saturday, he was dropped.

Disappointment has been just round the corner in Docherty's life. From this day he scored twice in a trial match for Dundermire Athletic reserves and was told by the manager to come back next year if he had grown a couple of inches.

Thirty years later, at the age of 48, Docherty still has not found the extra height but you have to admit the consistency of his footballing curriculum vitae. Brentford, Reading, Brentford, Queens' Park Rangers, Brentford, Cam-

bridge United, Brentford, Millwall. He has had five separate periods at Brentford, three as a player, one as manager, one as assistant manager. "It must be worth a place in the Guinness Book of Records," he laughed. "Every time they got the laundry bill they flogged me."

Apart from the five years on the wing for Sheffield United, Docherty has had to feed off the scraps of football, earning a living and learning on his travels — from John Harris at Sheffield, from Malcolm MacDonald, formerly of Celtic, and Frank Blomfield at Reading; and from the Newcastle manager who invited Docherty for a trial at the age of 15 and then sent him home without ever seeing him play.

"I have never knowingly copied anyone as a manager. Managers have to be themselves the whole time because players are very shrewd and they know if you are being sincere or not," he says.

Not surprisingly, given his upbringing on the streets of Glasgow and his roller-coaster ride around the rather reaches of the League, Docherty's style of management is no-nonsense, sweat and blood. There are no airs and graces, no room for cheats or indisplines, no room for fear either.

"I don't believe in running a club by fear, I believe in being authoritative. Yes, I can lose my temper and, yes, I can be strong with players and demanding, challenging them to be better than they are, but I do believe they will respect you if you are constructive. I expect honesty first and foremost from my players, but in return I have to give them honesty back."

It is the philosophy of the perpetual underdog. Docherty knows his place and thrives on it. "I have that underdog feeling — it comes from my boyhood in Glasgow and it shows in a desire to win and in the love I have for the game which has dominated my whole life. There's nothing wrong with that."

So what, after so many headrum years in the game does Millwall's success mean to his manager? "In the first half a dozen years after my retirement there was nothing to replace playing. I tried so hard to adjust but while coaching and managing I was still trying to be better than my players. Now I'm getting enough satisfaction out of managing to replace playing."

After 30 years south of the border, Docherty has not lost his roots any more than his confidence or his Scottish accent. He is happy talking about Millwall, about the game, about the community. He is not happy talking about John Docherty and he will hide behind his laconic Glaswegian wit when pressed.

"I don't care for self-publicity. The day we get individualistic here is the day we begin to fail," he says.

There has been no sign of it so far down at The Den. Since he took over from George Graham in the 1985-86 season, Millwall have prospered and their trip to Anfield today is proof of that prosperity. Docherty himself has known success, with Cambridge United where he took into the second division.

By Gerry Harrison

A year ago this week Dave Stringer became the manager of Norwich City. Even if he fails, as most people seem to think probable, to keep Norwich at the top of the League to the end of the season and take them to their first championship, he is assured of a place in the club's history.

Stringer scored the goal at Watford in 1972 which confirmed Norwich as champions of the second division and crowned their entry into the first division for the first time. A story of local boy makes good; he has never moved out of the village of Bradwell where he has lived most of his life.

Only two players have exceeded Stringer's number of appearances for Norwich, but his prospects did not look good when, at 15, he and his friend, Peter Simpson, who he sat next to at school in Gorleston, went for trials at Arsenal together. Simpson was taken on and stayed 18 years and 466 games. Stringer was rejected and tried his luck at Norwich.

George Swindin gave him a chance, Ron Ashman signed him as a professional, and, by the time Ron Saunders converted him from right back to central defender, he was an established favourite — quiet, shy, but strong, and above all consistent — remarkably similar to Peter Simpson.

After 13 years at Norwich, at the start of the 1977-78 season, he was signed by Ron Atkinson for Cambridge United. Later that season, when Atkinson went to manage West Bromwich Albion, John Docherty was promoted from coach and took over as his manager.

However wild their imaginations may have been, they could not possibly have conceived the position they find themselves in today, first and third in the League.

Cambridge remember him as an influential figure in the club's rise from fourth to second division status: "A good player and a definite leader without needing to wave his arms about," Chris Turner, now the Cambridge

manager, who played with him, said. "I moved back to Norwich as youth team coach [they won the FA Youth Cup] because it was a good opportunity at the right time," Stringer said. "I had my own ideas about things, but I've always said the perfect manager would be a combination of Ron Saunders and John Bond. Ron, a great motivator, John, a fine football coach. But this is a different club from their days."

It is no secret that Norwich is run in the modern fashion by a strong chairman, Robert Chase, a millionaire builder. The team, however, is Stringer's province.

"I'm still learning the job. But I like to think I understand other people's problems, not only the players' I've got a good coach, David Williams. We work things out together, but then you've got to let him get on with it."

"We have a young team here with no great pedigree. We haven't the money for a

big squad. But you look how hard they work for each other, to play football, not just to battle, I hope we are the same behind the scenes."

Norwich are six points clear of the pack. Twelve months ago, when Stringer began his first job as a manager, the club was in turmoil, struggling in the bottom three; the threat of a boardroom takeover was looming and key players wanted to leave.

"Those early days were very difficult," Stringer said. "I don't think a lot of people would have stuck it. The pressure was enormous. I was new to everything, I had taken over from Ken Brown, a popular man in the club and the city. The political scene was complicated. We had to sort out who really wanted to play for Norwich and who was just using us as a stepping stone. And we had to get results quickly."

"At the moment we are enjoying ourselves. But we've picked up a few injuries this week which show just how quickly things can change. We've achieved nothing yet except win a few games and remind some people where we are on the map."

Every time they got the laundry bill they flogged me

We have a young team here with no great pedigree

Hasek celebrates his happy return

By Rex Bellamy, Tennis Correspondent

Jakob Hasek celebrates his 24th birthday today. He will be working, but happy partly because he has reached the last four of the Benson and Hedges championships at Wembley but mainly because a year in which his career might have been terminated (and Hasek himself might even have been terminated) has, instead, turned out very well indeed.

Hasek is playing the best tennis of his life and has achieved his highest ranking, fifteenth in the world. All that seemed unlikely on January 22, when he fell asleep at the wheel of a car and was lucky to emerge from the ensuing mess with nothing worse than a broken wrist and three broken ribs.

Hasek has yet to win a big event, but yesterday he beat Amos Mansdorf, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, to advance to the semi-finals for the fourth time in consecutive Grand Prix tournaments. Then, eyes shining with a joy common to all those who are granted second chances and make the most of them, Hasek told how he had tried to find light in the dark days.

He had been out of competitive tennis for three and a half months, he said, but had thought a lot and had tried to be positive. Once convalescence had given way to training and practice, he had time to work on his tennis.

"I had a little fear," he said. "At such a time, you work so hard to come back. I improved all the points of my game: mental, physical, technical, tactical. Now I'm more confident — and enjoying the tennis more. I've had a shorter year than the others and I'm more eager to win."

Hasek was particularly eager yesterday ("I wanted this

match so badly") because Mansdorf had won their last two matches, most recently in Paris a fortnight ago. At first, Hasek was vulnerably tense. But in the first set, which he lost, he had runs of seven and 12 consecutive points.

Hasek settled down. In his last eight service games he lost only six points, four of them double-faults. This did not leave Mansdorf with a great deal of scope for negotiation.

Mansdorf has had a good run lately. His concentration is on a breather. Mind and body could not produce quite as much as Hasek demanded of them. But it was a good match, illuminated by the contrast between Hasek's patterned aggression and Mansdorf's gifts — often subtly expressed — for containment and counter-punching.

Hasek plays under Swiss colours, though he was born in Prague. His family moved out of Czechoslovakia to Zurich when the Soviet Union moved in in 1968.

Almost 6ft 3in tall but less than 12st, Hasek is a gifted natural athlete, born to excel in whatever sport he chose. His first choice, ice hockey, was physically so damaging that his father talked him out of it. Mansdorf is the proudest product of Israel's expanding tennis programme.

The least familiar of Wembley's last eight was Jim Courier, aged 18, of Florida, whose versatile forehand blends power with touch. But Courier has had only nine months as a professional. A year hence, the leading men will have sorted him out.

More tennis, page 47

Celtic's aim is to heal a hurt to their pride

By Roddy Forsyth

The most significant premier division result so far this season was registered as early as August 27. Celtic, who arrived at Ibrox to play Rangers with all the confidence of reigning champions, left dazed from a 5-1 hammering. Today the Glasgow pair will meet again at Parkhead, before a crowd of around 60,000, Britain's largest of the afternoon.

Celtic's hopes of a successful title defence were seriously undermined by the scale of that defeat at Ibrox. As Paul McStay conceded yesterday: "The hurt is still there as is the damage to our professional pride."

"We intend to rectify that. I think that being beaten 5-1 by any team would have been hard to bear. Of course, because it was Rangers, we have not been allowed to forget it by their supporters or ours, so it stings even more."

"Our heads did go down after Ibrox but we feel we have come through now. The 2-2 draw against Aberdeen, at Pittodrie last week was the kind of match which acts as a springboard. It was a joy to

play in. The way we totally dominated the game in the second half gave us a great lift."

"Although we were disappointed at being put out of the European Cup we didn't feel we played badly. We are on a good run at the moment."

At Ibrox, Graeme Souness has been meditating on the history of "Old Firm" fixtures. "Rangers have not won at Parkhead since 1980 which means, obviously, that we haven't beaten Celtic there since I took over. That is something we intend to rectify and we will make changes from the team which played against Cologne. Fresh legs should have an effect on our performance."

Neither side will be revealed until close to kick-off because both managers have injury problems to sort out. The Celtic defender, Mick McCarthy, sustained a calf injury in the bruising European Cup encounter with Werder Bremen. John Brown and Ally McCoist, of Rangers, both have pulled hamstring. Brown seems very doubtful but the astonishing healing

powers of McCoist give him a chance of taking part.

The Edinburgh derby has its own intensity and tomorrow's match at Tynecastle sees the trend of recent years reversed. Hibernian now have the upper hand in the premier division. But European success is a powerful antidote to depression and Heart of Midlothian have, since Wednesday night, basked in the glow of being Britain's last representatives in the European tournaments.

Their manager, Alex Macdonald, said yesterday "It isn't so much the fact that we beat Austria Vienna that matters, so much as the manner of the victory. We tried hard to re-create the family spirit which I believe has been the key to our success in recent years. The players worked hard for each other and got a proper reward. If they play like that again tomorrow I won't be complaining."

Hearts will field the side which finished in midweek and that means Wayne Foster will miss the chance to play against Hibs, who have enjoyed a restful week without the usual demands of a Wednesday match.

Aberdeen play Dundee United at home today and although the Tayside team has a good record at Pittodrie, their prospects are dimmed a little by the absence of the injured defender John Clark. Elsewhere, Dundee meet unchanged St Mirren at Dens Park while Motherwell will be without their forward Steve Kirk, who is suspended, for their home match with Hamilton Academical.

UEFA criticizes Press

The English Press has been criticized for its treatment of the crowd troubles in last summer's European football championship by UEFA's report on the competition. The report says potential trouble was mostly caused by the West German police, even though "groups from various cities in Germany organized themselves so that they would confront the notorious English fans".

It goes on: "The only regrettable thing was the treatment which this problem was given in some sectors of the English Press, who once again did exactly what should not be done: namely, give the perpetrators of these senseless deeds far more attention than they deserve and thus give them the satisfaction of receiving the publicity they seek."

Simon Barnes's Diary, page 10

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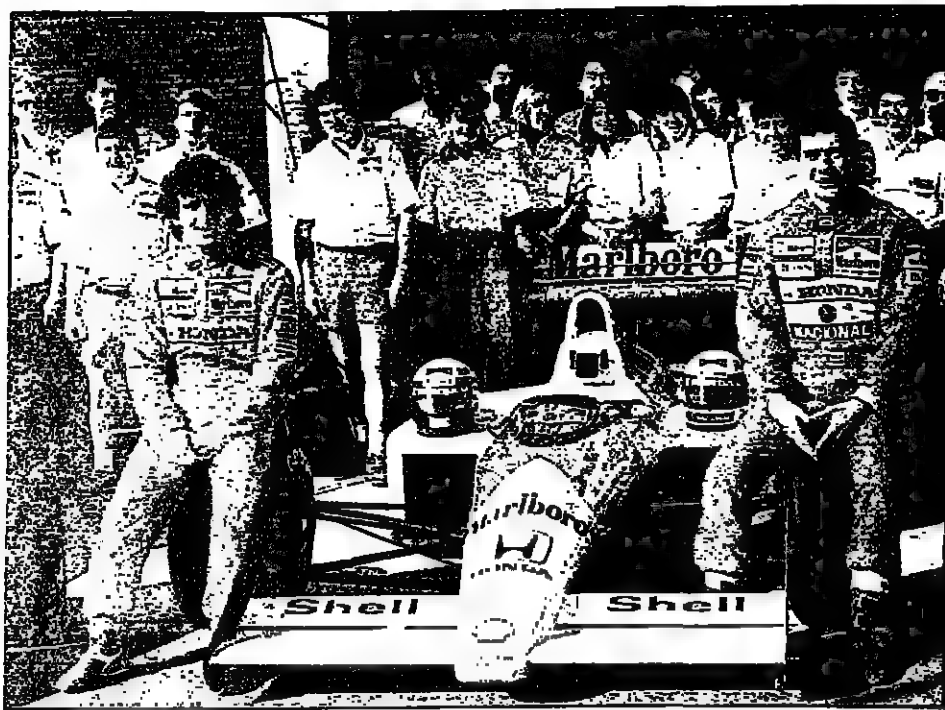
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T E N E R I F E

How Senna went for the gap... Ma

Victory over team-mate Alain Prost in tomorrow's Australian Grand Prix would cap a magical season for Ayrton Senna. But, as John Blunsden reports, the McLaren mixture was not always so perfect



Winning formula: Prost (left) and Senna with the McLaren championship car and team

The grand prix scoring system cannot guarantee that every motor racing season produces its most worthy world champion, but this year it would have been the most grave injustice if the drivers' title had not gone to Ayrton Senna or Alain Prost. As they prepare to compete the season with tomorrow's Australian GP at Adelaide, Senna is already champion with 87 points. Prost has 84, and the next best is Gerhard Berger, of Ferrari, with 41.

Senna and Prost have been the dominant partnership in a year in which their team, McLaren International, has come close to performing a complete whitewash of its Formula One rivals.

The team's ambition to win all 16 races, a unique achievement, remained on course until the closing minutes of round 12, when Senna, cruising towards the chequered flag in the Italian Grand Prix, tangled with a back-marker and became stranded at the

side of the track, handing the race to Berger's Ferrari. The season had been so one-sided until then that there was almost universal relief at the momentary setback, a reminder that human frailty can sometimes undermine the fortunes of even the most formidable of teams.

McLaren's strength is derived from the team's ability to attract massive financial resources and then to utilize them to provide the best possible facilities in every department. Philip Morris's Marlboro brand is the team's major and most visible sponsor, but five other companies also have exposure on the cars, and more support the team in other ways. All these arrangements are the subject of long-term commitments, giving the team financial stability.

The team's design and engineering resources at its palatial headquarters in Surrey (known as the "Woking Hilton") are the envy of all rivals, as are the two separate re-

search and development teams that McLaren operates in conjunction with its Japanese engine partners, Honda.

But even in an age when technological input is of such importance, it is the driver who is the final instrument of success or failure. This is why Ron Dennis, McLaren's commercial director, decided last year to secure what he felt was the best available talent money could buy. He was already in the enviable position of having Prost, the most broadly talented of all Grand Prix drivers, on his pay-roll. It was no great surprise when he chose Senna to be his new partner, the Brazilian having already demonstrated a prodigious talent and a single-minded dedication to success. Yet the decision to put Prost and Senna together was a brave one.

Senna had been used to star treatment at Lotus; indeed, he had insisted on it, to the extent of influencing the choice of his own team-mate (he had vetoed Derek Warwick's can-

ZOOM PHOTOGRAPHIC



A sparkling season: Thierry Boutsen congratulates Senna on his victory in the Japanese Grand Prix — and the championship

didate). Prost, understandably, as the highly successful incumbent (he had twice been world champion since joining McLaren), would not be expected to settle for second best. The undisputed animosity between Nelson Piquet and Nigel Mansell in the Williams team, after Mansell's skill in the cockpit had undermined Piquet's complacency, was a powerful enough reminder that the teaming of Senna with Prost could be explosive.

In fact, the partnership has worked surprisingly well. Senna's early days with McLaren were difficult, but only because he was uncomfortable in the car, and so was unable to give his best during pre-season testing. This disturbed him considerably, but once his car had been fully tailored to him his integration into the team made rapid progress.

Prost, for his part, quickly lost any early reservations about his new partner. The more they tested together and exchanged observations, the more they came to respect each other's analytical abil-

ities which, when confronted with creating and then sustaining the team's superiority, can often be as important as raw driving skill. When you are winning as consistently as McLaren has been, it tends to look all too simple. It never is, least of all in the Formula One, but it is due in no small measure to the positive working relationship between Prost and Senna that the illusion has been created.

They have developed this relationship despite big differences in temperament, dis-

position and outside interests. Prost is the family man, relaxed, amiable, forever with a smile on his face, highly intelligent and articulate. He is an easy mixer, happy to relax with his racing contemporaries in the swimming pool or on the tennis court or golf course. Senna, serious, tense and dedicated, is not a natural mixer in the paddock, but has infinite patience for anything or anybody capable of enhancing his performance. He enjoys operating radio-controlled model aircraft, but

'That man sees a gap that just isn't there and the next thing you know — he's through!'

his strongest magnet in life is his close-knit family and girlfriend back home in Brazil, to whom he returns whenever he can.

Although the results Prost and Senna achieve in a McLaren cockpit are broadly similar, their methods are as divergent as their personalities. Prost is a driver of almost ballet-like elegance: he makes his car flow rather than rush around the circuit. The outstanding product of the French racing drivers' school system, he was very quick even in the junior leagues, but the smoothness has evolved with his experience of Formula One, dating back to 1980. Jackie Stewart, the most prolific Grand Prix winner until Prost overtook his record of 27 wins last season (he now has 34 to his credit), says he is the most complete driver today. "Study him through a long corner, watch how little his hands move on the steering wheel, notice how slow he looks, then check his lap time. That will give you an idea just how much in command he is. He seems to have all the time in the world in which to react to anything, and that is something I only experienced in my last season of racing."

Senna, in contrast, seems to be forever extracting the last ounce of performance from every element of his car — engine, brakes, tyres, suspension. Listen carefully to his car through that same long corner and you will hear the engine note constantly changing as he performs a tap-dance on the

Continued on facing page

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SPORTS BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Sea Trout

Hugh Falkus's story is a classic of sports writing: the anticipation of a great event, the excitement of its course, and the melancholy of its uniqueness

The big fish was lying above a rock at the head of the pool. Coming carelessly to the bank, I caught a lucky glimpse of him and stopped just in time, sinking slowly on hands and knees among the broom.

At full length, I inched my way through long grass to the pool's edge and peered over. The fish was still there. A huge, grey shadow, so big that, at first sight, it seemed certain he must be a salmon. Then, through a clear "window" in the flickering current, I saw his tail — the unmistakable convex tail — and gasped in astonishment. He was unquestionably a sea trout. An enormous sea trout. The biggest sea trout I had ever seen.

I lay motionless gazing at the fish, and the sun burned hot on my back. A high June day with a warm scent of damp hay; the land steaming after early rain. Since dawn, the spate had fallen quickly. Those foaming white strainers which earlier had ribboned the fellsides were gone, and now in mid-afternoon the river had lost its tinge of colour and was running clear again over the pale stones.

'The river flashed silver and I caught my breath at the sheer size of him'

Down towards the pool tail between shallows and deeps was the newly-arrived sea trout shoal: a host of shadows, faint and grey and still. And with them from the distant seaway had come the great fish that lay in front of me. On the night tide, he had nosed his way into the estuary, tasting the thin water of his homecoming and running on upstream as a spate foamed over the shallows above the weir.

He lay steady as a log, a few yards out from the bank in four or five feet of streamy water, broad tail gently waving; a round, white lamprey scar showing clearly on his flank just above the anal fin. Suddenly, he turned on his side and made a short dart upstream

low against the bottom. The river flashed silver and I caught my breath at the sheer size of him.

Three feet of silver and lilac beauty, humped with strength; his weight, well into the tens of pounds. He dropped slowly back again tail first into his original lie.

I gazed with wistful longing at that astonishing fish, every predatory instinct quivering with excitement and desire. The sea trout of my dreams — and lying only a few yards from me. I might as well wish the moon as hope to catch him. And yet...

The river was falling fast. How long would he lie there? Half a day and a night, perhaps.

By next daybreak he would have run, or dropped back to deeper water under the alder roots. I resisted a sudden temptation to hurry to the cottage for a rod. There was little hope of hooking him in that crystal sunlight. My best chance, probably my only chance, would be that evening when the light had gone and dusk shadowed the pool. Wiser to leave him undisturbed till then.

Eight hours to sunset. I glanced at the sky. No sign of further rain. Good. If the weather held; if the fish kept to his lie; if I curbed an impatience to cast for him too soon, and waited until the magic moment of late dusk — then, if my fly were to flicker temptingly past his nose, there was a chance, just a chance, he might take.

Slowly, a picture of his lie burned into my mind: the depth of water, the set and strength of current, the exact place on the opposite bank from which to cast, the length of line needed to cover him.

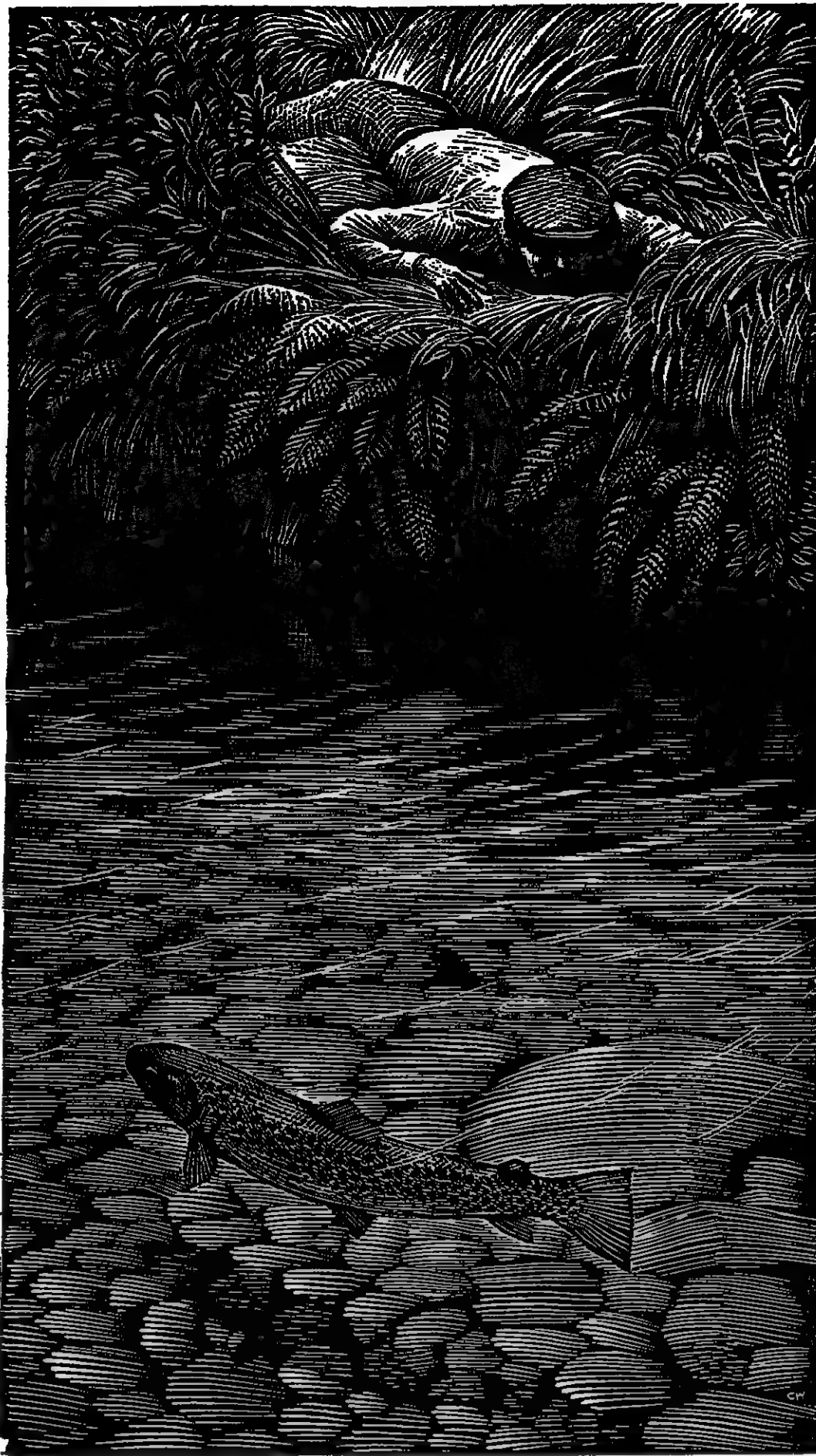
I wriggled backwards out of the bushes and pushed myself up on clenched fists, knuckles laced with the jig-saw pattern of damp grass. Every sense tingled at the thought of catching that fish. I longed to hook him; to feel his strength. To fight it out in the darkness.

It was a windless dusk, the tree-tops a silent tracery of leaves against the evening star. I sat under a high sycamore in the lengthening shadows, watching the river, thinking of my big fish and wondering whether he was still in residence. It seemed probable that he was.

My companions were fishing only the lower pools, and no one had disturbed him.

With the fading light, a chill came into the air. The sky was full of stars, and a wreath of ground mist hung low over the water meadows. I rubbed my silk-dressed line free of grease and left fifteen yards together with leader and fly to soak in a pool among the rocks.

Ten minutes to midnight. I had



waited hopefully for a cloud to soften the starlit sky, but now a faint glow was beginning to spread above the eastern fells. Soon, bright moonlight would shine straight down the pool, and I realised I could afford to wait no longer. It was time to start.

I wound up the slack line, tested hook points and knots, and walked softly up the shingle to the pool neck.

The river was shadowy and mysterious. Arcurus, the night fisherman's star, flashed above the trees, its reflection shaking in the water at my feet. Wading carefully in, well above the big sea trout's lie, I made a few practice casts to ensure that line and fly were sinking. Then, moving a yard or two downstream, I cast again, feeling the slow drag of the line as it swung round, the slight tug of the water at my fly. Two more long paces brought me to the spot I had marked that afternoon. My next cast, or the one following, should cover the fish.

I paused, heart thumping, filled with a tingling anticipation. This was it. This was the moment. Now — have at him, and God! let it be a good cast. The line sang in the air and went out into the bushy darkness under the opposite bank.

The fly seemed scarcely to touch the water. No sooner had it started to swing than I felt the line tighten with a slow, heavy pull. Then all hell broke loose.

Hardly had I realised he was hooked, when the fish was on the surface swirling in a ring of foam. A moment later, the reel screamed as he went zooming off like a torpedo down the pool.

I stumbled desperately to the shore and began to run downstream along the shingle. A flurry of spray gleamed in the darkness at the pool tail, then the fish was over the lip and away down the glide beyond.

To follow him along the thickly

And then, everything went slack.

I stood, numb with disappointment, water lapping my chest, the line hanging from the rod in a limp curve.

Sadly, filled with the bitterness of failure, I started to reel in. Suddenly, the line tightened with a jerk that nearly pulled the rod from my hand. My heart leaped. There was a thumping great splash somewhere far below me in the darkness under the



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRIS WORMELL

wooded bank was impossible. I plunged into the river beyond the shingle and splashed downstream in pursuit. Still the reel screamed. Would the fish never stop? Water surged in over my waders and clung to my stomach. I had an unhappy feeling there was very little backing left on the reel.

Now the water was chest high and I was holding the rod at arm's length above my head. I put a finger on the reel drum. The backing was almost gone. I hung on as the rod bent and bent, and the line hummed taut.

Up by the shingle bank that was where I wanted him. That was the place to fight it out.

"Come on, fish," I croaked, mouth dry as dust. "You come along with me."

I began to wade slowly back towards the shingle, my rod at right angles to the river, its butt hard against my side. And the fish came swimming steadily up, gaining on me, so that a belly of line formed behind him and urged him on.

I felt nothing. There was no sign of him. Not a splash, not a ripple. No tugging or pulling. But I knew

he was somewhere out there in the darkness; a huge, grey shape, swimming steadily on, his earlier fear replaced by puzzlement at feeling resistance from behind, and now swimming upstream to escape it.

At the top of the shingle, I began cautiously to wind in the slack, watching the rapidly changing angle of line against the surface glimmer, careful not to tighten on him too suddenly.

The fish was almost level with me and, although I knew it was still anybody's fight, I sensed the first intimation of success.

He had made his great effort, and failed.

Now he was going to do what I wanted. I knew there was another rush coming, perhaps more than one, but no rush he made now would equal the first. He was mine — if the hook held.

At last the fish was where I wanted him — above me in the neck of the pool. Now it was time to wake him up and start the second round.

I reeled in and tightened hard on him: tactics that met with instant reaction. Feeling sudden pressure from his flank, the fish tugged and bored, and tugged and turned and twisted and tugged again.

"That's right," I said. "Go on, fish. Fight. Rush about. Do anything — except stay still."

I kept the pressure on, giving him as much stick as I dared. After a minute or two of this, he swung suddenly in a wide arc, slashed furiously on the surface, then came straight towards me leaving a huge V-shaped ripple on the surface and almost running himself aground.

Feeling the stones under his belly, he swirled round, shot away again into deep water and started his second rush. Prepared for it, I let him go; the stripped line running out through my fingers.

He went whizzing down to the pool tail, and I followed him to the shingle's end. But this time he turned short of the glide beyond and plunged in the shallows.

"I've got you," I said. "You're nearly done now."

But the tail of a pool is no place for a tired fish.

I walked him steadily upstream again, this time keeping the pressure on, and he followed me like a dog.

At the head of the pool, he went deep, boring and twisting. I could feel him down there, shaking his head. I pulled him downstream a few yards and he swung in towards the bank, turning half on his side so that his flank flashed in the brightening moonlight.

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw the moon's edge peeping above the fell. I stepped into the shadow of overhanging trees and stood quite still, the handle of the big salmon net between my knees, the net's rim lying on the bottom in slack water.

The fish was swimming very slowly now, wallowing in small circles. I lifted the rod and it arced against the stars as the fish came towards me.

The moon rode above the fell and shadows slanted across the pool. Now every stone on the bottom was visible in the clear water and I could see the fish — a long bar of silver just below the surface only a rod's length from me.

I drew him gently in over the sunken net.

I raised the net. It came up six inches — and stuck solid. With a sensation of incredulity and despair I realised it was fastened to something on the bottom. I wrenched at it. It remained immovable, firmly held — as I discovered later — by a piece of barbed wire jammed between the stones.

Frightened by this commotion, the fish roused himself and rushed away across the pool.

For what seemed eternity he hung doggedly out in the current. I sensed the thrust of his tail against the leader as he stood on his nose boring down among the rocks, and my heart was in my throat.

Sweating, I managed at last to pump him up. He came into the shallows on his side, a swathe of silver in the moonlight.

As he touched the stones, the hook flew from his mouth into the bushes behind me.

For a terrible moment I stood paralysed, while the great fish splashed violently in a cloud of spray. Then, dropping the rod, I plunged in and seized him by the tail.

He writhed from my grasp and skidded away towards deeper water.

Again, my fingers slipped on his slimy flanks. Now he was nearly able to swim. Almost demoralised, I fell on hands and knees beside him, got both arms underneath and heaved him up on the shingle. He began to flop back towards the river, but I stumbled forward and flung myself on top of him.

A faint wind whispered in the leaves. The moon had climbed above me and the river was a flashing silver stream that sang in the shallows.

I emptied my waders and sat beneath the sycamore, the great fish gleaming from the grass at my feet. I looked at him in wonder. The biggest sea trout I had ever caught, or was ever likely to catch. The fish of a lifetime.

He was even bigger than he had seemed when I first saw him. Without doubt, he was the same fish: on his right flank just above the anal fin was that round, white lamprey scar.

I sat there for a long time looking at my fish, consumed with fierce elation, and yet — a curious regret. For years, season by season, this fish had survived the long dangerous journey from some distant tide rip to his lonely reeds. A miracle of survival.

And now I had caught him. For years, I had fished, night after night the seasons through, dreaming of catching such a fish. And yet now I sat staring at his vast girth, feeling a strange emptiness.

Always, I had wished the moon and travelled in hope. But now I had arrived... and the moon was at my feet.

I threaded a forked stick through his gills and carried him across dew-wet fields up the hill to the cottage. There, I put him on the kitchen table, lit a lamp, changed my sodden clothes and sat looking out across the valley. Already, a pale oyster light of dawn was spreading above the fells.

'I stood paralysed, while the great fish splashed violently in a cloud of spray'

Nailed boots sounded in the lane. The Labrador jumped growling from his bed beside the stove, then stood wagging his tail in recognition. My fishing companions appeared in the open doorway, stopping with sudden exclamation as they glimpsed what was lying on the table.

They came gingerly inside.

"A sea trout?"

"Yes."

"It can't be."

"It is. Look at his tail. Count the scales."

They gazed in awe.

"God in heaven! What an incredible fish...!"

Darkness lifted from the valley. We sat in the kitchen drinking coffee and whisky while the sky caught fire and the birds sang. Below us the river was a ribbon of mist. Fields beyond the river shone green and yellow in the early sunshine. Curlews were crying from the fells.

My companions debated whether to go to bed or try the sea pool for a whooper come in on the night tide. At length, inspired by whisky and the sight of my fish, they took up their bags and rods and went out again into the clear, cool morning.

Their footsteps faded.

For once I had no desire to accompany them. I thought of my sea trout in the dark away of the sea, swimming his hours away under the stars — and stayed where I was, feeling no particular pleasure, just a vague regret, an intangible sense of defeat, with the great fish lying there on the table staring at me with his dead eyes and seeing nothing.

This story was published recently by H F & G Witherby to mark the 25th anniversary of Hugh Falkus's best-selling book, *Sea Trout Fishing*. ©Hugh Falkus, 1965, 1987

A GOLFER'S GUIDE FROM THE SPONSORS OF THE EQUITY & LAW CHALLENGE.

LESSON 8 "THE 19TH HOLE"



FIG. 1: "Why endure eighteen dry holes", mused an old soak from St Andrews in 1850, "when one can enjoy eighteen wet ones instead?" Having burdened the caddie with copious quantities of Scotch 'n' Soda, his drinking problem was solved.

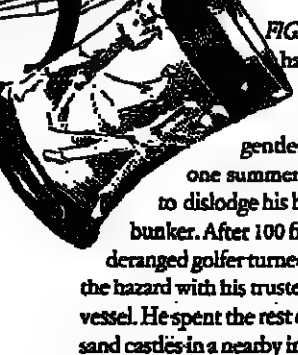


FIG. 2: For many years, a pewter tankard has gathered dust in a Devon clubhouse. It hangs as a sad reminder of Cecil Stone, a serious gentleman who went to pieces one summer's day, having failed to dislodge his ball from a Barnstaple bunker. After 100 fruitless swipes, the deranged golfer turned to 'bailing out' the hazard with his trusted drinking vessel. He spent the rest of his days making sand castles in a nearby institution.

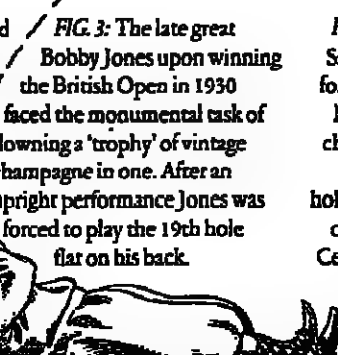


FIG. 3: The late great Bobby Jones upon winning the British Open in 1930 faced the monumental task of downsizing a 'trophy' of vintage champagne in one. After an upright performance Jones was forced to play the 19th hole flat on his back.



FIG. 4: The American veteran Gene Sarazan was said to be particularly fond of a 'wee dram' of 'Duffer's' Malt to help the circulation on chilly Scottish fairways. Imagine his disgust when, in 1973, he holed in one at Royal Troon without his favourite tipple to hand. Celebrations were dashed as the 71 year old swore blind never again to tee off without his bottle of 'Duffer's'.

THE CHAMPAGNE CHALLENGE

Making room for a new set of clubs presented a problem for one keen collector. With his house full to the brim with golfing memorabilia, he didn't even have room for a niblick. And as he had spent his last penny on a photograph of Sam Snead, moving was out of the question. He found the solution in Equity & Law's financial expertise in the anagram below. If you're one of the first 10 names with the correct answer to be drawn out of a hat, we'll send you a bottle of champagne.

Today's Anagram:
HERO TOM GANT CUT CAGE (3,8,7)
Ring 01-460 3434 today with your answer.



Day of decision for three tracks in the all-weather running

By Graham Rock

Next Wednesday a special meeting of the Levy Board will see one of the most fundamental changes in British racing: to allow thoroughbred racing to compete on an artificial, all-weather surface.

Racing on dirt is the backbone of the American, and several countries race on sand. Both surfaces are generally believed to shorten the working life of a horse's legs, despite statistical evidence to the contrary; however, Britain has waited until a more favourable surface has become available, suitable both for hurdles and flat races.

Whatever the greenhouse effect may bring to future generations of Britons, we now suffer an annual depletion of the racing programme because of rain, frost and snow, often over 100 meetings a year.

While extra fixtures are sometimes run at a later date to compensate the racecourse, they usually attract a smaller crowd and, far more important, they tend to clash with other, better-established fixtures. Thus they fail to generate the same volume of betting, with the consequential loss of funds to the Levy Board.

The figures vary according to the time of year but if a

day's racing is lost to the weather during January or February, the sport is deprived of approximately £60,000. The average cost to racing for each of the past five years has been £1.4 million.

Bookmakers also suffer, but to a lesser degree. They can offer their customers betting on greyhound racing, which does not require a levy payment, so even if the turnover falls, their greater gross profit margin compensates to some degree.

Estimates vary as to how much revenue all-weather racing can generate, but the Levy Board believe that £1.3 million a year is a reasonable figure, and they will make interest-free loans in excess of £1 million to those courses who stage the novel sport.

The Jockey Club set up a working party to investigate all-weather tracks three years ago, subsequently invited racecourses to apply for licences, and in December last year carried out trials at Newmarket to test two surfaces, Equitrac and Fibresand.

On the day, Fibresand won by a distance. Subsequently it was discovered that the Equitrac material, widely used on stable gallops, was not

laid to a sufficient depth on its base. Even so, the kickback, the amount of material thrown into the faces of the horses running behind the leaders, was considered excessive and unacceptable. Since then, Equitrac has been used as a racing surface for over two months at Remington Park, Oklahoma, and has found few critics.

Fibresand was also considered unsuitable, lacking resilience, but improvements made to the product before another trial on March 1, were sufficient to convince the Jockey Club that the surface had been found.

It has always been considered desirable to have two all-weather tracks, one for the south and one for the north.

With Kempton Park's recent withdrawal from the race, Lingfield's application should be approved next week and the Surrey course is likely to be offering all-weather racing within a year. However, the Levy Board will have to choose between Doncaster and Nottingham, who are competing for the second venue.

● The Times asked the three courses to state their case for selection and the following are their submissions:

Accent on comfort and safety

Lingfield Park has submitted a £5.2 million scheme to the Jockey Club in its attempt to become the first all-weather racecourse in the south of England.

The directors propose to commission a Fibresand track, built to very stringent specifications with special attention being given to the safety of the horses, superior communications and an increase in comfort for the spectators.

With its close proximity to the M25 and an improved train service, the course can provide the scenic advantages of a modern country racecourse, along with the convenience that the easy travel from large centres of population and major training centres brings.

The all-weather track at

LINGFIELD PARK

Lingfield, 1¼ miles long and triangular in shape, will bring improvements to the existing grass course.

The straight course will remain unaltered, but the round course will be re-aligned. New drainage will improve the going. It is planned to install a modern irrigation system, along with facilities for sectional timing and floodlighting, should they be required at a later date.

A new service road will be installed on the interior of the course, which will be able to service both the all-weather and the grass tracks. It is also planned to construct

an underpass in order that there should be no crossing on the track. This will also secure the centre of the course can be used for car parking and other events.

The company is committed to spending £3.4 million on the racecourse alone. Major improvements are also scheduled for the stables and course enclosures.

These will include a betting hall, more private boxes and another storey on the main grandstand, providing a members' viewing gallery and restaurant, public enclosed viewing facilities and fast food outlets.

A new stable block will be built, initially providing boxes for 100 horses, with provision to expand for another 100, once all-weather racing begins.

Public protection paramount

Our commitment to racing, the established infrastructure, and an asset without equal in Britain of the all-weather grandstand, makes Doncaster a logical choice for the first all-weather track. Geography is also on our side: the location is at the centre of Britain.

Access at times of extreme weather must have priority if the all-weather racecourse is to be judged by the ability to provide continuity when traditional turf tracks are either frostbound or waterlogged.

Here Doncaster scores the highest marks because surface transport links to the racecourse are without parallel. The motorways are located 400 yards from the stable yards with direct access to the M18, M1, M62, A1(M), and M180, and from 1990 Britain's newest and fastest mainline train service will be

DONCASTER

one mile from our door.

Already the established infrastructure provides a dual-carriageway link throughout the 130-mile road journey between training stables at Newmarket and Doncaster racecourse. The network is equally good when turning north. With the exception of a few miles, it is dual-carriageway to Malton as well.

Doncaster's commitment to racing is manifest. The near £700,000 spent on non-revenue earning facilities over the last five years is proof of our concern about safety and standards, including a three-phase £200,000 renovation of the stable yards that will house 200 horses overnight in weather-proofed stalls.

The third force in this new-

world of all-weather racing will be the racecourse. The abandonment of racing because of adverse conditions at traditional tracks automatically excludes the public. Now their protection is paramount.

Exposed grandstands will create the contradiction of safe racing for the horses and treacherous conditions for the racegoer. There will be no such fears at Doncaster.

Britain's largest indoor betting hall will be refurbished and extended at a cost of £700,000. It will be completed by the St Leger festival next September and will provide 4,600 square metres of internal space. That is larger than Saint-Cloud and comparable to Vincennes.

For the sake of racing, Don-

Bringing quality to Midlands

The location of Nottingham makes it an ideal course to stage all-weather racing as it is centrally situated between the country's premier training centres at Newmarket, Lambourn and Malton.

In an area of high population, Nottingham is well served by major roads and has good rail links.

The Midlands presently lacks a quality racecourse with modern facilities and our intention is to put matters right.

The excellent location has ensured that we already have support within the industry and there is no doubt that ample scope exists for an all-weather course.

Our aim is to improve the existing turf track and to provide an all-weather course of the highest possible standard. Prize-money levels must be

NOTTINGHAM

raised so Nottingham aims to maintain the most attractive parts of the current racing programme and enhance that programme by the inclusion of a high-quality festival meeting.

Such a racing programme would be supported with the necessary management, manpower, machinery and maintenance controls to encourage support within the industry.

A new grandstand would be built close to the track, maximizing viewing potential and offering facilities not presently available on any racecourse. All existing facilities would be upgraded.

The grandstand will include 34 private boxes, two 100-seater restaurants, bars and eating

areas, and enclosed betting facilities. All parts will be close to and overlooking the track at the front, or the paddock at the rear.

A new weighing room with a public viewing gallery will be built and there will be a proper entrance for members, owners and trainers. All car parks will be tarred.

The bends on the present turf track will be widened, with the six-furlong straight course maintained. A modern drainage system will be installed and other important safety changes will include the replacement of all concrete posts.

The all-weather circuit would be 1¼ miles round with a straight course for sprints. A seven-furlong start will be reintroduced.

Finally, a new stable complex will be built adjacent to the parade ring.

Carroll House given clear-cut opportunity

The Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe winner Tony Bin misses his intended engagement in Sunday's Premio Roma (10f) at the Capannelle, and will now go straight for the Japan Cup on November 27.

Tony Bin's defection considerably improves the prospects of the three English raiders in the £80,000-added group one event, John Dunlop's pair, Topside Man (Bruce Raymond) and Love The Groom (John Reid), and Michael Jarvis's Carroll House (Santiago Solis).

Love The Groom has looked a shadow of his former self this year, and it is Carroll House who has the best chance of bringing this rich prize back to

England. He was third behind Roskarad and Tony Bin in the Gran Premio del Jockey Club last time out.

At San Siro, Milan, today, Michael Stoute saddles Aidm For The Top (Walter Swinburn) for the £18,000-added Premio Chiusura (7f), and this somewhat disappointing filly must have a sound chance against the moderate opposition.

The improving Indian Queen, trained by Willie Hastings-Bass, chases her fourth consecutive win when she contests the £20,000 Grand Prix de Bordeaux (12f) tomorrow. She is accompanied by the Merrick Francis-trained Genobra (Billy Newnnes).

Eddery wins in France

Pat Eddery narrowly captured the last important race of the French season when getting home by a nose on the Andre Fabre-trained Miserin de Saint-Cloud (10f) yesterday (Our French Racing Correspondent writes).

The son of Private Account battled on well after being third

300 yards out and had just enough left to hold off the strong challenge of Louis Cyphre (Freddie Head).

It was a muddling sort of race and Clive Britain's Cossack Guard (Tony Ives) was beaten less than four lengths finishing eighth of 10. The Dermot Weld-trained Beyond The Lake was a never-dangerous ninth.

Court Guest extends run for O'Neill

Jonjo O'Neill is just three winners short of beating his total for the whole of last season after saddling Court Guest for a runaway success in the Brigantes Novices' Chase at Hexham yesterday.

O'Neill has now had 30 winners since switching to training two seasons ago and Court Guest was his twelfth success of the current campaign. His best total came last season when he had 14 successes.

Court Guest, the 13-8 favourite, seemed to relish the testing three-mile trip and O'Neill said: "He is a lovely horse and if he is all right when he gets home, I'll be running him again quickly."

Traprain Law, who made most of the running, toppled over at the last fence, presenting Court Guest with the race.

Winning jockey Mickey Hammond said: "I would have won anyway. My horse was finishing strongly going to the last."

First ride

John Stanger has his first ride in public on Twelve O'Clock High in the Grunwick Stakes National Hunt Flat Race at Carlisle on Monday.



Glenavoy leads the eventual winner Biggun in the amateur riders' chase at Cheltenham (Photograph: Ian Stewart)

Mackeson so special to Linley

By Alan Lee

The only jockey to have won the Mackeson Gold Cup three times will be missing from Cheltenham today. Richard Linley will instead be working behind the scenes at the Windsor meeting, which is the way he likes it.

A man whose final few years in the saddle were coloured by pain and personal tragedy, Linley does not waste time looking back. These days, he is employed by the Jockey Club as their Southern Inspector of Courses.

He enjoys the life and has little time for regrets or reminiscence.

"I haven't sat on a horse since I began this job a year ago," he said. "There isn't much spare time but I also haven't felt the urge. I don't even go to watch racing when I am not working. I don't think I could do that without a sense of involvement."

For all that, 34-year-old Linley admits that he will not get through today without the intrusion of memories and a compulsion to follow the race he won three times in four years during the early Eighties.

"There are things I still miss about riding, especially the big days. The Mackeson is still very special to me. I remember it with affection and excitement. I won't say I would like to have a ride this year but I will certainly be thinking about the boys going round."

Cheltenham was almost Linley's personal stage during those heady years. Fifty Dollars More and Half Free (twice) were his Mackeson winners and then came the Champion Hurdle triumph aboard Gaye Brief.

The sight of this stylish, dark-haired jockey returning to the famous winner's enclosure in the red and black colours of Sheikh Ali Abu Khamis was familiar to every racegoer.

Now, Linley's racing duties are far more anonymous though just as important. It could be said a puncheon turned gamekeeper but I hope people don't think of it like that. If the race courses, or the riders, regarded me as a Jockey Club snoop then the relationship would be disastrous."

Linley is responsible for 20 Southern courses, liaising over such matters as the siting and building of fences, rails and general safety, a subject naturally close to the heart of one who rode at high level for 15 years.

"I believe racecourse safety has dramatically improved since I began riding, but we must never become complacent. I would like to think that if jockeys or trainers have any grouses over a particular course they will come to me."

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Playschool breaks down and misses rest of season

By Alan Lee

It was a script straight from the pages of Dick Francis but yesterday came the savage twist in its tale. Playschool, such a flop when favourite for last season's Gold Cup that connections still insist he was doped, returned to Cheltenham eight months on and broke down badly at the end of a heroic comeback run.

Trainer David Barons, in consoling himself for running the talented stayer on ground too firm for him, immediately conceded that Playschool will miss the rest of the season. "Now we shall never know if he'd have won the 1989 Gold Cup," he said grimly.

Playschool, concealing a massive 19lb, was beaten a head by Golden Friend in the Allied Dunbar Chase but would inevitably have lost the race in the stewards' room if Mercy Rinnell's enigmatic runner had not been coaxed into it last-ride lead by Simon Sherwood.

Only 100 yards from the line Playschool veered sharply left across the winner - clear indication that he had broken down.

His jockey, Paul Nicholls, explained: "He went on his off-side for a stride after the last. He would definitely have won otherwise. I've always known he was a good horse and even if he has to miss a year I think he can come back and win good races."

Barons, who has made no secret of his belief that sinister outside forces sabotaged Playschool's Gold Cup chance in March, said later: "I had said I would wait for the rain and I should have done so."

Playschool had traded the lead with Yeoman Broker throughout the race and was half a length down when his rival capsize at the second-last, his second fall in two runs this term.

Josh Gifford, who won the Conditional Jockeys' Hurdle with the well-handicapped Copse And Robbers, had run Yeoman Broker in preference to his own Gold Cup hope, Ballyhane, due to the firm ground.

Raise An Argument was taken out of today's Mackeson Gold Cup because his owner John Poynton and trainer Monica Dickinson considered the ground at Cheltenham too firm.

The Harewood challenger, second favourite to Jim Thorpe in the ante-post lists, will probably now run at Ayr next Saturday before taking his chance in the A F Budge Gold

Mrs Rinnell revealed that Sherwood replaced Golden Friend's usual jockey, Dermot Browne, at the owner's bequest. Sherwood gave the horse superb, kid-gloves treatment and went on to complete a double on Calceps in the ASW Hurdle.

Even before the injury to Playschool we had heard that Gold Cup winner Charterbury with Desert Orchid at Kempton next Wednesday unless the weather forecast is very wrong. His trainer, David Nicholson, said: "You won't be seeing him if the sun keeps shining. He's ready to run but I shan't risk him on anything firmer than good ground."

Nicholson, enjoying his best start for several years, sent out his 13th winner when Biggun justified favouritism in the Coln Valley Amateur Riders Novices Chase.

It was no surprise to Nicholson, who had hatched a long-term plan for this race, booking Marcus Armytage for the ride all of two months ago and urging Biggun's owner, John Horn, to fly over from his New York home.

Another horse who will not contest this season's Gold Cup is Private View. Nick Gascoigne's spectacular young chaser, winner of six races last term, is scheduled to reappear at Newbury this month, but the trainer says: "He definitely won't be tried over three miles this time and I've no idea who has been backing him for the Gold Cup."

Gascoigne produced his Cheltenham specialist: Tarn to win the John Seyfried Mickleton Chase by a length. All three of Tarn's wins in the past two seasons have been over the course and distance and he will have a rest before being bought back here for the Grand Annual Chase at the Festival meeting.

Proed Pilgrim is trained by Jimmy Fitzgerald, who does not consider the nine-year-old ready for a race like the Hennessy. However, the chestnut has the ability to win a good prize one day.

He needs a lot of practice as he hasn't much confidence in himself yet," the Malton trainer said.

Proed Pilgrim's victory formed the middle leg of a 35-1 double for Mark Dwyer, followed by Good Point in the White Swan Selling Hurdle and completed by Kervinstor in the Red Lion Handicap Chase.

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Champion hope at Newbury

By Christopher Goulding

Mole Board, one of the heavily-supported favourites who failed to oblige at last season's Cheltenham Festival, has the Champion Hurdle as his main objective this term.

Owen O'Neill, who trains the Deep Run gelding at Cleve Hill, high above Cheltenham racecourse, reports the six-year-old in excellent form. "He is very well indeed and I expect he will have his first race at Newbury in the Gerry Fielden Hurdle on November 26."

This race looks like developing into a fascinating contest with Kribben, favourite for the hurdling crown, and Decided participating.

O'Neill puts Mole Board's Festival defeat in the Sun Alliance Hurdle down to a combination of circumstances.

At Cheltenham, he was left at the post and a horse fell in front of him," said O'Neill. "He is a very good horse and everything will be geared to the Champion Hurdle."

O'Neill had good news of Christina Schud. The gelding who mystified both his trainer and the vets when he was pulled up lame in last season's Scottish Champion Hurdle, is now back in work.

"He was lame for a month in his hind leg after the race," said O'Neill. "We sent him to Edinburgh University and they could not find the problem. I expect to have him ready to run by the end of the month."

O'Neill is hoping that Model Pup, one of the leading staying hurdlers, will return to his yard. "He missed all of last season, due leg trouble, and has been fired. I hope to get him back, but his connections have not been in touch."

"He will make a cracking three-mile novice chaser. When he last ran he had some superb form over hurdles, winning the Fernbank Hurdle at Ascot and also finished third behind Calmoy in the Waterford Crystal Stayers' Hurdle at the Festival."

Santopadre, who had three different trainers, found winning form when joining O'Neill last season and will be sent novice chasing later this year.

Stormy Prospect, who missed last season due to leg trouble, is now back in training. "He could be something special," said O'Neill. "Also Strike A Point is a very nice horse. He should do well in staying hurdle races."

Racing next week
MONDAY: Carlisle, Wolverhampton.
TUESDAY: Sandown, Southwell.
WEDNESDAY: Kempton Park, Worcester.
THURSDAY: Towson, Taunton.
FRIDAY: Ascot, Ayr, Nottingham.
SATURDAY: Ascot, Ayr, Warwick, Cardif.

Hope on the horizon for long-suffering

A series of weekly reports on Britain's racecourses
No 11: WINDSOR

The popularity of Windsor is one of the 'Turf' mysteries. The racing is average and facilities awful. True lovers of racing can adapt to anything. What they do resent is being taken for a ride.

Eighteen months ago, Windsor changed hands and all sorts of promises were made by the new owners. Not a great deal has happened and the talk is that the new regime is as set to protest as the old one. Well, I have some shattering news.

This week the number-board was painted for the first time in 25 years. Better still, the stands have been painted, inside and out. Windsor cannot be put right overnight but suddenly the signs are encouraging.

There is so much to do. Windsor's only redeeming features are its situation, close to London, and its atmosphere. The average attendance of 6,000 in the summer is out of all proportion to the quality of racing. For some reason, Windsor is the place to be on Monday nights in June and July. Which goes to show that if somewhere is fashionable, people will flock to it regardless of how badly they are treated.

An air of desolate splendour pervades the stands. Desolate splendour is all very well, pre-

vided the owner has fallen on hard times. A glance at the accounts of the old company showed that this was not the case.

The new owners are a consortium of racing-minded people who include the brothers Ian and Toby Balding. The chairman is Richard Thompson, whose father owns the Chequery Park Stud in Newmarket. Hugo Bevan, the clerk of the course, has now assumed the mantle of managing director.

Teething troubles having been overcome, the way is now clear for Bevan to start a long-pending campaign by spending money on the place.

Windsor racegoers are enthusiasts. They may not be the biggest form experts but they know how to spend three hours outdoors in the company of friends. Many have come straight from their desks in the City.

The American novelist Jay McInerney has described this as

the Bazaar After Work Club, "with hell-fire on a dinner table in their eyes". Their evenings consist of one trip after another to the Pimms Bar, punctuated by increasingly scandalous trips to the betting ring.

It is different in winter. City suits give way to overcoats, accompanied by plumes of breath and the stamping of feet. The Queen Mother's glossy black car with the lion on the roof is often parked inside the gates - a shrewd place to leave it. Queen Elizabeth is the most resilient of racegoers but only an anti-mosquitoer would wish her to try her luck in the public car park.

Of all Windsor's achievements, this is its most nightmarish. It is not just the horrible winding approach road, so narrow that pedestrians end up in the ditch; nor even the cattle-ramp which makes a noise like heavy artillery fire every time a car goes over; it is the way the gates turn the simple matter of parking in a field into a journey to hell.

Alan Ball, the Portsmouth football manager, was among dozens of hapless car owners who were directed to a treacherous mud-covered annex one day last year despite there being masses of room in the car park proper.

The answer to it is travel by train. A charming ferry takes you from Windsor Riverside station to the racecourse in 15 minutes. It is licensed and you can get two drinks in if you're quick. Unfortunately the ferry operates in summer only.

Though invisible from the stands, the river runs just behind

the paddock and once nearly claimed the life of the former jockey, Des Cullen. His mount took control and charged into the drink.

CRICKET

Amarnath denies role in rebel tour

From Javed Akhtar, Bangalore

Amarnath denies any role in the rebel tour. He says he was not involved in the decision to tour South Africa and that he was not part of the team that went.

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ATHLETICS

Feast of fixtures to whet appetites

British athletics organizers believe their package of fixtures for 1989 is the best ever arranged. The plan will be the men's McMillan's Challenge in Birmingham on June 23-24, followed by the British, United States, the Soviet Union and West Germany.

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HOCKEY: COUNTDOWN FOR APPOINTMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN MANAGER TO REPLACE ROGER SELF

Southgate's attack weakened

By Sydney Friskin

Southgate, the holders, will face Slough for the second time within a month when they meet in the third round of the Nationwide Anglia Cup at Brunel University ground, Uxbridge, tomorrow. Slough lost 3-0 in the Poundstretcher National League match on October 22, but have been improving steadily since.

Southgate's attack this time will be the weaker for the absence of Sean Kerly, now under an automatic 16-day suspension after being sent off with a red card last week. Welch will probably take over at centre forward and they have a depth of talent which enables them to make successful permutations up front.

Mike Alcock, who once played for Southgate, joins his brother Chris in the Slough team and will play at outside right in place of Kati Saini who is away on business. However, Barber is not in the Slough side travelling for today's National League match against Warrington, who are still without a point after five matches.

Jon Potter, the Hounslow captain, is in need of a rest and will not play in the National League away match against Slough today. However, today's Cup match at home against Slough.

Europe challenge GB

The Great Britain Olympic team will be assembled on the artificial turf pitch at Luton on November 30 for a floodlit match, sponsored by the Minet Insurance Group, against the Best of Europe (Sydney Friskin writes).

For those who were separated by many thousands of miles from the scene of triumph at Seoul, where Britain won the gold medal, the event, to be known as the Minet Olympic



Taking a break: Sean Kerly, who is serving a 16-day ban after being sent off last week

Warwickshire test holders

By Joyce Whitehead

The territorial rounds of the National Westminster Bank women's county championship continue tomorrow in the Midlands and West. Midlands teams have reached the halfway stage, each having played four matches.

Leicestershire, Staffordshire and Warwickshire are unbeaten with 16 points each and all three still have to play one another. The key match tomorrow will be Staffordshire, the Midlands defending champions, against Warwickshire at Fox Hollies, Birmingham.

Worcestershire, in fourth place with eight points, play Nottinghamshire, who have six points) at Hatfield Stadium; Leicestershire meet Derbyshire at Highfields, Nottingham; and Shropshire visit Northamptonshire.

The eight Western counties have each played three times with unexpectedly low scores, except for Gloucestershire who are level with the holders, Devon, on 10 points. They have scored seven goals in two of those matches against Devon's three. Wiltshire, Avon and

Somerset are not far behind with eight points.

Last weekend in the East, Lincolnshire fell foul of the fog and failed to turn up in time to play Hertfordshire and then lost 10-0 to Suffolk, who enjoyed a scoring spree. Leitch, Nunn, Young, Fry, Rawlinson (2), Pleasance (2) and Bergin (2) found the back of the net. With five matches to play, Kent, the holders, and Essex are on top.

In the South section teams are keeping themselves busy playing their club league matches, but they will return to county competition next weekend.

It would seem that a new Klammer has yet to emerge. The best that they can hope for is a new Hoffmeier. The former World Cup champion dominated the training on the glacier pistes this week and sports editors got the chance to print the first of several hundred almost identical skiing pictures which will appear during the next five months.

Considering the importance of skiing as a sport and an industry the Austrians are no longer as good at it as they would like. This year's showing in the Winter Olympics, in which they took three gold medals, was an improvement on their World Cup form of recent years but success in the main event - the downhill - continues to elude them.

It seems that most of Austria's great champions, like Klammer, are of yesterday. Lutz Lischka, the former coach to the national judo team and now a sports writer, blames it upon a defeatist attitude.

But if they lack pride in their performance Austrians do not want for it in

Austrian game all troughs and no peaks

It was almost as if the near-freezing temperatures in Vienna this week were telling Austria's footballers that it was time to move off the mountain and let the experts take over.

Dutifully the country's two remaining European survivors lost their foothold in the UEFA Cup and Austrian football took another tumble in world standing. But sports lovers need not be depressed for long; the national game is about to come to the rescue.

Just as some British sports editors need not the slightest excuse to run a football story prominently in the height of summer, so their Austrian counterparts seize eagerly any opportunity to give skiing its head out of season.

The start of the World Cup downhill season at Val d'Isere is only three weeks away and before then the Austrians need to find out who are the men to challenge the supremacy of Zurborg and Müller, of Switzerland.

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Amalgamations and name changes, due to sponsorship support, have caused clubs to lose identity with their supporters. Somehow Admira/Wacker and Foto Nentig Vienna do not have quite the same ring as Real Madrid or, say, Rapid Vienna.

Clive White



the legendary Wunderbar team, has been in decline ever since players like Hapell left the scene in the Fifties.

Crowds have dwindled to an average of just over 3,000 for first division games - so much for the benefits of a super league. Austria was one of the first countries to reduce the size of the first division. Try as they might, there was no way that the 15,000 who turned up to watch Hearts were going to bring the giant Prater Stadium back to life.

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POWERBOATING

Britons battle to catch Americans

By Bryan Stiles

Neither can catch Chris Bush, of the United States, who secured the title last weekend when he coasted into first position in the Penang Grand Prix, but both are determined to overtake two other Americans, Mike Seaborn and Don Johnston, in the final round tomorrow.

Two points separate Jones, a Welsh boat official, who is a former world champion, and Kerton, a public relations officer, who recently became European champion.

dominated the 50-lap race, leading from the start. Next session, the championship will begin and end in the southern hemisphere. The first event will be in Darling Harbour, Sydney, on January 6 to 8.

The count, against Andrew Lawrence Morrison, aged 20, of no fixed abode, was tried at Manchester Crown Court before Judge Gerard and a jury. The particulars of offence were that he "unlawfully and maliciously wounded Shelia Mary Matthews (a detective constable) with intent to resist or prevent the lawful apprehension of himself."

He was sentenced to four years imprisonment.

Mr Leslie Hull, assigned by the Registrar of Criminal Appeals, for the appellant, Mr John Bailey for the Crown.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, giving the judgment of the court, said that the facts were "unlawfully and maliciously wounded Shelia Mary Matthews (a detective constable) with intent to resist or prevent the lawful apprehension of himself."

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Darlington talent show

By Lesley Drennan

Late entries in the foil section of the Tyneside Open in Darlington this weekend have brought a welcome boost of talents as well as numbers. Donnie McKenzie, the defending men's champion, Anderson and Julia Bracewell.

The men's foil section, to be held on Sunday, is the third regional qualifier for the Challenge Marconi Epee International, the World Cup competition to be held in London next March.

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Queen's Bench Divisional Court

Law Report November 12 1988

Court of Appeal

Training scheme coercion unlawful Two types of recklessness considered

Regina v Liverpool City Council, Ex parte Secretary of State for Employment. Before Lord Justice Lloyd, Lord Justice Stuart-Smith and Mr Justice Nolan. [Judgment November 11]

Although the Employment Training Scheme introduced by the Government on September 9, 1988 was not compulsory, Liverpool City Council was not entitled to boycott it by punishing co-operating organisations which might consider joining the scheme by threatening to withdraw grant aid.

The Queen's Bench Divisional Court held in a reserved judgment that an application for judicial review by the Secretary of State for Employment, and issuing a writ of certiorari to quash a resolution of Liverpool City Council rejecting all use of support for the Employment Training Scheme.

Mr John Mummery for the secretary of state; Mr David M. Harris for Liverpool City Council.

LORD JUSTICE LLOYD said the dispute arose out of the introduction on September 9, 1988 of a new scheme to help the long-term unemployed. The scheme was known as the Employment Training Scheme. It replaced all previous schemes and programmes for the aid of the long-term unemployed by the Community Programme.

Liverpool City Council was opposed to the scheme on four grounds: it did not have trade union support; it did not pay the rate for the job; it did not confer full employment status or protection and the council was critical

of the quality of training provided. The scheme was voluntary. There was no question of forcing it on anyone. The secretary of state did not complain of the council's opposition. His complaint was that the council was seeking to make the scheme effective by what he said were unlawful means.

The great bulk of all services provided by the council in the social welfare field were funded through the Community Programme. 90 per cent of all Community Programme places were provided by voluntary organisations. The terms on which the council would grant aid available to them was set out in a document.

On June 22, the finance and strategy committee passed a resolution "rejecting all use of grant aid for support for the Employment Training Scheme."

The Community Liaison Officer was instructed to amend the conditions of grant aid to ensure that no organisation would be able to participate in the scheme unless it was willing to participate in the Employment Training Scheme, might be deterred from doing so.

The ground for relief was that the council's resolution involved "the threatened abuse of misuse of discretionary powers by the imposition of sanctions on persons and organisations who would be better acting lawfully by participating in the scheme."

In support of his argument, Mr Mummery referred to *Wagstaff v Leicester City Council* (1985) 1 All ER 1054, in which the council prohibited a rugby club from using a local recreation ground as a number of members of the club had taken part in a tour to South Africa. The House of Lords held that it was unlawful use of the council's statutory powers to use them for the purpose of coercing the club to align itself with the council's policy.

PROPERTY

Making the French connection

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM WOOD



There is a corner of France that is forever England: Le Touquet is the place to pick up a weekend cottage, reports Rachel Warren

A first-time visitor to Le Touquet cannot fail to be struck by the Englishness of this elegant resort. Grand Victorian and Edwardian style mansions rise from the woodland on the outskirts of the town. Closer in, past the magnificent Casino and Westminster Hotel, half-timbered buildings house cafés and smart boutiques.

Even the new homes, built since the war, continue to pay architectural homage to the English style which so affected the town's early days. It was the vision of one John Whitley, in the 1890s, that laid the foundations for an ambitious Anglo-French resort, and a succession of English entrepreneurs have developed its leisure facilities ever since. The English demand of the Twenties and Thirties, when here for the gambling, Britain had no casinos, stayed at sumptuous hotels, watched horse racing and played polo, cricket and tennis during the day.

Edward VIII, as Prince of Wales, spent many summers here at a seven-bedroom forest mansion called La Louvière. It is for this aspect of its history that Jeff Wooller, who runs the London Accounting College, has just bought the property for some £275,000. "We bought here," he says, "because most estate agents are saying that property in France stands the best chance of high appreciation in the next 10 years. Obviously the connection with the Windsors should also make it worth more."

Very few of Le Touquet's English residents remember its pre-war glory. But it was nostalgia for the golden summers of his childhood in the town that drew Richard Burrows back in the early 1950s. "It was fantastic in the Twenties and the Thirties, full of English people all elegantly dressed. There were wonderful cars, Ford Model Ts and Buicks. Le Touquet was the first resort in the world," his Hertfordshire Hotel was the best hotel in the world. Its casino was the biggest in the world.

The war tarnished that image, laying waste to buildings and leaving those vast beaches land-mined. But today Burrows is enjoying his retirement in the idyllic surroundings of his beautiful 14-room mansion "L'Oxer". Here he lives with his wife Brigitte and youngest daughter Linda, aged 15, pursuing the love of his life, horses — they breed and show them — and golf on the two fine courses close to his home.

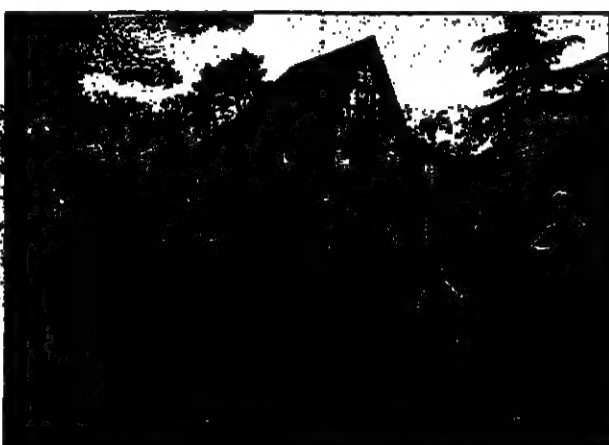
His former colleague, Charles Judd, who heads Express Auto, the French arm of a British company, also came here for love in the Fifties. In his case the object of his

affections was Marie-Louise, his wife, whom he met during a postwar Le Touquet holiday.

Like Burrows, he first worked at the airport, which thrived on freight in the Fifties and early Sixties, with some 200 flights a day between Lydd and Le Touquet. Now he commutes once a week to the parent company on Barking; the ferry or hovercraft journey from Boulogne takes only a few hours and has never bothered him.

The town is typically French but at the same time it's pro-English. I have never felt I was in a foreign land because there were so many English people around," he says. Their family home is in a quiet, leafy street, just a short walk from the town centre. It is a large, comfortable house with a garden. "They have lived here for 15 years," he says. "It is a very good location and the prospect of even faster travel when the Channel Tunnel is built that is now the major attraction for English people. A new generation is discovering the resort and coming not just to play golf and enjoy the sun and sea, but also to buy properties for weekend homes that are much cheaper than the British equivalent."

Artist Michel Le Bourrier, who was born in England but has lived here since 1974, sees this first hand. His wife Karine, who runs the Agence Bernard, has an increasing need for his English-speaking skills at her estate agent's business in the town centre. Their home is a pleasant 1920s house appropriately called "L'Aquarelle" (watercolour) which he bought cheaply in a state of some disrepair eight years ago and has worked on ever since. The



Richard, Brigitte and Linda Burrows and their house, "L'Oxer"



Douglas and Jo Pryke with their farmhouse at Hubersent



Charles and Marie-Louise Judd, with grandchildren, at home

minute drive from the town centre. "It's beautiful and suddenly it's on our doorstep," says Douglas, who owns nursing and care homes around Folkestone, where they live.

"We had been thinking of buying an English country cottage just to get away to at weekends. But England is so expensive these days. This was the second property we saw here and we loved it. It's crazy, with tiny doors upstairs. The family can use it.

sleep six, is in almost constant use. Brenda herself has turned estate agent, flitting back and forth across the Channel, introducing ever more English people to French homes through her liaison with the town's largest agency, Bergounioux.

Its owner, Jean-Louis, who speaks English fluently and is a lawyer and authority on Le Touquet, is convinced that the British invasion will continue. And Brent Walker — the latest in the long line of English entrepreneurs promoting the resort's leisure interests — are banking on its increasing popularity. In March 1987, before the Channel Tunnel plan was finalized, the company cannily bought a 1,500 acre estate which includes Le Manoir Hotel, the Casino de la Forêt, two 18-hole golf courses and one nine-hole course. It cost £4.8 million.

Now they plan to extend the nine holes to 18 and build an adjacent 120-bedroom hotel above the Casino.

In partnership with builders Declan Kelly, two small villages adjacent to the golf courses will be built over the next four to six years. They plan more than 600 homes in one village and 350 in the other, ranging from one-bedroom apartments to three-bedroom houses. In addition, Declan Kelly will build individually designed three, four and five-bedroom homes on more than 60 separate plots.

Le Touquet, it seems, is about to enjoy a new golden age.

'The town is typically French but at the same time it's pro-English'

old stable behind is now his studio, stacked with paintings and two model theatres. In England he painted portraits. In Le Touquet he paints landscapes because there is, he says, "such a beautiful light".

The unspoiled countryside around Le Touquet is proving a big attraction for the British. "We've had English people coming non-stop for the last three months. As a rule they want to spend around £60,000 — often on an old farmhouse — although the odd client is looking for an estate house or a castle."


A farmhouse is what Douglas and Jo Pryke had set their sights on — and what they found via British agent Brenda Jarvis in the tiny village of Hubersent, a 20-

The staff can use it. My partner has just bought in the next village, so we're looking forward to some really good parties here — starting with New Year."

It was this kind of enthusiasm that prompted Brenda and Michael Jarvis to turn Le Touquet and its surrounding countryside into a business prospect. They had bought a flat here two years ago so that they and their two children, Alton, 12, and Julia, 14, could enjoy the beach and the sports activities. "We favoured an apartment then, rather than a house, because we thought we could let it more easily if we got bored with it. But we kept coming back and back — every month." Now the studio flat, which Brenda swears will




Michel le Bourrier, a painter, with his 1920s house "L'Aquarelle", bought eight years ago; the stable behind it is now his studio




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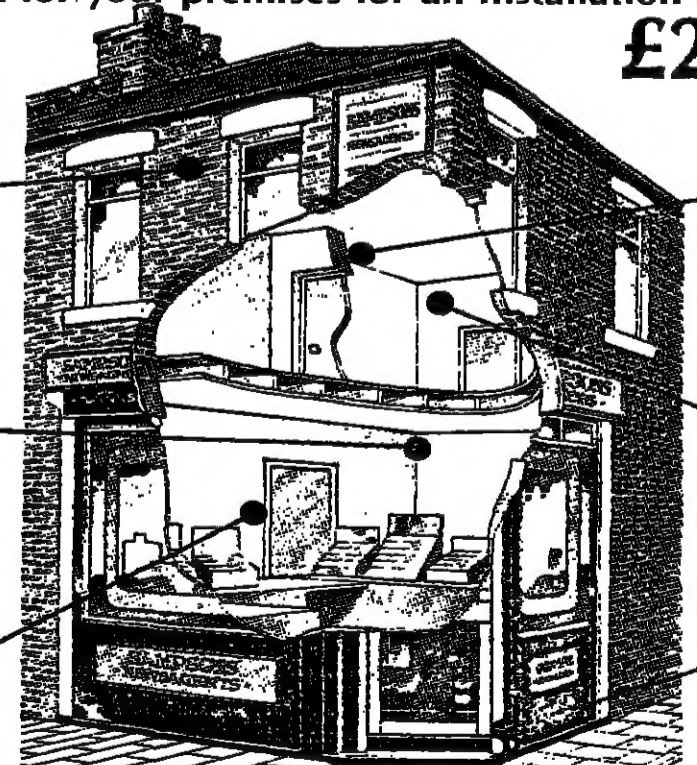
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